The Catholic Pioneers of America

by

John O'Kane Murray M.A.

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The Catholic pioneers of America

THE

CATHOLIC PIONEERS

OF

AMERICA.

BY

JOHN O'KANE MURRAY, M. A., M. D.,

AUTHOR OF THE "POPULAR HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA," "PROSE AND POETRY OF IRELAND," "LITTLE LIVES OF THE GREAT SAINTS," "LESSONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE," AND "LIVES OF THE CATHOLIC HEROES AND HEROINES OF AMERICA."

Honor to whom honor is due.

Veritas vincit omnia.

"Next to the merit of performing worthy deeds is, if not equal, the merit of duly recording them."—*Archbishop MacHale.*

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THIS BOOK

IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO MY BROTHERS—

REV. BERNARD P. MURRAY,

MR. JAMES J. MURRAY,

AND

MR. EDWARD F. MURRAY,

in memory of our school-days and many pleasant rambles by field and wood and water in this Western World, which owes so much to its noble Catholic Pioneers.

PREFACE.

THIS little volume is the imperfect fulfilment of a long-cherished design. It trenches on no other work It merely moves into an unoccupied place—a place of its own.

We speak a language in which, I regret to say, it has been the fashion for centuries to give as little credit as possible to Catholics and the Catholic Religion. I have often felt the want of a cheap, handy work on the present subject. Among people otherwise well informed, there is, beyond all doubt, a great deal of disgraceful ignorance as to what Catholics have achieved in the New World.

Let me illustrate On one occasion, an American lady—who had just given the finishing touches to her education at Paris—expressed astonishment on my saying that Christopher Columbus was a Catholic, and that he found in his religion the chief motive that led him to double the size of the world's map. It seemed to sound stranger than if I had asserted that the illustrious Admiral was a Mormon, a Mahometan, or even the great-grandson of Jack the Giant-killer. Some years ago, I was amused to hear an educated gentleman state that Champlain was a Huguenot, because his name was Samuel; and he assured me that he had this ridiculous piece of information from the principal of a school in Canada. A well-known professional gentleman of this city recently expressed some

surprise on hearing that Magellan was a Catholic. But it is unnecessary to multiply such instances. Books and conversation furnish them in abundance. I am not aware, however, of any good reason why this singular ignorance should prevail. People who can talk fluently on Sitting Bull, Captain Kidd, Tom Paine, or Brigham Young, might certainly be expected to know something about the great Catholics who discovered, explored, and settled America.

But it must be admitted that the ordinary sources of information are very imperfect. I take up one of the most popular encyclopædias in this country, and look in vain for Marquette, Rochambeau, Jogues, De Brébeuf, Pinzon, Champlain, La Salle, De Maisonneuve, Barry, Gallitzin, Gaston, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and, indeed, most of the names in this volume. Was it prejudice or ignorance—or both—in the compilers that led to such a shameful omission? I turn over the pages of the same boasted encyclopædia, and I find that the traitor Benedict Arnold gets nearly half a column of close print; the immoral monster Brigham Young, nearly a column; the infidel Tom Paine, a column; and the spy André, two columns! This is the way fame is distributed and merit rewarded by the publishing blockheads and bigoted literary hacks who get up what is called an encyclopædia.

"Why not consult the standard works on American history?" somebody may suggest. Just so, my friend. We shall reach them in a moment. Many of them certainly claim our attention—if it be for nothing else than the extreme care taken by their authors to insult the Catholic reader by slandering the Catholic Church as often as convenient. Bancroft has written a small library

called *The History of the United States.* I pick up the first volume, and scarcely get half-through, when I am rewarded for my industry by being informed that, "Luther resisted the Roman Church for its immorality; Calvin, for its idolatry." What called for this item of calumny in *The History of the United States?* Had Bancroft read more deeply, and not been blinded by the false historical infallibility that comes from being stuffed with religious prejudices, he might have added in a note, that Luther and Calvin would have lived and died pagans, if the Catholic Church had not baptized them, instructed them, and taught them the Ten Commandments, which they forgot to practise before old age, and one of which says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

Parkman, whose style is charming, pictures the Catholic Church, in one of his finest works, as "the right arm of tyrants," "dark with the passions of Hell," "masked in hypocrisy and lies," and concludes that "clearly she is of earth, not of Heaven." Does he give any facts in proof of assertions so wild and blasphemous? Not at all—how could he? In reading *The Jesuits in North America*, we every here and there stumble across such offensive passages, passages which mar a book otherwise so delightful. Prescott can sneer at the Catholic Religion in exquisite English; and even the gentle Irving has his moments of weakness. Belknap, in his *Biographies of the Early Discoverers*, takes care to note all about De Soto's pigs and their rapid increase; but not a word is said concerning the twelve Catholic missionaries who accompanied the great explorer. On the other hand, a recent writer, Mackenzie, in his *America—A History*, tells

his readers that De Soto's "camp swarmed with priests." Do twelve priests make a "swarm"?

It is folly to expect fairness or justice at the hands of men who have so little respect for truth and the Catholic Religion. Belknap places the port of Palos in the Mediterranean Sea, and makes Columbus sail through the Straits of Gibraltar in going to America! This is about as correct as saying that Brooklyn is at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. But blunders of this sort are trifles compared to the malicious remarks, profane interpretations, and ignorant assertions that are given forth with such an air of profound knowledge. One of the foregoing writers speaks of the piety of the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation, as "mental intoxication," and "the vagaries of an insane mysticism." Olier, says the same author, "signalized his piety by the most disgusting exploits of self-mortification." Everett knows no better than to state that he saw nuns saying Mass at New Orleans. A recent writer talks gravely of "morning Vespers." Kip makes Father Rale celebrate Mass in the evening; and even the cultured Parkman tells his readers that Father Jogues "reached the church in time for evening Mass" on Christmas Day. Mackenzie speaks of the Sign of the Cross as "the exhibition of the Cross"—as if a sign is an exhibition. Such idiotic blundering is enough to exasperate a saint. But it is only another proof of what I have long been convinced—that nearly all Protestant authors write about the Catholic Church and its doctrines and ceremonies out of the abundance of their ignorance.

Mackenzie states that Champlain, "although a bigoted

Catholic, was a sincere Christian." He informs his readers that the Mississippi was discovered by "an exploring party composed of six men." It would not do to mention Father Marquette, who was one of the six. According to this singular method of writing history, it might be said that America was discovered by "a party of sailors composed of one hundred and twenty men," and quietly lump up Columbus with the crowd of nobodies. In a large work claiming to be a complete *History of North and South America*, and recently published in New York, Charles Carroll of Carrollton is just once referred to as "a respectable Roman Catholic gentleman"; and, *mirabile dictu*, the late notorious James Fisk gets half a page of close print. Let us have a new definition of history. How would this do? "History is a record of the deeds of successful rascals, ruffians, and political humbugs. Good Catholics are not mentioned—or only to be sneered at."

Those who have read the *Annals* of Tacitus will remember how that famous historian but bigoted heathen speaks of the Christian Religion as a "dire superstition." The old Roman knew just as much about the Christian Religion as he did about a steam-engine; still he does not hesitate to slander it in elegant Latin. It is nearly the same with the Protestant historians of America, from Robertson down to Mackenzie. It is nothing but "superstition" here and "superstition" there, whenever they refer to the Catholic Religion. Graham, in his *History of North America*, sneeringly refers to the immortal labors of the Jesuit Fathers among the Indians as the substitution "of one superstition in place of another." He speaks

of the chastity of the Catholic missionary as "superstition." St. John the Baptist, St. Paul, and our Lord must have been very "superstitious." Towle cannot write the story of Magellan for boys without saying: "Men in those days, even the wisest, were all superstitious, and believed in miracles." Indeed! Now, we have the atheist, the infidel, the nihilist, and the communist, who do not believe in miracles—and we are not happy! But it is only right to know that there are to-day two hundred and fifty millions of sincere, intelligent people who hold the same religious belief as Magellan did, and I feel it an honor to say that I am one of them.

But what is quite as offensive in some American writers as their religious bigotry is that hateful malady called Anglo-mania. It is a sort of mental catarrh, and is almost incurable. When this disease assumes a chronic form, the unhappy victim of it delights in playing literary flunkey to that grasping nation which would have hanged George Washington, if he had not managed, with the aid of Rochambeau, to give them a sound thrashing. In the works of the historian afflicted with Anglo-mania, an attempt is made in every chapter—or as often as possible—to ram England down the reader's throat, and to offer for his serious contemptation the unrivalled Anglo-Saxon race—the first of whom, be it known, was Adam!

My book has been prepared under many disadvantages. The duties of an exacting profession called for repeated delays and interruptions—often as annoying as they were unavoidable. Just when absorbed in the march of Cortés to Mexico, I have been summoned to see a boy with a bone in his throat; and when I arrived on the scene, I

found the bone had happily taken its way farther down. Often while sending my pioneer through the Straits of Magellan, up the River St. Lawrence or down the Mississippi, I have been suddenly called upon to study the mysteries of malaria, asthma, rheumatism, pneumonia, bronchitis, or some of the thousand-and-one ills to which the flesh is heir. A prescription would be written, and then I would take up the broken thread of my narrative to have it again broken a few minutes later—perhaps, by a pushing book-canvasser whose hopes to make a new victim by selling the works of the great Bombastus, or some other Jumbo of literature, would be quickly dashed in pieces.

I have carefully consulted the best authorities, and beg to acknowledge my indebtedness to the works of De Lorgues, Charlevoix, Faillon, Ferland, Bressani, Robertson, Irving, Prescott, Parkman, Bancroft, Ramsay, Towle, O'Callaghan, Kip, Diaz, Garneau, Shea, Clarke, White, McSherry, Graham, Gleason, Belknap, Sparks, Martin, Finotti, Madden, Spalding, Margry, Lafayette, and Rochambeau. I have gladly quoted non-Catholic authorities. Great pains have been taken to secure accuracy of dates, facts, and statements.

The New World, in ten years more, will be celebrating the fourth centenary of its discovery. I hope my little book will do something to prepare the way for that glorious anniversary. Its pages will recall to mind many a bright but half-forgotten name, and for the rest it must speak for itself.

JOHN O'KANE MURRAY.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 30th, 1882.

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THE CATHOLIC PIONEERS OF AMERICA.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,

THE DISCOVERER OF AMERICA.

Died A. D. 1506.

THE eventful and glorious life of Christopher Columbus is that marvellous link in the chain of time, which connects the history of the Old World with that of the New.

We can catch but faint glimpses at the early years of this immortal genius. His virtuous parents, Dominic Colombo[1] and Susanna Fontanarossa, were in fair circumstances, when their first child came into the world, at Genoa, Italy, about the year 1435. The little stranger was baptized Christopher, which signifies bearer of Christ.

His father gave him the best education his limited

[1] The name is written Colombo in Italian, and Colon in Spanish; Columbus is the Latinized form.

means permitted, and at the age of ten, the bright, precocious boy was sent to the University of Pavia, where he studied Latin, and laid the foundations of that knowledge of geography, mathematics, and the natural sciences which proved so valuable in after life. But his collegiate career was brief, for he was soon obliged to return home and assist his father.

At the age of fourteen, however, Columbus began "life on the ocean wave" under the command of a relative and namesake—a veteran admiral in the service of the republic of Genoa. The long period passed in this rugged school gave him that skill and experience which make the hardy, accomplished navigator. Nor were spirit-stirring scenes wanting to develop his natural bravery, and to aid in expanding his master-mind.

He had spent many a year "before the mast," when an event occurred that gave his life a new direction. During a fierce naval encounter off Cape St. Vincent, the ship commanded by Columbus took fire, and was soon enveloped in flames. The sea alone offered a place of safety, and the future discoverer of America, seizing an oar, boldly struck for land, some six miles distant. He reached the shore, after a desperate struggle, and piously thanked Heaven for his fortunate escape. God reserved him for greater things.

Finding himself thus cast penniless on the strange coast of Portugal, he directed his steps to Lisbon,

where he was so happy as to find his brother Bartholomew This was about the year 1470. The capital of Portugal was then the centre of all that was eminent in commerce and navigation. Columbus found a home under the hospitable roof of his enterprising brother, and supported himself by drawing maps and charts. Nor did he ever forget his aged parents, to whom, from time to time, he remitted sums of money. Filial love was one of the most beautiful traits in his religious and magnificent character.

While at Lisbon, a romantic attachment, that ended in marriage, took place between Columbus and a noble young lady, Doña Felippa de Perestrello. Neither was wealthy. Miss de Perestrello's riches were her virtue, beauty, and accomplishments. She was the daughter of an eminent navigator who died Governor of Porto Santo, but who, by an unhappy reverse of fortune, was compelled to leave his family with little but the memory of an honored name.

This alliance of Columbus with a family of high standing, however, proved serviceable to him in more ways than one. It introduced him to the greatest men of the court, and the most noted scholars of the country. Besides, his ardent spirit of discovery received a fresh impulse in the notes and journals of his deceased father-in-law. He engaged in many voyages, carefully noting everything new or valuable. His studies, his researches, his experiments, all tended towards one object—the

grand project of penetrating the great ocean which stretched away towards the west.

By degrees he became convinced of the true shape of the earth; and his piercing intellect grasped the great problem of reaching other continents by a direct course across the Atlantic, on whose wide expanse no mariner dared to venture. Its vast and deep waters were regarded with mysterious awe, seeming to bound the world as with a chaos, into which conjecture could not penetrate, and enterprise feared to meet ruin or misfortune.

Columbus was poor in the goods of this world. To aid him in carrying out such a vast and brilliant design, the assistance of a rich patron was essential. But alas, for manly worth and genius, long years were spent in fruitless efforts to obtain even a hearing. Nothing, however, could daunt the fearless energy of this incomparable man. He was a firm believer in the divinity of his mission. He was convinced that the time had arrived to accomplish it. For

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

The long and painful preparatory efforts of Columbus to interest Europe in his enterprise would, at this day, seem almost incredible. He besought Genoa and Venice for a ship or two to find his world, and they refused him. The Portuguese tried to steal his plan, and carry it out themselves; but Provi

dence would not permit America to be discovered by thieves.

He remained for years about the court of Spain appealing to the wisdom of the wise, the judgment of the learned, the ambition of the brave, and the avarice of the acquisitive; but he argued, appealed, petitioned in vain! No one believed in his theory, or hoped in his adventure. The wise smiled scornfully, the learned laughed in their academic sleeves, and even the brave had no ambition for battling the tempest, or for planting their banners in the wide sea-field, or on the shores of unknown continents. Nearly all looked upon him as a "dreamer of day-dreams wild"; and regarded him in the same light as we should a person of the present day who would launch forth in an air-ship on a voyage of discovery to the moon!

Columbus, however, was no faint-hearted enthusiast. His soul was too lofty and Christian to be cast down by the malice of fortune. Heaven strengthened him, and his pure and elevated motives enabled him to bear up bravely against delay, poverty, and contempt. What does history tell us of this inspired mariner's motives?

1. Columbus solemnly desired to open the way to pagan lands; to be the means of carrying the saving truths of the Catholic Religion to the heathen who sat in darkness and the shadow of death. 2. He conceived the grand idea of raising sufficient sums

of money, from his discoveries, to defray the expenses of equipping a large army for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the grasp of the infidel and barbarous Turks. The discoverer of America was, in deed, a true Catholic son of the old Crusaders, pious and enthusiastic as Peter the Hermit, patient and fearless as Godfrey de Bouillon, dauntless as the Cœur de Lion, and a partaker in the holy wisdom of Saint Louis and Saint Bernard.

The story of his voyage has been often told. But it can never become threadbare—can never cease to be interesting to all who love the true, the sublime, and the beautiful. Columbus had reached the age of fifty-seven, and his prospects of securing a patron to aid him were as distant as ever. He was about to quit Spain, a sad and disappointed man. On his way he called at the convent of La Rabida, where he had left his little son, and over which ruled his acquaintance, the good Franciscan, Father John Perez. When the cultured, kind-hearted monk beheld Columbus once more at the gate of his convent. humble in garb and depressed in spirit, he was greatly moved.

Father Perez had once been confessor to Queen Isabella, and he bethought himself as to what he could do. He borrowed a mule, and rode off in the direction of Santa Fé. He obtained an interview with the royal lady. A gentleman named Santangel, likewise, pleaded in behalf of the mission of Columbus. And Isabella the Catholic, noble and unselfish

woman that she was, took the matter to heart, and exclaimed: "I undertake it for my own crown of Castile, and I will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds."

Thus on the very first page of American history three Catholic figures stand out in bold relief—a mariner, a monk, and a noble lady. The New World is their monument.

Even after the terms of agreement[1] were drawn up and signed by Ferdinand and Isabella, it required no small trouble and delay to complete the preparations. At length, all was in readiness, and the day dawned on which Columbus was to sail on his immortal voyage across the unknown and mysterious deep. It was Friday,[1] August 3d, A. D. 1492.

"The morning is breaking on Palos bay,
On its town and wharf, and ramparts gray,
On three barks at their moorings that gallantly ride,
With the towers of Castile on their flags of pride.
But where are their crews, our lost kinsman who shall
Embark before noon in each doomed caravel?
There's wringing of hands, and wailing and woe,
As the gathering crowds to the churches go."

What sacred emotions stirred the brave heart of Columbus on that early morning! How ardently he must have implored high Heaven for success! In those

[1] Columbus was declared Admiral of the Seas and Viceroy of all the countries he should discover, and was to receive a tenth part of the profits.

[1] Friday was always a fortunate day for Columbus. On Friday he sailed from Palos, on Friday he discovered America, and on Friday he reëntered Palos in triumph. It is the blessed day of the Redemption.

distant days of faith, no great enterprise was undertaken without invoking the aid of religion and the solemn blessing of the Church. On the day before departure, Columbus marched in procession at the head of his crews—numbering one hundred and twenty men—to the monastery of La Rabida. Each confessed his sins, obtained absolution, heard Mass, and received the Holy Communion—the true bread of saints and heroes.

On August 3d, before the last stars had ceased to glitter in the morning sky, Columbus had heard Mass and received Holy Communion, in the chapel of the monastery, from the hands of his friend, Father Perez. After bidding adieu to the kind Franciscans, he stepped on board his vessel, and was received with all the honors due to an Admiral of Castile. The signal to sail was given half an hour before sunrise, and a fair wind bore the little fleet out to sea, under the protection of the most Holy Virgin.

Although Columbus had the title of High Admiral, his squadron consisted of only three small vessels, named the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta*, and the *Niña*. The *Santa Maria*[1] was his flag-ship. The *Pinta* was commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and the *Nina* by Vincent Yañez Pinzon. As they sailed along, each evening heard the prayer of the Catholic

[1] Santa Maria signifies Holy Mary. It was Columbus himself who gave the vessel this name—her name before he took charge of her having been Gallega—and he had her blessed, and placed under the special protection of the Immaculate Virgin. This is worthy of note in connection with the discovery of America.

mariners to God, and their pious hymns of praise to the most Blessed Virgin. The grand old Latin verses of the *Salve Regina* and the *Ave Maris Stella* were the first sounds that ever broke the silence of ages on that trackless waste of waters. And how appropriate are the beautiful words of the *Ave Maris Stella:*

"Bright Mother of our Maker, hail!
Thou Virgin ever-blessed,
The Ocean's Star by which we sail,
And gain the port of rest."

When week after week had vainly glided by, and the compass itself began to vary, despair took the place of hope in the breast of each ignorant, terror-stricken sailor; but there was still one guiding master-mind, "constant as the northern star." The great soul of Columbus, aided by Heaven, awed despair and mutiny into submission. At length, the New World burst on their view.

It was Friday, the 12th of October, 1492. At the dawn of day there was seen issuing from the mists, a flowery land, whose groves, colored by the first golden rays of the morning sun, exhaled an unknown fragrance. The scenery was smiling and beautiful. Before the ships lay an island of considerable extent, level, and without any appearance of mountains. Groups of half-naked people cautiously stole down to the shore, and gazed in mingled fear and amazement at the little squadron as it rode at anchor.

The Admiral entered his cutter, richly attired in scarlet, and bearing the royal standard. His two chief officers, the Pinzons, likewise stepped into their boats, each bearing the banner of the enterprise, emblazoned with a green cross. "On landing, Columbus threw himself on his knees," says Irving, "kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. He arose, drew his sword, and declared that he took possession of that land in the name of Christ for the Crown of Castile.

He then ordered the carpenters to construct a large wooden cross. A hole was made in the earth, the end of the erected standard of redemption was placed in it, and held in position by the Admiral himself, while the hymn *Vexilla Regis* was joyfully chanted by the whole party:

> "Forth comes the standard of the King—
> All hail, thou mystery adored!
> Blessed Cross on which He died Himself,
> And by death our life restored."

When the sacred symbol was firmly fixed in the soil, the *Te Deum* was sung, and the solemn music was wafted over wave and forest. Columbus called the island *San Salvador.*[1] And such was the first landing of the prince of Catholic Pioneers in the New World, almost four centuries ago.

Columbus now steered in a southerly direction,

[1] San Salvador signifies Holy Saviour. It is one of the Bahama Islands.

and discovered Cuba, where the Spaniards first saw potatoes and tobacco. Continuing his explorations, he reached Hayti, which he named Hispaniola, and on the coast of which the *Santa Maria* grounded on a sand bank, and was soon a total wreck. The Admiral built a fort at this point, and leaving it in trust of a small body of mariners, he boarded the *Niña*, and sailed for Spain in January, 1492.

But scarcely was the prow of his little bark turned on its homeward voyage, when a fearful tempest threatened to engulf the discoverer of America. His skill was tasked to the utmost; nor did he fail to look up to Heaven for assistance. In those dark hours of distress, he implored the protection of our Blessed Mother, and vowed a pilgrimage to her nearest shrine the first land he touched—a vow punctually fulfilled.

When the great Admiral once more touched the shores of sunny Spain, his first act was a solemn procession to the Monastery of La Rabida. The faithful Father Perez said a Mass of thanksgiving, and the *Te Deum* was chanted. In his letter to the Spanish sovereigns, signifying his arrival, there is no tinge of egotism, no talk about his achievements. He simply asks Spain to exhibit a holy joy, "for Christ rejoices on earth as in Heaven, seeing the future redemption of souls."

The Court was at Barcelona, and the progress of Columbus towards that city was like the march of

some victorious monarch. Ferdinand and Isabella received him with royal magnificence.

"A thousand trumpets ring within old Barcelona's walls,
A thousand gallant nobles throng in Barcelona's halls.
All meet to gaze on him who wrought a pathway for mankind,
Through seas as broad, to worlds as rich, as his triumphant mind;
And King and Queen will grace forsooth the mariner's array
The lonely seaman, scoffed and scorned in Palos town one day!
He comes, he comes! The gates swing wide, and through the streets advance
His cavalcade in proud parade, with plume and pennoned lance,
And natives of those new-found worlds, and treasures all untold—
And in the midst THE ADMIRAL, his charger trapped with gold;
And all are wild with joy, and blithe the gladsome clarions swell,
And dames and princes press to greet; and loud the myriads yell.
They cheer, that mob, they wildly cheer—Columbus checks his rein,
And bends him to the beauteous dames and cavaliers of Spain."

The discoverer of America was now honored by princes, and his praise was sounded by those who had mocked him in other days. It was a moment of prosperity—a gleam of sunshine before the gathering clouds that announce the storm. Up to this time, his enemies had done nothing worse than to waste his time and health and strength, and delay his work. It was now to be their base part to ruin his benevolent schemes, to bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, and to heap reproaches on his memory.

After a short repose, Columbus pushed the preparations for a second voyage. He had in view the conversion of the Indians to the Catholic Faith and vast schemes of colonization. Among the noted per-

sons who accompanied him were Alonzo de Ojéda, John de la Cosa, John Ponce de Leon, his old friend Father John Perez, O.S.F.,[1] and the Vicar Apostolic, Father Bernard Boïl, O.S.B. There were twelve missionary priests. The expedition, which consisted of seventeen ships and about fifteen hundred persons, reached Hispaniola[2] late in the fall of 1493.

The foundation of the ill-starred city of Isabella was laid, and the work of settlement commenced. But from that to the day of his death, the life of the illustrious Admiral was one ceaseless conflict with calumny, avarice, villainy, and misfortune. He was soon surrounded by a host of bitter enemies. I cannot, however, enter into details. There is no space and the story is too sad.

In a few years, Columbus found it necessary to leave his brother Don Bartholomew in command and proceed to Spain in order to defend himself against the slanderous charges made by his foes in the New World. He succeeded. He then organized an expedition for his third voyage, in which he discovered the mainland of South America, August 1st, 1498. The part first seen was the delta of the Orinoco.

But misfortune kept pace with his discoveries. In a short time the malice of his enemies succeeded in

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[1] It is also stated that Father Perez "was the first priest who landed in the New World, and the first who said Mass there."

[2] Now called Hayti.

having him sent home in chains. And thus shamefully shackled in irons were "hands that the rod of empire might have awayed."

"I shall preserve these chains," said the great discoverer, "as memorials of the reward of my services!"

"He did so," writes his son Ferdinand. "I saw them always hanging in his cabinet, and he requested that when he died, they might be buried with him."

The sight of Columbus in chains aroused a feeling of indignation. It was a most disgraceful affair. Ferdinand and Isabella, it is true, expressed great sorrow; but a gross injustice—never to be repaired—was done the venerable prince of discoverers.

After another period of repose, he set out on his fourth and last voyage in May, 1502. He was accompanied by his younger son Ferdinand, his noble brother Don Bartholomew, and his faithful friend James Mendez. Though now sixty-six years of age and in broken health, the great old Admiral intended to circumnavigate the globe. Various reasons made him hope to find a strait at the Isthmus of Darien. He would pass through it, and sail around the world. He was mistaken, of course; but the guess ran strangly near the truth.

The astonishing resources of his genius, and his patience in suffering, were never more heavily taxed than in this expedition. He discovered the north-

ern coast of Honduras, and after a desperate struggle with wind and waves, the badly-damaged ships rounded a cape, and at once found fair weather and free navigation. Columbus, full of gratitude to Heaven, named the cape *Gracios a Dios*, or Thanks be to God"—a name retained to this day.

He then stood towards the south, and coasted along the Isthmus of Panama, carefully examining every bay and inlet in search of his supposed strait between the Atlantic and the Pacific; and not finding what he sought, he directed the prows of his now sinking, crazy and worm-eaten vessels across the Caribbean Sea, but was forced to run them aground on the shores of Jamaica. While there, mutiny weakened his authority, and famine stared him in the face.[1] It was only by predicting an eclipse that he compelled the savage and treacherous natives to supply him with food, thus preserving himself and his diminished crews from death by starvation. After countless adventures, and weighed down by age and infirmities, he returned to Spain in 1504.

The death of the generous Isabella destroyed his last hopes of being reinstated in his dignities. Ferdinand treated him with shameful ingratitude. The mighty Admiral who gave Spain a hemisphere, did not own a roof in Spain, and closed his days in the shades of poverty and neglect. In a letter to his

[1] See the lives of Bartholomew Columbus and James Mendez.

son James, he urges him to extreme economy. "I receive nothing of the revenue due to me," he writes, "but live by borrowing. Little have I profited by twenty years of toils and perils, since at present I do not own a roof in Spain. I have no resort but an inn, and during most of the time, I have not money to pay my bill."

But to the last his moral and intellectual greatness stood out in bold relief, clear and majestic. He made his will, turned his thoughts to Heaven, received the last Sacraments with all the devotion of his magnificent soul, and murmured in dying accents, "Into thy hands, O Lord! I commend my spirit." His bed was surrounded by his two sons, James and Ferdinand,[1] some friends, and a few Franciscan Fathers. And thus died Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America, on Ascension Day, the 30th of May, 1506. He was about seventy-one years of age.

In person, Columbus was tall, well formed, and commanding. His face was a pure oval, upon which nature had stamped a look of unusual grace, gravity, strength, and beauty. The noble expanse of his forehead was indicative of his richly gifted intellect. His bright eyes were gray, keen, and strong; while his nose was aquiline, and his finely-chiseled lips expressed the magnanimity of his

[1] James inherited the rights, titles, and dignities of the Admiral, and Ferdinand wrote his life.

heart. A dimpled chin, a few freckles, a ruddy complexion, and hair white as snow since his thirtieth year—such is the rough pen-picture of that wonderful man left us by his contemporaries. His presence enforced respect, and everything about him suggested an air of modest distinction. Such was his natural dignity, that, though a poor wool-carder's son, he appeared before kings and grandees with as much ease and grace as if he had been born in a palace.

To the day of his death, he was an ardent student, "ever trying to find out the secrets of nature." His mind had grasped all kinds of knowledge. He was equally familiar with the ancient geographers and the Fathers of the Catholic Church. His poetical imagination was governed in its flights by a strong practical judgment; and his discovery of America has been truly called "a conquest of reflection."

But it was virtue, above all, that crowned the manly integrity of his character. God and religion held the first place in his mind. "Throughout his life," says Irving, "he was noted for a strict attention to the offices of religion; nor did his piety consist in mere forms, but partook of that lofty and solemn enthusiasm with which his whole character was strongly tinctured."

A Catholic of Catholics, if this prince of pioneers desired to open the way to unknown continents,

and to raise large sums of money, it was not through any motive of grasping selfishness. Before St. Ignatius Loyola adopted the maxim, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*, Columbus put it in practice. To carry the light of the Gospel to the heathen, to connect the ends of the earth for the glory of Heaven, to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel Turk—such were the grand motives that guided his life's labors. Though a layman, he was one of the greatest of missionaries. His discoveries led to the salvation of millions of souls, and this messenger of the Cross rivals the most illustrious of the saints in being the means of unlocking the portals of Paradise to countless multitudes.

Whom shall we name braver than this inspired mariner—the immortal discoverer of America? His victories stand alone in history. "He was the conqueror," writes Helps, "not of man, but of nature . not of flesh and blood but of the fearful unknown—of the elements." By the unaided force of his genius, his dauntless spirit, and the blessing of Heaven, he rose superior to every danger and every difficulty. With him originated the brilliant idea that the Atlantic could be made a pathway across the world; and in spite of years of bitter opposition, and the most heartless persecution, he succeeded in impressing the truth of his conviction upon others. His hair was white at thirty, from deep reflection

on the subject of discovery; and he was fifty-seven, when, triumphing over man and tempest, he planted the cross on the wild shores of San Salvador. But never for a moment was he deserted by sublime courage. He was ever a man without fear and without reproach; and his noble forbearance in the wrongs, insults, and countless injuries heaped on his declining years, reveals a soul, to the last, heroic and beautiful in its magnanimity.

How shall we define true greatness? By what standard shall we judge men so as to be able, with some justice and precision, to point out the greatest. It may be safely laid down, that *he is the greatest man to whom the world is most indebted.* Measured by his unparalleled achievements and their vast results, Christopher Columbus, I venture to assert, stands *first* on the roll of the truly great, heading the list of the most illustrious men of all time. There is nothing in history to compare with his work in splendor and permanence. He imitated nobody, and nobody could repeat his actions. To him science, commerce, and religion owe more than to any other man. He introduced Europe to America. He found the lost hemisphere, and dispelled the darkness that ignorance had thrown around the globe for thousands of years. Though unjustly named after another, the New World reveres him as its father and discoverer. The Catholic Church recognizes in him one of her

greatest and most worthy children. In short, the whole earth and all mankind are his debtors. His noble character transcends praise, as his heroic deeds baffle description; and as there is but one America on the map of the world, so there is but one Columbus among the sons of men.'

I number myself with those, who, having carefully studied the life and labors of Christopher Columbus, ardently hope to see the cause of his canonization soon brought forward in due form. Years ago, in referring to this subject, Pope Pius IX., of glorious memory, said, "There is no harm in trying."

JOHN DE LA COSA,

ONE OF THE BRAVE COMPANIONS OF COLUMBUS.

Died A. D. 1509.

AMONG the earliest of the famous companions of Columbus that perished on the shores of the New World, was the hardy, kind-hearted veteran, John de la Cosa. He was a native of Biscay, in the

[1] For a fuller account of Columbus, see my *Lives of the Catholic Heroes and Heroines of America;* and *The Life of Christopher Columbus*, by Father A. G. Knight, S.J.

north of Spain, and first rose to notice as a disciple of the great Admiral, with whom he sailed in his first and second voyages. At that time, De la Cosa was regarded as an oracle of the seas, and an accomplished master in all nautical affairs.

When the bold Ojéda undertook a voyage of exploration, in 1499, De la Cosa sailed as his chief pilot and associate. The two pioneers discovered and explored the Gulf of Venezuela, and then turned the prows of their ships homeward, with little reward but the barren discovery.

We lose sight of John de la Cosa for some years. He next turns up at the city of San Domingo in the island of Hispaniola.[1] Ojéda was there too, his ever-active imagination suggesting great enterprises which ill harmonized with a pair of empty pockets. Among other things he wished to found a colony; but he had no money. De la Cosa came to his aid, generously opened his modest purse, and entered heartily into the enterprise. The old pilot, at Ojéda's request, went to Spain, and so successfuly pleaded his cause with the royal authorities that an armament of three vessels and two hundred men was soon on the highway to America. Ojéda was granted the rank of governor over the wild, unknown teritories which he was to colonize, and De la Cosa was appointed his lieutenant in the government. When the ships arrived in the harbor of San Domingo,

[1] Now called Hayti.

Ojéda welcomed his lieutenant with the warmest affection. A deep attachment and mutual admiration existed between the adventurous young Governor and the gray-headed veteran of the seas.

Late in the fall of 1509, four vessels might be seen entering the lonely harbor of Carthagena, on the northern coast of South America. It was Ojéda's colonizing armament. De la Cosa knew the place well, and warned the Governor to be on his guard in treating with the savage natives—a fierce race that fought like tigers, and threw poisoned arrows which rarely failed to make a fatal wound.

Ojéda landed with a part of his force, including a number of priests, whose mission was to convert the Indians. Crowds of wild men flocked to see the strangers. The Governor endeavored to gain their friendship, but they raised a war-cry and brandished their weapons. In spite of the wise remonstrances of the more experienced De la Cosa, Ojéda at once ordered an attack, and dashed at the naked foe. They were quickly routed. Nor did the conflict stop here. The Governor, whose fighting spirit was aroused, pursued the flying enemy ten or twelve miles into the interior.

Though De la Cosa was far from approving such a foolhardy expedition, he kept near the person of Ojéda like a guarding spirit. The Spaniards scoured the forests, shouting "San Jago," and de-

feated large bodies of Indians. At length, after hours of rash pursuit and speedy victory, they found themselves in the evening at a village, whose frightened inhabitants had fled to the mountains. While the Spaniards were carelessly roaming from house to house in scattered bands, a troop of well-armed savages rushed from the surrounding woods. The distant hills echoed their yells, as the awful work of carnage commenced.

On the first alarm Ojéda collected some of his men, and quickly threw himself into an enclosure which was surrounded by a rude fence. Here he fought with desperate bravery, his companions one by one sinking dead at his side. The faithful De la Cosa soon heard of the peril of his commander, and hastily gathering around him a few soldiers, he ran to his assistance.

"Stationing himself at the gate of the palisades," says Irving, "the brave Biscayan kept the savages at bay until most of his men were slain, and he himself was severely wounded. Just then Ojéda sprang forth like a tiger into the midst of the enemy, dealing his blows on every side. De la Cosa would have seconded him, but was crippled by his wounds. He took refuge with the remnant of his men in an Indian cabin, the straw roof of which he aided to throw off, lest the enemy should set it on fire.

"Here he defended himself until all his comrades

but one were destroyed. The subtle poison[1] of his wounds at length overpowered him, and he sank to the ground. Feeling death at hand, he called to his only surviving companion: 'Brother,' said he, 'since God has protected you from harm, sally forth and fly, and if ever you should see Alonzo de Ojéda, tell him of my fate.'" The Spaniard who lived to recount this touching story was the only one, of the seventy followers of Ojéda on that fatal day, who escaped the vengeance of the savages.

And thus fell this accomplished navigator, the noble veteran, John de la Cosa, devoted, fearless, faithful, and unflinching to the last gasp. Though the grass of three centuries has hidden his lonely grave, and the rust of time has dimmed much of the shining splendor that adorned the romantic age of discovery, still his name holds an honored place among the Catholic Pioneers of America. A curious planisphere drawn by him in the year 1500 was discovered during the present century.

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[1] Miller, in his *Elements of Chemistry*, states that the woorara, with which the Indians of South America poison their arrows, is a variety of strychnine. It is so deadly that the scratch of a needle dipped in it will produce death.

ALONZO DE OJÉDA,

DISCOVERER OF THE GULF OF VENEZUELA, AND WARRIOR PROTEGE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Died about A. D. 1511.

HALO of romance, undimmed by time, still surrounds the name of Alonzo de Ojéda. His career is justly renowned. He was born in Spain, about the year 1465, and grew up, trained to arms and hardy exercise, in the service of the Duke of Medina. He fought in the Moorish wars. From the first his life was marked by a love of bold adventure, and the old Spanish writers take pleasure in recounting his reckless exploits.

Ojéda sailed with Columbus in his second voyage, intending, no doubt, to advance his fortunes in the New World. At that time, he is described as a dashing young cavalier, handsome in person, rather under the middle height, but well-formed, and of great strength and activity. He was a master of the art of war, an admirable horseman, and unmatched in the use of all kinds of weapons. "Bold of heart," says Irving, "free of spirit, open of hand, fierce in fight, quick in quarrel, but ever ready to forget and

forgive an injury, he was destined, for a long time, to be the admiration of the wild and roving youth who flocked to the New World."

Before his departure from Spain, Ojéda had been introduced to Bishop Foncesa, and the prelate made him a present of a little Flemish painting of the most Holy Virgin. In all his wanderings, the devout young soldier carried this picture about him, and it rises to fame in the story of his adventures.

Columbus gave the command of all perilous enterprises to Ojéda—whether it was the charge of hunting up the nine foolish mariners who got lost among the cannibals of Guadaloupe; or the work of exploring the unknown interior of Hispaniola; or the still weightier responsibility of holding an exposed position against the hostile savages. Nor could the work have been placed in braver hands, and his tact was such, that where he failed, no man might hope to succeed.

The accomplished cavalier was appointed commander of Fort St. Thomas, and his skill and intrepidity were soon sharply tested. This advanced post lay within the dominions of Caonabo, a warlike Carib chieftain, who ruled in the mountains of Cibao, and was called "Lord of the Golden House." He determined to take it, and to destroy at one blow the handful of Spaniards. But Ojéda was never unprepared. Nor did he fear any danger, for he considered himself at all times to be under the powerful

protection of the most Holy Virgin; and to her "especial care," says one of his biographers, "he attributed the remarkable circumstance that he had never been wounded in any of the innumerable brawls and battles into which he was continually betrayed by his rash and fiery temperament."

One day, Caonabo suddenly surrounded Fort St. Thomas with 10,000 warriors. He hoped to surprise the little garrison. But Ojéda was ready for him, and the naked savages tried in vain to force an entrance. The wily chief next attempted to reduce it by famine. The siege lasted for thirty days, and the Spaniards suffered severely. In the meantime, however, Ojéda displayed the greatest activity of mind and fertility of resource. He baffled all the arts of Caonabo, concerting stratagems of various kinds to relieve the garrison and annoy the foe. He sallied forth whenever the enemy appeared in any force, leading the van with that headlong valor for which he was noted, making great slaughter with his single arm, and, as usual, escaping unhurt amid showers of darts and arrows.

Seeing that many of his bravest warriors had fallen, the Indian chief, at the end of a month, gave up all further attempts on the fortress, and retired filled with admiration at the skill and prowess of the hardy soldier, who carried a picture of the Blessed Virgin in his knapsack, and who with only fifty men, consumed by hunger and thirst, had bade

defiance to an army of hostile savages. But in truth, with his dear Madonna about him, and his trusty sword by his side, Ojéda feared neither man nor demon.

The power and ferocity of Caonabo, however, would make the settlement of Hispaniola a work of time and peril. Columbus was extremely perplexed. Ojéda said he could remove such an obstacle to Spanish progress. He offered to capture the Carib ruler, and bring him alive to the Admiral. But it seemed the rashest of rash enterprises.

Choosing ten tried and fearless followers, well armed and well mounted, and invoking the protection of the Blessed Virgin, whose image as usual he bore with him as a safeguard, Ojéda plunged into the forest, and made his way above sixty leagues into the wild territories of Caonabo. He found the dusky chieftain in one of his largest towns, and met with a friendly reception.

The Spanish commander made it appear that he came as the Admiral's representative. He urged Caonabo to proceed to the town of Isabella for the purpose of making a treaty with Columbus, and becoming the ally and friend of the white people. It is said that he even offered him, as a lure, the bell of the little church at Isabella. This bell was the wonder of the island. When the Indians heard it ringing for Mass, and saw the Spaniards hastening towards the church, they imagined that it talked,

and that the white men obeyed it. But while the savages regarded the bell as a wonder that had dropped from the skies, their admiration indeed for all metallic instruments was unbounded.

Caonabo accepted Ojéda's invitation, and began his march towards the Spanish settlement with a strong force of picked warriors. This arrangement was not to Ojéda's taste; but he at once devised a daring scheme, and hastened to put it into execution. He presented a highly polished pair of steel manacles to the Carib ruler, and invited him to mount behind him on his horse. The invitation was proudly accepted. The pieces of glittering steel were then carefully fixed on his tawny hands as ornaments. The unsuspecting Indian was delighted as Ojéda rode him around his warriors, who kept at a respectable distance.

The Spanish commander made several circuits to gain space, followed by his little band of horsemen. At length he made a wide sweep into the forest. Caonabo was quickly bound with cords to Ojéda, and with drawn swords the horsemen dashed at full speed towards home. They took unfrequented routes, and passed through the Indian towns at a gallop. The journey was accomplished in safety, and Ojéda appeared before Columbus with his wild Indian bound behind.

Shortly after this, a large force of allied Indians were defeated, and all parts of the island were re-

duced to obedience. But there was no service too wild and hazardous for Ojéda. If any appearance of war arose in a distant part of the country, he would penetrate with his little squad of cavalry through the depths of the forests, and fall like a thunderbolt upon the enemy, scattering their forces like chaff, and enforcing implicit submission. In 1496, he sailed for Spain in company with Columbus; but we no longer find him in the service of the discoverer of the New World. He aimed to become a discoverer himself.

Ojéda suceeding in getting a commission, and in a short time found himself the commander of a squadron of four vessels. His chief associates were John de la Cosa, the skilled navigator, and Americus Vespucius, whose name was afterwards unjustly given to the New World. The expedition sailed in May, 1799. Ojéda followed the track of Columbus in his third voyage, and after a speedy passage, he touched the coast of South America, at a point south of the Orinoco.

He then coasted towards the north, attacked the cannibals of the Caribbee Islands, and after severely chastisting the brutal man-eaters, he again sailed for the mainland, and discovered the Gulf of Venezuela or Maracaybo, in the northwest of what is now the Republic of Venezuela. This sheet of water is a wide inlet of the Caribbean[1] Sea and by

[1] So called from the Carib Indians.

a narrow strait, is connected with the Bay of Maracaybo. Ojéda gave the name of St. Bartholomew to a port—now the city of Maracaybo. But after rambling in various directions to little purpose, the expedition reached Spain in June, 1500.

After an unsuccessful attempt to establish a colony, Ojéda found himself involved in disputes that were only slowly settled by forms of law in the Courts, leaving him indeed "a triumphant client, but a ruined man." Still, his spirit of adventure burned brightly, and in a few years we behold him once more the leader of an expedition.

Through the influence of friends at the Spanish Court, and the kind offices of John de la Cosa, Ojéda was appointed Governor of a portion of the Isthmus of Darien, which, it will be remembered, was discovered by Columbus in his last voyage. The armament, consisting of four vessels and three hundred men, sailed from San Domingo late in the year 1509. De la Cosa was Ojéda's lieutenant, and among those on board was Francis Pizarro, the future conqueror of Peru. It seems that illness alone prevented Hernando Cortes from joining the expedition.

Ojéda, contrary to the advice of the more experienced De la Cosa, landed at the harbor of Carthagena. The Indians of this region used poisoned arrows, and fought like reptiles. The very first meeting between them and the fiery Governor was followed by a conflict and an unfortunate

raid into the interior, which has been briefly described in the life of De la Cosa. The faithful old pilot was slain, and the Spaniard who escaped to tell the story of his end was the only survivor of seventy that had followed Ojéda in that wild adventure.

But what became of the conqueror of Caonabo? He fought like a tiger, cut his way, sword in hand, through hosts of savages, and, at length, found himself alone in the trackless wilderness. When he thought, however, of the awful fate of his noble lieutenant and brave companions, his heart was ready to break, and he almost yielded to despair. He wandered through the woods, struck the coast line, but here his wonderful strength gave way, and he fell weary and exhausted at the foot of a large tree, where a searching party from the ships found him speechless and still bravely grasping his sword and buckler. He soon recovered. "His followers," writes Irving, "considered his escape from death as little less than miraculous, and he himself regarded it as another proof of the special protection of the Holy Virgin; for, though he had, as usual, received no wound, yet it is said his buckler bore the dints of upwards of three hundred arrows."

The Governor now hastened from the neighborhood of his misfortunes, steered across the Gulf, and began a settlement on the coast of Darien. He founded a city, and gave it the name of San Sebas-

tian, "in honor of the sainted martyr who was slain by arrows, hoping that he might protect the inhabitants from the empoisoned shafts of the savages." But the colony did not take root. Provisions grew scarce. The settlers lost heart, and the Indians daily grew bolder, in spite of the fearful punishments again and again inflicted on them by Ojéda, who "slew more of their warriors with his single arm than all his followers together."

In the midst of this gloomy state of affairs, a strange ship appeared in the harbor of San Sebastian; and Ojéda decided to board her, and seek aid for his struggling colony. He left Francis Pizarro in command, and sailed for San Domingo. The ship was wrecked on the southern coast of Cuba. It was a sad misfortune. The poor castaways were hundreds of miles from any Christian settlement, and their only course was to cut a pathway through the swamps, rivers, and tangled forests of Cuba, and then to cross the wide strait that separates it from Hispaniola.

Ojéda led the dreary march, and daily infused some of his own hardy spirit into the famished and exhausted travellers. At one point, a swamp ninety miles in extent seemed to bar all further progress. Ojéda had daily offered his prayers before the Flemish painting of the Holy Virgin, and invited his companions to do the same; but now he vowed that if his Heavenly Patroness should conduct him

safely through this peril, he would erect a chapel to her honor in the first Indian village he would reach, and leave her picture there as an object of veneration to the dusky children of the forest.

When the sorely tired travellers, still guided by the iron figure of Ojéda, had cut their way through the frightful morass, it was found that only thirty-five out of the seventy men who left the ship survived. The rest had sunk beneath the burden of their miseries. A path led them to an Indian village. The good old chief consoled the famished, toil-worn Spaniards, "and," says Las Casas, "almost worshipped them as if they were angels."

Ojéda built a chapel, placed his famous painting of the Holy Virgin above the altar; and after explaining the truths of the Catholic religion, he committed it to the care of the chief, who conceived a profound regard for the beautiful Madonna. When Las Casas, the celebrated missionary, visited the village at a later period, he found the little chapel swept clean and decorated. The picture was guarded with sacred care.

On reaching San Domingo, Ojéda found himself greatly fallen in popular estimation. The ill success of his colony was received as a bad omen, and, without friends or fortune, he could do little. Poor health added to the ruin already made by poverty and hardship. The brilliant conqueror of Caonabo sank into obscurity, and his changed but still in-

trepid spirit soon passed to a better world. The consolations of religion cheered the last hours of the famous cavalier. He requested with dying lips to be buried under the portal of the Monastery of St. Francis at San Domingo, "that every one who entered might tread upon his grave."

"Such," says Irving, "was the fate of Alonzo de Ojéda—and who does not forget his errors and his faults at the threshold of his humble and untimely grave! He was one of the most fearless and aspiring of the band of ocean chivalry that followed the footsteps of Columbus. His history presents a lively picture of the daring enterprises, the extravagant exploits, the thousand accidents by flood and field, which checkered the life of a Spanish cavalier in that roving and romantic age."

AMERICUS VESPUCIUS,[1]

WHOSE NAME WAS GIVEN TO THE NEW WORLD.

Died A. D. 1512.

AMERICUS VESPUCIUS, from whom America accidentally received its name, was born at Florence, Italy, on the 6th of March, 1451. His

[1] This is the Latin form of the name. It is written Amerigo Vespucci in Italian.

parents, Anastatio Vespucci and Elizabeth Mini, though not wealthy, were persons of noble rank. Americus received an excellent education from his uncle, Father George Anthony Vespucci, a learned monk. It is said that while the youth made indifferent progress in his Latin grammar, he showed a great liking and aptitude for natural philosophy, geography, and astronomy—at that time, favorite branches of study, on account of their commercial importance.

It is not well known when Americus went to Spain. We find him there, however, in 1496, engaged in mercantile pursuits. As one of the members of a large Florentine firm, at Seville he made the acquaintance of Columbus; and it seems he was always on friendly terms with the illustrious discoverer of the New World. A desire to visit the newly-found countries seized him; nor was he long in putting his design into execution.

As I have already stated in the life of Ojéda, Americus sailed with that adventurous pioneer in 1499; and it is supposed that he aided the expedition to the extent of fitting out one of the four vessels. After coasting along the northern shores of South America, he returned in November of the same year, but immediately took part in a second memorable voyage under Vincent Y. Pinzon.

On returning to Spain, however,, Americus was allured by promises into the service of Emmanuel,

King of Portugal, and undertook two more voyages with the ships of that monarch. He sailed from Lisbon in May, 1501, ran along a portion of the coast of Africa, and passed over to Brazil. The object of his fourth and last voyage was to find a western passage to Malacca. He left Lisbon with a fleet of six vessels, in May, 1503, and after a perilous passage discovered the famous Bay of All Saints, in Brazil. After many adventures, he arrived in Portugal in the summer of the year following. The King gave orders that some remains of the ship *Victoria*, in which Americus had made his last voyage, should be suspended in the cathedral of Lisbon, but fulfilled none of the promises which he made.

Indeed, the merits and services of Americus seem to have been poorly rewarded by the Portuguese monarch, for we again find him, in 1505, at Seville. He was on his way to the Spanish Court, in quest of employment, and carried a letter of introduction from the aged Columbus to his son James. The letter is dated February 5th, and runs thus:

"My dear Son,—James Mendez departed hence on Monday, the third of this month. After his departure, I conversed with Americus Vespucius, the bearer of this, who goes there,[1] summoned on affairs of navigation. Fortune has been adverse to him, as to many others. His labors have not profited

[1] To Court

him as much as they reasonably should have done. He goes on my account, and with much desire to do something, if in his power, that may result to my advantage. I cannot ascertain here in what I can employ him that will be serviceable to me; for I do not know what may be there required. He goes with the determination to do all that is possible for me; see in what he may be of advantage and coöperate with him, that he may say and do everything, and put his plans in operation; and let all be done secretly, that he may not be suspected. I have said everything to him that I can say touching the business; and have informed him of the pay I have received, and what is due, etc."

This letter was penned but little more than a year before the death of Columbus. How sad to think that the great discoverer of the New World, and the famous man who was destined to give his name to it, should each be reduced to such needy circumstances by the meanness, injustice, and black ingratitude of monarchs who rolled in wealth!

At a later period, Americus obtained the Spanish government office of chief pilot, which he retained for the brief remainder of his life. He died at Seville, on the 22d of February, 1512, at the age of nearly sixty-one years.

The fame of Americus Vespucius had its origin in his writings. He handled a pen with ease and even elegance. Of his first voyage, he drew up an

amusing and instructive account, and transmitted it to a friend. He describes the Carib Indians and their immense houses built in the shape of bells—houses of such magnitude as to contain six hundred persons. In one place there were eight vast houses, capable of sheltering nearly ten thousand inhabitants. Every seven or eight years, the savages were obliged to change their places of residence on account of the maladies engendered by the heat of the climate in their crowded habitations. As this was long before the days of quinine and medical education in the New World, the Indian mode of treating a fever is worthy of mention. In the very height of the disease, the patient was plunged in a bath of cold water, after which he was obliged to run around a large fire, until he was in a violent heat, when he retired to bed for a sleep—a kind of treatment by which Americus declares he saw many cured.

Shortly after his return from his last expedition to Brazil, he wrote a letter addressed to an old fellow-student, René, Duke of Lorraine. It contained a summary account of all his voyages. It claimed considerable credit for its author as a discoverer, and soon found its way over all Europe. The work, in its printed form, contains erroneous dates and ambiguous expressions—the blunders, perhaps, of some hasty editor, or ignorant, unscrupulous publisher—that have led to volumes of angry controversy, and covered the character of

Americus with a great deal of unmerited odium.

He was beyond all doubt a skilled, energetic navigator, and a man of superior literary and scientific attainments. It is greatly to his credit, that he retained the confidence and friendship of Columbus to the last. How America came to receive its name from him is not quite clear; but it is certain from the investigations of Humboldt, that Americus himself had nothing to do with it.

The hemisphere discovered by Columbus was first called *Land of the Holy Cross, or New World.* It is so named in maps drawn in the early part of the sixteenth century, The word America came from Germany. A selection from the narratives of Americus found its way into that country, and was translated by one Waldseemüller. As the first printed account of the wonderful discovery, the book sold rapidly, and made a great sensation. It must be remembered that the daily paper was then unborn, and the telegraph a thing of the future.

The delighted Waldseemüller, who, it seems, had never heard of Columbus, proposed that the new continent should, in honor of his favorite author, Americus, be called *America*, since it is the custom in most languages to make Europe and Asia of the feminine gender.[1] The name America is first found on an old map of 1522, and on a globe of 1570.

[1] America is the feminine of Americus, just as Julia is the feminine of Julius, or Augusta the feminine of Augustus.

Thus less than a century after the date of discovery, it was the name generally received. It was first given to portions of South America, as can be seen on Verrazano's map of the world, drawn in 1529; but was afterwards extended to the whole western world. "The name of Americus," says Robertson, "has supplanted that of Columbus; and mankind may regret an act of injustice, which, having received the sanction of time, it is now too late to redress."

BARTHOLOMEW COLUMBUS,

FIRST GOVERNOR OF HISPANIOLA, AND BROTHER OF THE DISCOVERER OF THE NEW WORLD.

Died A. D. 1515.

AMONG the brave band of historic pioneers that we can call "the companions of Columbus," none so nearly approaches the great discoverer in worth, ability, and real distinction as his second self—his noble and fearless brother, Don Bartholomew Columbus.

He was the second of the family, and was born at Genoa. Little is known of his early years. It seems that after a short time spent at school, he began to

assist his father in the wool-combing business. Bartholomew's tastes were similar to those of his brother Christopher ; and, like him also, he was what we call a self-made man. His superior knowledge of languages, geography, and navigation in after life was doubtless the result of experience and his own manly toil by long and careful self-education.

It is not certain at what time Bartholomew went to push his fortune in Portugal, then the most noted centre of commerce and navigation in Europe ; but we find him settled at Lisbon in the year 1470. when he gave an affectionate welcome to the future discoverer of America, who had been shipwrecked on the coast. He was then an able mariner, having spent years on the ocean.

We find Bartholomew, fifteen years later, making a voyage to England on the part of his brother, The project of discovery had been rejected by Portugal, and Christopher Columbus wished to interest the wealthy English monarch in his mighty designs. The ship Bartholomew sailed in, however, was captured by pirates, who robbed him of everything, and cast him on an unknown shore. For a long time all his energy was taxed to make a living, and to procure suitable clothing. He constructed globes and drew charts for several years before he could succeed in reaching England. There was neither railroad nor steamboat in those days, and poverty did not diminish the slow mode of travelling.

Nor was that all. Bartholomew had first to learn English, that he might the better explain his brother's plans in person. He had to provide for his existence, secure the aid of patrons, and become familiar with the usages and etiquette of the English Court. All this required time and toil, and it was only in the middle of the year 1493 that he obtained an interview with Henry VII. The explanation was given with the aid of an atlas, and was so clear and convincing that the King welcomed the project.

Bartholemew at once departed for Spain, and while passing through Paris, he learned for the first time that a New World had been discovered, and that the vast and gloomy Atlantic was no longer a mystery. It must have been joyful news to him. As a brother of the great Admiral Columbus, whose name was now on every lip, he was welcomed with marks of rare honor by the King of France. But he made no delay He arrived at Seville, however, only in time to hear that the Admiral had already sailed on his second voyage.

He than proceeded to the Spanish Court, and was received with distinction. His dignified bearing, happy mastery of language, and ripe experience as an accomplished navigator secured immediate recognition , and he was honored with letters of nobility and given the command of a squadron that was to aid his brother's enterprise by carrying provisions to the colony.

Again he arrived too late. He reached the new city of Isabella just after the departure of the Admiral for the coast of Cuba, and awaited his return. When the ships of Columbus reappeared in the harbor, the great discoverer lay unconscious on a bed of sickness. On coming to himself a manly, well-known voice sounded like healing music in his ear; and he found himself in the arms of Don Bartholomew, from whom he had heard nothing for eight years. It was truly a joyful meeting.

Columbus had hitherto only the aid of his younger brother James,[1] a man of quiet and amiable disposition; but Providence had now sent him a much-needed brother of a different stamp—a hardy soldier of powerful frame, masculine energy, and rare executive ability. Between the Admiral and his two devoted brothers there was ever a warm, loving attachment; and as he was now in broken health, surrounded by traitors, foes, and false friends, he certainly required their faithful support.

"To your brother," the great man, shortly before death, wrote to his son James, "conduct yourself as the elder brother should to the younger. You can have no other, and I praise God that he is such a one as you need. Ten brothers would not be too many for you. Never have I found a better friend to right or to left than my brothers."

The Admiral at once appointed Don Bartholomew

[1] Who in later years studied for the priesthood.

Adelantado, or governor, and put all the power into his hands during his own convalescence. He was also given the chief command when Columbus sailed for Spain in 1496. He founded in that year the city of San Domingo, at present the capital and seaport of the Republic of San Domingo. He was an active, prudent, and vigorous administrator. He made repeated marches of great extent from one remote province to another, and was always at the post of danger at the critical moment. But like his brother, the Admiral, many of his wisest plans were thwarted by the grasping avarice and the violence and villainy of colonial officers.

When the discoverer of the New World was sent to Spain in chains, Don Bartholomew suffered a like indignity, and was confined on board of the same vessel. He accompanied the aged Admiral on his fourth and last voyage, more through affection than inclination. He landed at Cape Honduras—the Admiral being too ill to leave the ship—had Mass celebrated under the trees that lined the seashore, on Sunday, the 14th of August, 1502, and took possession of the country in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The troubles and dangers of the voyage, however, reached a climax, when the remains of the shattered and tempest-tossed squadron had to be run aground on the wild coast of Jamaica. Headed by a bold ruffian named Porras, a part of the crews

mutinied, and added immensely to the difficulties of the situation. When the rebels, after a time, resolved to attack the Admiral, who was suffering from the tortures of rheumatism, Columbus, in the goodness of his heart, made overtures of peace and pardon on condition of immediate surrender. Don Bartholomew was asked to reason with them; but the insolent mutineers laughed at all offers, and rushed to the conflict.

The brave Adelantado and his followers were not unprepared. Six of the hardiest rebels had made a league to attack Don Bartholomew, but they were so well received by that fearless master of the sword that at the first shock four or five were killed, and among them John Sanchez, a powerful mariner who had once carried off an Indian chief. Porras, in desperation, now assaulted Don Bartholomew. He, too, soon came to grief, and was taken prisoner after a severe struggle. This closed the reign of the mutineers, and the Admiral thanked his heroic brother, who had once more proved an incomparable friend in need.

Don Bartholomew returned to Spain, 1504, and proceeded to Court in the interest of the aged Admiral. When King Philip and his Queen Juana arrived in Spain, Columbus sent the Adelantado, always his confidential coadjutor, to represent him, and to present his congratulations to the youthful sovereigns. It was on this occasion that Don

Bartholomew took leave of his immortal brother for the last time. The Admiral died during his absence.

Don Bartholomew still held the office of Adelantado, although King Ferdinand, through selfish motives, detained him in Spain, while he employed inferior men in voyages of discovery. The monarch, at length, suggested that he might colonize and govern the Isthmus of Darien—an enterprise, it will be remembered, unsuccessfully attempted by Ojéda. But it was now too late. The active and toilsome life of Don Bartholomew was drawing to a close. He died at an advanced age, in 1515 — nine years after the illustrious Admiral had passed to a better world.

Bartholomew Columbus was a devoted Catholic. He had not, it is true, the gentleness of his great brother, but his manly virtue and genuine nobility of character made ample amends for some harshness of manner and defect of refinement. He was a practical man of business, and an active, fearless leader, who carried his plans into execution, regardless of difficulty or danger. His tall stature, powerful frame, dignified bearing, and the fire of mental energy that glowed in his looks — all combined to invest him with an air of great authority. He was born to command.

He had rare conversational powers, and wrote in a style both lively and elegant. As a writer, he

was even superior to the Admiral, according to Las Casas, who had letters and manuscripts of both in his possession. He spoke Italian, Latin, Spanish, English, and Portuguese.

But the most beautiful feature in the character of Bartholomew Columbus was his life-long devotion to the Admiral. "One would say," writes the Count de Lorgues, "that he was born to command and if his devotedness had not determined him to remain eclipsed in the glory of his brother, he would have become illustrious on his own account, so much did he possess a high degree of military instinct, the genius of a navigator, and the foresight of an administrator."

VINCENT YAÑEZ PINZON,

ONE OF THE COMPANIONS OF COLUMBUS, AND DISCOVERER OF BRAZIL.

Date of death is unknown.

WHEN Christopher Columbus visited the little Spanish port of Palos, for the purpose of organizing his wonderful expedition for the discovery of the New World, he was introduced by Father Perez to the Pinzons, a most worthy and enter-

prising family of mariners, who aided the Admiral all in their power. Three of the Pinzon brothers risked life and fortune in the perilous enterprise. Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the eldest, was captain of the *Pinta*, with his brother Francis Martin Pinzon for lieutenant. Vincent Yanez Pinzon, the famous subject of this sketch, and the youngest of the brothers, commanded the beautiful little *Nina*. Thus the name of Pinzon ranks high on the first page of American history.

It was towards the close of the year 1499, that Admiral Vincent Y. Pinzon set out from Palos on a voyage of discovery himself. He was a bold, experienced navigator, and did not, like others, closely follow in the track of Columbus. He stood to the southwest, and, after traversing about seven hundred leagues of the Atlantic, crossed the equator and lost sight of the north star. A terrible tempest swept the ships still further into unknown waters, and when the storm had passed away, the very heavens were altered. A strange and beautiful constellation, glittering in the evening sky, met the startled gaze of the Spaniards. It was the *Southern Cross*,[1] which since that day has guided the seamen on the wild waters of the southern hemisphere. The feelings of Pinzon and his companions are, perhaps, reflected in the words of a famous traveller of our own age.

[1] So called because it consists of several bright stars arranged so as to form the figure of a cross.

"From the time we entered the torrid zone," writes Humboldt, "we were never wearied with admiring, every night, the beauty of the southern sky, which, as we advanced southward, opened new constellations to our view. We feel an indescribable sensation, when, on approaching the equator, and particularly on passing from one hemisphere to the other, we see those stars which we have contemplated from our infancy progressively sink and finally disappear.

"Nothing awakens in the traveller a livelier remembrance of the immense distance by which he is separated from his country than the aspect of an unknown firmament. The grouping of stars of the first magnitude, scattered nebulæ, rivalling in splendor the milky way, and tracts of space remarkable for their extreme blackness, give a peculiar physiognomy to the southern sky. This sight fills with admiration even those who, uninstructed in the branches of accurate science, feel the same emotion of delight in the contemplation of the heavenly vault as in the view of a beautiful landscape or a majestic structure.

"The pleasure we felt on discovering the *Southern Cross* was warmly shared by such of the crew as had lived in the colonies. In the solitude of the seas, we hail a star as a friend from whom we have long been separated. Among the Portuguese and

the Spaniards peculiar motives seem to increase this feeling. A religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation the form of which recalls the Sign of Faith planted by their ancestors in the wilds of the New World."

After this digression, let us go back to the intrepid Pinzon, who was among the first of Europeans to gaze on the southern hemisphere and the beautiful cross that shines in its firmament. His spirit did not quail at the angry howl of the tempest, or the great change in earth and sky. He boldly continued his course towards the west, and on the 28th of January, 1500, his eye was gladdened by the sight of a great headland, which, as a good Catholic, from motives of pious gratitude, he named Cape Holy Mary of Consolation.[1] It is now called Cape Saint Augustine, and forms the extreme eastern point of Brazil.[2]

He landed and took possession of the new country in the name of the Spanish sovereigns. Sailing thence towards the northwest, he discovered the mighty Amazon River, and continued across the Caribbean Sea, and the Gulf of Mexico until he found himself among the Bahamas, where he lost two of his vessels in a rocky channel. A wild hurricane swallowed up the crews in sight of their terrified compan-

[1] Santa Maria de la Consolacion.

[2] It is often stated by careless writers that Cabral, the famous Portuguese navigator, discovered Brazil. This is untrue. Cabral reached the coast of Brazil three months after Pinzon, and named the country "Land of the Holy Cross."

ions. On repairing damages, the Admiral turned the prows of his remaining barks homeward, and arrived at Palos in September, 1500, after one of the most memorable and disastrous voyages yet made to the New World.

As a reward for his achievements, power was now granted to Pinzon to colonize and govern the ample territory which he had discovered, and which extended southward from the Amazon to Cape St. Augustine, but it does not appear that he made a second voyage to Brazil. In 1506 and 1508, however, he made two voyages, in company with De Solis, and attempted to discover a strait supposed by Columbus to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific at the Isthmus of Panama. Unhappily for the success of both expeditions and the interests of commerce, no such strait exists—a fact, of course, unknown at that time—and although nearly four centuries have since passed away, no man has immortalized his name and left the world his debtor by cutting a canal through the narrow, rocky strip which separates the great oceans at this point of the American continent.

The subsequent career of Vincent Yañez Pinzon and the date of his death are unknown. But he ranks high as a skilled and intrepid navigator. He is distinguished among the Catholic Pioneers of the New World as the first who crossed the equator on the western ocean, and as the discoverer of Brazil

and the lordly river that waters its vast territory.[1]

VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA,

DISCOVERER OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Died A. D. 1517.

VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA was born in Spain of a noble but reduced family in the year 1475. At the age of twenty-five, he sailed for the New World, and, after some unprofitable wandering, turned farmer in Hispaniola. But fortune refusing to smile on his toil, he was forced to escape from his creditors by having himself smuggled on board of a vessel bound for Panama in 1510.

The ship was commanded by De Encisco, and contained supplies and reinforcements for Ojéda's ill-fated colony at San Sebastian. It is curious to reflect that the man destined to discover the eastern shores of the largest ocean on the globe, should have been compelled to hide himself in a cask before he could share in the new enterprise!

[1] When Washington Irving visited Palos in 1828, he was surprised and gratified to find that the Pinzon family still prospered, and were well and worthily represented. Admiral Pinzon, of the Spanish navy, has added new lustre to an old name in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

While on the voyage, Encisco's expedition was met by a strange craft commanded by Francis Pizarro. It contained the wretched remnant of Ojéda's colony. Famine and the poisoned arrows of the Indians had hastened their departure from the wild Isthmus. De Encisco, however, prevailed on Pizarro and his crew to return.

In the meantime Balboa had emerged from his cask, and met with no very friendly reception. But he had faith in himself. He was now in the prime of life. While his manners were frank and winning, he was a good sailor, a fearless soldier, and an expert swordsman. Tall in stature, he was well formed and vigorous; and an open, manly, handsome countenance added to his other attractions. In truth, he was well fitted by nature to dazzle or command the multitude.

Disaster met Encisco before landing. His vessel struck a rock in the harbor of San Sebastian, and the angry waters swallowed up the cargo. The town was found to be a mass of charred ruins. It was decided to abandon such an unlucky region; but whither should they go? At this moment of doubt and anxiety, Balboa ventured to give counsel.

"I remember," he said, "to have seen, when I was on these coasts some years ago, a village situated by a large river, on the west side of the gulf. The inhabitants were of a mild character and did not use poisoned arrows."

He offered to act as guide, and the offer was gladly accepted. When the place was reached, however, the Indians proved that they could fight; and it was only after routing five hundred warriors led by a bold chief, that the Spaniards found themselves masters of the situation. It was made the seat of government, and called Our Lady of Antigua.

Balboa's worth was soon appreciated, and an insurrection gave him supreme command of the colony. During one of his expeditions into the interior of the country he received a present of gold from an Indian chief; and was told that south of the mountain range which towered above them, lay a mighty sea, and that monarchs who drank out of golden vessels ruled on its shores. This was the first information the Spaniards received in relation to the Pacific Ocean and the rich country since known by the name of Peru.

Balboa resolved at once to set out in quest of the strange ocean. A romantic interest surrounds the story of discovery. He gathered around him one hundred and ninety tried and resolute followers and his faithful dog *Leoncico*—the terror of the savages—wagged his tail, for he too was to bear his master company. Indian guides were secured. And when all was in readiness, Mass was celebrated to call down the blessing of Heaven on the enterprise.

After cutting their way for three weeks in a track-

less wilderness, daily fighting hostile savages, pushing through deadly swamps and tangled forests, climbing steep rocks, and enduring countless hardships, the exhausted Spaniards at length reached an Indian village at the foot of the last elevation that separated them from a view of the waters beyond.

It was the 26th of September, 1513. "The day had scarce dawned," writes Irving, "when Balboa and his followers set forth from the Indian village, and began to climb the height. It was severe and rugged toil for men so wayworn; but they were filled with new ardor at the idea of the triumphant scene that was so soon to repay them for all their hardships.

"About ten o'clock in the morning they emerged from the thick forests through which they had hitherto struggled, and arrived at a lofty and airy region of the mountain. The bald summit alone remained to be ascended; and their guides pointed to a moderate eminence, from which they said the Southern Sea was visible.

"Upon this Balboa commanded his followers to halt, and that no man should stir from his place. Then, with a palpitating heart, he ascended alone the bare mountain-top. On reaching the summit the long-desired prospect burst upon his view. It was as if a new world were unfolded to him, separated from all hitherto known by this mighty barrier of mountains. Below him extended a vast chaos of

rock and forest, and green savannas and wandering streams, while at a distance the waters of the promised ocean glittered in the morning sun."

Balboa fell upon his knees, raised his eyes, moistened in tears of gratitude, to Heaven, and thanked Almighty God for the favor of making such a wonderful discovery. He then invited his troops to ascend. "My brothers," he exclaimed, "behold the object of all our desires, and the reward of all our toils! Let us give thanks to God that he has granted us this great honor and advantage. Let us pray to him to guide and aid us to conquer the sea and land which we have discovered, and which Christian has never entered to preach the holy doctrine of the Evangelists.

"As to yourselves, be as you have hitherto been, faithful and true to me, and by the favor of Christ, you will become the richest Spaniards that have ever come to the Indies; you will render the greatest services to your King that ever vassal rendered to his lord; and you will have the eternal glory and advantage of all that is here discovered, conquered, and converted to our Holy Catholic Faith."

This eloquent speech raised his companions to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and they promised to follow their fearless leader to the ends of the earth. Father Andrew de Vara, the chaplain of the expedition, then intoned the *Te Deum*, and all devoutly joined in chanting the sacred anthem, whose strains

were the first Christian music wafted by the winds of the Pacific.

The country was then taken possession of in the name of the Spanish Sovereigns. A tall tree was cut down, a cross made, and erected on the very spot on which Balboa stood when he first saw the vast expanse of waters. On descending to the ocean, he found himself on the borders of an immense bay, to which he gave the name of St. Michael, having discovered it on the feast of the great Archangel.

The brave commander marched into the water, bearing in his hand a banner of the Holy Virgin and the Infant Jesus, and took formal possession of sea and land for his sovereigns. The usual document was drawn up by a notary. Three crosses were then cut on three separate trees in honor of the Three Divine Persons of the Blessed Trinity, and this terminated the ceremonies.

I have thus recounted the story of how the Pacific Ocean was discovered with some minuteness. It is one of the great events of history. Let us now glance at the remainder of Balboa's career—so sad and brief. His first care was to send home the news of his discovery, and to demand reinforcements for the conquest of Peru. King Ferdinand, with his usual hateful policy, appointed another Governor over the territories added by Balboa to his crown, while the immortal pioneer himself was

tardily assigned the subordinate position of Lieutenant-Governor. But Balboa did not complain. He received the new Governor—a cruel, intriguing courtier named Davila—with all the respect due to his position.

It could scarcely be hoped that harmony would long prevail between men so different in merit, temper, and genius, as Balboa and Davila. From the first Davila exhibited feelings of jealousy. Dissensions were frequent, and the colony suffered in consequence. The Bishop of Darien, for a time, succeeded in reconciling the Governor and his Lieutenant. When Balboa promised to marry Davila's daughter, it was thought the reconciliation would be lasting.

The discoverer of the Pacific now hastened preparations for the conquest of Peru. Not finding suitable timber for ship-building on the Pacific coast, he had it cut on the Atlantic seaboard. It was then dragged piece by piece over the rugged, lofty mountains of the Isthmus. Even anchors and rigging were thus conveyed, and it need scarcely be said that the toil was extreme. At length, four vessels manned by three hundred chosen men were ready to sail, when Balboa received an unexpected message from Davila, requesting his immediate presence.

He at once hastened to Alca to meet the Governor, never for a moment suspecting the murderous

treachery of the man While on the way he was arrested by his old companion Francis Pizarro, and cast into prison. A mock trial began, and Balboa was condemned to death, on the false charge of meditating rebellion. But the noble discoverer repelled the charge with virtuous indignation; and, fixing his eye on the base and brutal Davila, he exclaimed:

"Had I been conscious of my guilt, what could have induced me to come here and put myself into your hands? Had I meditated rebellion, what prevented me from carrying it into effect? I had four ships ready to weigh anchor, three hundred brave men at my command, and an open sea before me. What had I to do but to spread sail and press forward? There was no doubt of finding a land, whether rich or poor, sufficient for me and mine, far beyond the reach of your control. In the innocence of my heart, however, I came here promptly at your mere request, and my reward is insult—slander—chains!"

In violation of all forms of justice, Balboa was condemned to death. But he met his unhappy fate like a brave man and a true Catholic; and after making a last humble confession and receiving Holy Communion, he was beheaded in 1517, at the rude town of Alca, almost in sight of the cross on the mountain that bore witness to his immortal discovery.

"Thus perished," says Irving, "in his forty-second

year, in the prime and vigor of his days and the full career of his glory, one of the most illustrious and deserving of Spanish discoverers—a victim to the basest and most perfidious envy. His fate, like that of his renowned predecessor, Columbus, proves that it is sometimes dangerous even to deserve too greatly."

JOHN PONCE DE LEON,

THE DISCOVERER OF FLORIDA.

Died A. D. 1521.

AMONG the hardy, well-seasoned cavaliers who sailed with Columbus in his second voyage, was John Ponce de Leon, a native of Spain. His youth had been devoted to arms, and he had served in many a campaign against the Moors. Nor was he long in the New World, when he acquired fame as a skilled Indian fighter.

Ponce de Leon was appointed to the command of a province embracing the eastern extremity of Hispaniola. A neighboring island, hitherto unexplored, could be seen in the distance. It was Porto Rico, whose lofty mountains were clothed with forest trees of prodigious size and magnificent

foliage. The climate was healthy. Precious metals abounded, and silvery streams flowed down the sides of wild valleys full of romantic scenery.

All this Ponce de Leon discovered on exploring the country in 1508. The next thing was to conquer it. The King, indeed, made him governor; but the Indians battled bravely for their island paradise. It was only after much fighting and many hardships that he became master of Porto Rico.

It is singular that among his most successful "warriors was a dog named *Berezillo,* renowned for courage, strength, and sagacity. It is said that he could distinguish those of the Indians who were allies from those who were enemies of the Spaniards. To the former he was docile and friendly, to the latter fierce and implacable. He was the terror of the natives, who were unaccustomed to powerful and ferocious animals, and did more service in this wild warfare than could have been rendered by several soldiers. This famous dog was killed some years afterwards by a poisoned arrow, as he was swimming in the sea in pursuit of a Carib Indian!"[1]

In the course of time, however, Ponce de Leon was relieved of the command of Porto Rico. But the old cavalier looked about for some new undertaking. Age could not tame his restless spirit; and his head was soon filled with one of the most romantic enter-

[1] It may be of interest to note that Balboa's historic dog, the faithful *Leoncico*, was of the same breed as *Berezillo.*

prises in early American history. He had learned from some wandering Indians of a country in the northwest—a land abounding in riches and possessing a river of such marvellous virtue that a bath in its healing waters restored decrepit age to the bloom, vigor, and beauty of youth.

"Ponce de Leon," says Irving, "listened to these tales with fond credulity. He was advancing in life, and the ordinary term of existence seemed insufficient for his mighty plans. Could he but plunge into this gifted river, and come out with his battered, war-worn body restored to the strength, and freshness, and suppleness of youth, and his head still retaining the wisdom and knowledge of age, what enterprises might he not accomplish in the additional course of vigorous years insured to him.

"It may seem incredible at the present day that a man of years and experience could yield any faith to a story which resembles the wild fiction of an Arabian tale; but the wonders and novelties breaking upon the world in that age of discovery almost realized the illusions of fable. . . .

"So fully convinced was the worthy old cavalier of the existence of the region described to him that he fitted out three ships at his own expense to prosecute the discovery, nor had he any difficulty in finding adventurers in abundance ready to cruise with him in quest of this fairy-land."

He steered from the Island of Porto Rico, and

after sailing to the northwest for over three weeks, he discovered an unknown country, decked in blooming flowers and covered with magnificent forests. It was Easter Sunday—called by the Spaniards Pascua Florida—the 27th of March, 1512. The veteran Catholic pioneer named the new land Florida, a name retained to this day. He took possession of the country for the Spanish Sovereigns. The Indians proved fierce and warlike, and, after looking in vain for the river of youth, he turned his steps homeward.

Ponce de Leon was received with much honor at the Spanish Court, and King Ferdinand bestowed on him the title of Governor of Florida. Nine years passed away, however, before he resolved to settle and develop the resources of the new country. Aroused to fresh exertion by the news of the brilliant achievements of Cortes in Mexico, he fitted out an expedition and landed on the coast of Florida. A sharp encounter with the savages followed. The Governor, mortally wounded, was borne on board of his ship, which sailed for Cuba. He died, shortly after landing at that island, in 1521

"Thus fate," says a Spanish writer, "delights to reverse the schemes of man. The discovery that Ponce de Leon flattered himself was to lead to a means of perpetuating his life, had the ultimate effect of hastening his death."

It is true, the old warrior failed to find the fountain of youth; but he immortalized his name by

discovering Florida. The epitaph on his monument is a fair summary of his fearless character: "In this tomb rest the bones of a man who was a lion by name,[1] and still more by nature."

FERNANDO MAGELLAN,

DISCOVERER OF THE STRAITS THAT BEAR HIS NAME, AND ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET THAT FIRST SAILED AROUND THE WORLD.

Died A. D. 1521.

FERNANDO MAGELLAN belonged to an ancient and noble family, and was born at Oporto, in Northern Portugal, about the year 1480. From boyhood he was noted for piety, bravery, and enterprise. He spent some years at the Court of his native country, and afterwards served with distinction in the East Indies under the famous General Albuquerque. He thought, however, that his faithful services were ill-rewarded by the Portuguese monarch, and directed his steps to Spain in 1517.

Magellan's mind was now filled with a mighty enterprise. Columbus had discovered the New World, and Balboa had found an ocean washing its

[1] Leon is the Spanish of lion.

western shores. A passage around Southern America, Magellan reasoned, would be a much shorter highway for the rich commerce of the Molucca or Spice Islands, than the usual route by the Cape of Good Hope. Besides, if such a passage were discovered, he could then sail around the world. This splendid idea, it will be remembered, owed its origin to the genius of Columbus; but it remained for another great Catholic Pioneer to carry it into execution.

Magellan at once made his plans known to Cardinal Ximines and King Charles, and met with every encouragement. An agreement was drawn up to the effect that Magellan was to be Admiral of the exploring fleet, and governor of all the lands that he might discover. He was also to have one-twentieth part of all revenues arising from his discoveries, besides many other privileges.

Having bade a last loving farewell to his young wife, Magellan stepped on board his ship at Seville. The fleet dropped down the river, and soon reached the old seaport of San Lucar. Here the ships stores were completed, Mass was celebrated for the success of the enterprise, and the Admiral at the head of his crews received Holy Communion.

Let us glance at the little squadron before it departs. It was the 20th of September, 1519. The vessels were five in number, and carried eighty cannon. Magellan's flag-ship was named the *Trinity;*

then there were the *Immaculate Conception*, the *St. Anthony*, the *Victoria*, and the *St. James* The crews numbered two hundred and fifty men. Among the most noted of the officers were Magellan's brother-in-law, Edward Barbosa; John Serrano, captain of the *St. James*; Anthony Pigafetta, who afterwards wrote an account of the voyage, and John Sebastian Elcano, a distinguished pilot. Several priests accompanied the expedition.

Magellan stood to the southwest, and after buffeting the waves of the Atlantic for over two months, he reached the shores of what is now Southern Brazil in South America. His first act was to land, and have a little altar erected on the beach. Officers and men knelt around devoutly, and Mass was celebrated for the first time in that wild region, which seemed to be the favorite abode of demons, parrots, monkeys, and cannibals.

The Admiral skirted along the coast towards the south, keeping a careful watch for every bay and inlet. "He did not reach the River de la Plata," says Robertson, "till the 12th of January, 1520. The spacious opening through which its vast body of water pours into the Atlantic allured him to enter; but after sailing up it for some days, he concluded, from the shallowness of the stream and the freshness of the water, that the wished-for strait was not situated there, and continued his course towards the south.

"On the 31st of March he arrived at the port of St. Julian, about forty-eight degrees south of the line, where he resolved to winter. In this uncomfortable station he lost one of his squadron; and the Spaniards suffered so much from the excessive rigor of the climate, that the crews of three of his ships, headed by their officers, rose in open mutiny, and insisted on relinquishing the visionary project of a desperate adventurer, and returning directly to Spain.

"This dangerous insurrection Magellan suppressed, by an effort of courage no less prompt than intrepid, and inflicted exemplary punishment on the ringleaders." He held his course towards the south in the midst of blinding tempests. The weary, disheartened sailors again grew clamorous, and the Admiral was obliged to exhibit a stern front, and exert all his authority.

"I shall go on," he said, "even till we reach the ice-seas of the southern pole. The land of this continent must end somewhere; and when we reach this limit we shall have achieved our object. We still have food, water, clothing, and sound ships. Why, then, should we despair?"

The 21st of October 1520, a bright, sunny morning, was the festival of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. The vessels were making brisk time, and Mass was just finished, at a little altar on the poop, when a sailor from the look-out cried that he saw a

cape in the distance. It was soon visible to all. Magellan called it Cape of the Virgins, the name by which it is yet known, and on rounding it a vast expanse of water, which proved to be the long-sought-for strait, was seen to extend inland.

Mingled hope and fear filled the heart of Magellan as he steered into the strange opening. He cautiously crept along the winding, unknown channel, which at some points narrowed to five miles in width, and at others expanded to thirty. The navigation was as difficult as it was dangerous.

Towering snow-crested mountains, with cloven peaks, guard the Strait like so many hoary sentinels. Bays, shady inlets, and small sheltered harbors break the base of these mountain walls on each side, while above the sombre forests, above the line of vegetation, lie vast fields of snow and ice—glaciers in which the voyager can count every rift and deep crevice as he sails past them, and from which countless cascades descend, and mingle with the waters below.

After sailing for twenty days in this lonely, labyrinthine, but picturesque strait, to which he gave his own name, which is three hundred miles in length, and where one of his ships deserted him, Magellan beheld the boundless expanse of the Southern Ocean. The illustrious pioneer thanked Heaven for seeing what he had so long sought. The *Te Deum* was chanted, and the joyful booming of the

cannon was echoed for miles around by the wild, hilly shores.

Having made some repairs, and taken in a fresh supply of wood, water, and provisions, Magellan steered towards the northwest, determined to push his way to the far-famed Molucca, or Spice Islands, and thence homeward, thus encircling the globe. For weeks the weather was calm, and gentle breezes wafted the vessels over the unknown waters. The Admiral was much impressed with this tranquillity of the mighty deep. One day he called his officers about him.

"My comrades," said he, "we are sailing on an unknown ocean. No European ship has ever before ploughed these gentle waters. On our charts, this vast expanse is nameless. Do you not see that its surface is as smooth as a lake? its breezes are mild; and soft and even is its temperature. Comrades, I will give this great sea a name, and christen it. Henceforth, let it be known as the *Pacific*."

Magellan held on his course, but was soon visited by cruel hardships. "He sailed during three months and twenty days," writes the historian Robertson, "in a uniform direction towards the northwest, without discovering land. In this voyage—the longest that had ever been made on the unbounded ocean—he suffered incredible distress. His stock of provisions was almost exhausted, the water became putrid, the men were reduced to

the shortest allowance with which it was possible to sustain life; and the scurvy, the most dreadful of all the maladies with which sea-faring people are inflicted, began to spread among the crews.

"When reduced to such extremity that they must have sunk under their sufferings, they fell in with a cluster of small but fertile islands, which afforded them refreshments in such abundance that their health was soon reëstablished. From these isles, which the Admiral called *De los Ladrones*,[1] he proceeded on his voyage, and soon made the more important discovery of the islands now known by the name of the *Philippines*."[2]

While cruising among these picturesque islands, admiring the perfumed air, luxuriant foliage, and countless beauties which nature had scattered around with a lavish hand, Magellan came to the Island of Mazzava, where he was warmly welcomed. The dusky monarch of that island was very friendly. He dined more than once on board the flag-ship; and it is said that he used the royal fingers at table with such skill as to make a knife and fork unnecessary.

When Easter Sunday came, Magellan resolved to have it celebrated with becoming splendor. The King, his brother, and their officers, were invited to

[1] The Ladrones, or Thieves' Islands, were so named by Magellan on account of the stealing propensity of the natives. The group consists of about twenty small islands.

[2] The Philippine Islands number over 1,200, some of them being large and important. See a map.

be present at the sacred ceremonies. It was a scene for a painter. An altar was erected on shore. Weather-beaten sailors and brave officers gathered around this lone centre of Catholic devotion. Magellan, in his Admiral's uniform, with a swarthy king on each side, knelt with dignity and reverence; and as the priest raised the Holy Host to Heaven, every worshipper bowed down to the earth, and the cannon from the ships pealed forth one salute after another in honor of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. And thus was celebrated the first Mass in that region of untutored barbarism, whose inhabitants were given to the worship of idols and demons. A few days after this, the Admiral erected a large cross on a lofty neighboring hill, and explained to the pagan King that it was the symbol of the true God.

From Mazzava the Admiral sailed for the beautiful neighboring island of Sebu, accompanied by his royal friend. The Spaniards were kindly received. Magellan and the priests began the work of conversion. It was indeed a glorious work to plant the first seeds of Faith in that wild archipelago. When the young princes expressed their belief in the truths of the Catholic Religion, Magellan said:

"You must not accept our Faith from any fear of us, or in order to please us. If you wish to become Christians, you must do so willingly. No harm will be done you if you do not embrace our

religion; but those who do will be more loved, and better treated than the others. Moreover, if you become Christians, I will leave you arms, as my King has commanded; and then you can defend yourselves from your enemies."

The day for baptism was fixed, and when the hour came the Admiral, accompanied by the two royal converts—the Kings of Mazzava and Sebu—mounted a platform prepared for the occasion. The dusky rulers were asked the necessary questions, and the sacrament that made them children of the Catholic Church was administered with impressive ceremonies. About fifty of the chief men of the island followed their example. Mass was then celebrated, and a cross erected in the centre of the town.

Magellan was about to bid adieu to Sebu and its friendly monarch, when he received a startling item of information. The people of Matan, a neighboring island, headed by a bold chief, had risen in rebellion against the King of Sebu on account of his becoming a Christian, and were about to declare hostilities. Magellan resolved to punish the heathen rebels himself. He landed at Matan with three boats and sixty veterans: and found fifteen hundred half-naked warriors drawn up on a hill. The Admiral, through an interpreter, promised forgiveness to all who would lay down their arms and return to their allegiance. He was answered by yells of defiance.

The wild barbarians rushed down on the Spaniards, but were well received by these hardy swordsmen. Magellan fought like a lion at the head of his men. His long sword made havoc in the ranks of the foe, but it was in vain that skill and valor battled for supremacy. The contest was too unequal. The natives pressed to the fight in overwhelming numbers; and, at length, the Admiral fell, mortally wounded, by a poisoned javelin. This misfortune decided the conflict The infuriated savages fell upon the fearless but exhausted discoverer with staves and clubs; and he expired under their blows, murmuring a prayer to God and His Blessed Mother, on Saturday, the 17th of April, 1521, at the age of forty-one years.

The name of Magellan is one of the brightest in the history of discovery. He was a true Catholic. He had the zeal of a missionary. He burned to see the Ancient Faith extend its conquests. Like the great discoverer of America, he observed the festivals of the Church in the wildest situations. His character was firm, noble, generous, and enterprising. In vain did disease, famine, hardship, and treachery oppose him. Till surrounded by the shadow of an untimely death, he triumphed over the rage of man and the fury of the elements. His voyage was a brilliant achievement that threw a new light on the size of the globe, and completed the unfinished work of Columbus. He not only named

the Pacific Ocean — that vast expanse of water which covers two-fifths of the whole earth — but was the first European to sail across its briny bosom. He is best known by the stormy Straits which gave him a passage around America.

> "Forever sacred to the hero's fame,
> These foaming Straits shall bear his deathless name."

The life of the great pioneer ended before he completed the circuit of the world, but to him belong the glory and success of the enterprise. "Though an untimely fate," writes Robertson "deprived Magellan of the satisfaction of accomplishing this great undertaking, his contemporaries, just to his memory and talents, ascribed to him not only the honor of having formed the plan, but of having surmounted almost every obstacle to the completion of it; and in the present age, his name is still ranked among the highest in the role of eminent and successful navigators."[1]

[1] See the life of Elcano for an account of the voyage after Magellan's death.

JOHN SEBASTIAN ELCANO,

ONE OF THE COMPANIONS OF MAGELLAN, AND COMMANDER OF THE SHIP VICTORIA—THE ONLY ONE OF THE SQUADRON THAT COMPLETED THE FIRST VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD.

Died A. D. 1526.

JOHN SEBASTIAN ELCANO was born towards the close of the fifteenth century, at Guetaria, a little village in the north of Spain. He became a skilled navigator by years of study and experience, and sailed as pilot with Magellan in his famous voyage.

The general confidence in his prudence, bravery, and ability was fitly recognized after the Admiral's death at Matan, and the treacherous massacre of Barbosa, Serrano, and other officers by the apostate King of Sebu. Elcano succeeded to the command of the *Victoria*.

It was resolved, with the two ships that now remained, to continue the course laid down by Magellan. After visiting some of the smaller islands, the voyagers touched at the great island of Borneo, where they were well received. Two richly caparisoned elephants bore a number of the Spanish

officers from the wharf to the King's palace. They were treated to cloves and cinnamon, and ate rice with gold spoons.

The Spaniards, learning, however, that they had left the celebrated Molucca, or Spice Islands,[1] a distance behind them, retraced their steps, and, after some dangerous navigation, reached Tidore, one of the largest of the islands. Forests of clove and nutmeg trees met the eye in this favored region, and the air was balmy with delicious odors.

The appearance of the newcomers was the astonishment of the Portuguese traders, "who could not comprehend how the Spaniards, by holding a westerly course, had arrived at that sequestered seat of their most valuable commerce, which they themselves had discovered by sailing in an opposite direction."

A cargo of spices was taken in; but, at the moment of sailing for Europe, the *Trinity* sprang a leak. It was agreed that the *Victoria* should proceed alone. Elcano directed the prow of his ship homewards, coasted the southern shores of Java and Sumatra, and soon found himself ploughing the waters of the Indian Ocean. He rounded the Cape of Good Hope in a terrible storm, and after many exciting adventures, and months of weary sailing, suffering, and disaster, the tempest-tost

[1] These islands lie east of Borneo, from which they are separated by Macassar Strait and the island of Celebes. See a map.

Victoria entered the harbor San Lucar on the 6th of September, 1522, having completed the circuit of the globe in a little less than three years.

The first act of the brave Elcano, on landing, was to form his diminished, weather-beaten crew in line, and proceed to the nearest church, and there, on their knees before the altar, these veteran Catholic pioneers who first sailed around the world sang the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving to Heaven for their safe arrival home.

The news of the *Victoria's* arrival made a great sensation in Spain, and soon spread over Europe. Charles V. invited Elcano and his comrades to the Court at Valladolid, and gave them a splendid reception. The gallant captain recounted the thrilling story of the voyage to the Emperor. Each of the survivors received a handsome reward, and a life pension of five hundred ducats was conferred on Elcano. The Emperor could not ennoble him, every Biscayan being by birth a *hidalgo*, or nobleman; but he gave him a new coat-of-arms, which displayed on its shield some golden cloves and nutmegs and a globe with the significant motto: *Primus circumdedisti me*—"You were the first to sail around me."

While this memorable voyage was a brilliant practical demonstration of the globular form of the earth, it also added another new and valuable fact to the sum of human knowledge. "A strange thing

happened," writes Towle, "when the *Victoria* arrived at Seville, which at first puzzled Elcano very much. According to his reckonings, which he had carefully kept every day from the starting of the expedition, the date of his arrival was the 5th of September. But on talking with the people of Seville, he found that, with them, it was the 6th. During the voyage, therefore, he had lost a day.

"How could this have happened? He knew that he had kept his calendar correctly, and had never omitted to score each twenty-four hours; and yet, undoubtedly, it was the 6th, and not the 5th, on which he had reached Seville.

"The Emperor submitted this problem to a famous astronomer, Contarini, who, after studying it, discovered the clue. He showed that the loss of a day was the natural result of the voyage from east to west, in which they kept company with the sun. and that, if they had gone the other way, from west to east, they would have gained a day. This was one of the most valuable facts ascertained by Magellan's expedition."

Elcano died at sea, during another voyage, on the 14th of August, 1526. A famous navigator, he was noted for piety, prudence, bravery, energy of character, and keen powers of observation. He was a true Catholic Pioneer of science and discovery.

JOHN DA VERRAZANO,

DISCOVERER OF THE ATLANTIC STATES OF THIS REPUBLIC.

Date of death is unknown.

JOHN DA VERRAZANO was born near Florence, Italy, about the year 1485. He belonged to an ancient family, his parents being Bernard da Verrazano and Fiametta Capella. Little is known of his early life. It is stated that he resided, as a merchant, for several years in Egypt and Syria. He next turned his attention to the sea: and, in 1517, we find him pushing his fortune in the East Indies.

A few years later, Verrazano entered the service of France, and became famous as a privateer. He played the mischief among Spanish vessels coming home freighted with the golden treasures of Mexico. Old Bernal Diaz complains that he pillaged "a ship coming from the island of San Domingo and took from it twenty thousand pesos of gold, and a great quantity of pearls and sugar and ox hides; and with all this he returned to France very rich, and made great presents to his King, and to the Admiral of France, of the articles and pieces of gold which we

brought from New Spain, so that all France was marvelling at the riches which we sent to our great Emperor.[1]

"The desire took the said King of France also to own a part of the islands of New Spain, and he said at the time, that with the gold only that was going to our Cæsar from those lands, he could wage war with his France, and although at that time Peru was not known or conquered, but, as I said, he only had that from New Spain, and the islands of San Domingo and Cuba and Jamaica. It is told that afterwards the King of France said, or sent a message to our great Emperor, that as he and the King of Portugal had divided the world without giving him a portion of it, that they should show to him the will of Father Adam, whether they were named as his sole heirs, and lords of those lands which they had taken between them, without giving him any, and that for that reason it was lawful to rob and take all that he could on the seas."

Early in 1524, Verrazano set out on his voyage of discovery to the New World. He bore away towards the west, in a vessel called the *Dolphin*, and in seven weeks neared a low shore not far from the site of Wilmington in North Carolina—"a new land," wrote the voyager, "never before seen by ancient or modern."

"Ordering a boat to land," continues Verrazano,

[1] Charles V.

"we saw a number of people, who came to the shore of the sea, and who fled as we approached, sometimes stopping and turning around, gazing with much admiration but reassuring them with various signs, some of them came near, showing great pleasure on looking at the wonders of our dress and figure and white complexions, making many signals as to where the boat could most easily land, and offering us their food."

He coasted along towards the north, landing here and there, until he came to the fine bay of New York, where he found "an outstretched country rising somewhat above the sandy shore in beautiful fields and broad plains, covered with immense forests of trees more or less dense, too various in colors and too delightful and charming in appearance to be described."

"Rowing up in his boat through the Narrows, under the steep heights of Staten Island, he saw the harbor within dotted with canoes of the feathered natives, coming from the shore to welcome him. But what most engaged the eyes of the white man was the fancied signs of mineral wealth in the neighboring hills." [1] No prophetic vision, it seems, enabled Verrazano to peer into the future, and get a glimpse at New York and Brooklyn—those queenly cities of the sea whose intimate relations are well symbolized by the costly and splendid bridge that unites them together.

[1] Parkman

"Following the shores of Long Island, writes Parkman, "they came to Block Island, and thence to the harbor of Newport. Here they stayed fifteen days, most courteously received by the inhabitants. Among others appeared two chiefs, gorgeously arrayed in painted deer-skins—kings, as Verrazano calls them, with attendant gentlemen; while a party of squaws in a canoe, kept by their jealous lords at a safe distance from the caravel, figure in the narrative as the queen and her maids. The Indian wardrobe had been taxed to its utmost to do the strangers honor—copper bracelets, and wampum collars, lynx skins, raccoon skins, and faces badaubed with gaudy colors."

Verrazano pushed along the rugged coast of New England, and continued his voyage as far north as Newfoundland, where want of provisions obliged him to sail for France. On arriving at Dieppe, he wrote to the French monarch a letter dated the 8th of July, 1524 It is a short sketchy report of his discoveries and explorations.

The news of his arrival was hailed with joy, and gave rise to great hopes that were never realized. Verrazano himself was desirous "to return, plant a colony, and bring the heathen tribes within the pale of the Church.' He offered to Francis I. a vast country in a temperate climate, on which France might well have concentrated her active enterprise. and which would have repaid her a hundred-fold

as a colony, and a school for her maritime forces. But the times were unfavorable. The treachery of Bourbon, the death of the heroic Bayard, and the fatal field of Pavia soon brought *la belle* France nearer annihilation than during the recent struggle with Germany, and all thought of colonization beyond the seas was out of the question.[1]

We now lose sight of the bold explorer himself. He was alive in 1526, but after that his figure disappears from history. He is one of the Catholic Pioneers of America whose glory and services have been unjustly obscured. His letter from Dieppe to the King of France is "the earliest description known to exist of the shores of the United States." "Verrazano," says Brevoort, "was the first one that we know to have sailed along our coast, and his name deserves to be attached to some prominent point of it."[2]

[1] Brevoort.

[2] A map of the world, drawn in 1529 by Jerome da Verrazano, a brother of John, was discovered in the library of the College of the Propaganda at Rome, in 1852. On this map, South America is marked *Terra America*, our Atlantic States are named *Nova Gallia;* and the Gulf States have the uncomplimentary title of *Terra Incognita*.

JAMES MENDEZ,

ONE OF THE FAITHFUL COMPANIONS OF COLUMBUS.

Died A. D. 1536.

AMONG the most distinguished of those who followed the fortunes of Columbus was James Mendez, a brave and faithful Spaniard. His devoted services during the disasters of the great Admiral's last voyage are worthy of admiration. He was Chief Notary of the expedition.

On one occasion, while the ships were on the coast of Veragua, Mendez discovered the treachery of an Indian chief by boldly penetrating to his residence on the crest of a hill, which was hideously ornamented with three hundred posts capped by a like number of grinning skulls, taken from enemies slain in battle. The Admiral was thus forewarned, and Don Bartholomew Columbus with seventy-four men took the chief prisoner, and intended to hold him as a hostage. It was night when the Spaniards reached the coast on their return. As they were rowing towards the ships, the wily savage, taking advantage of the darkness, and the carelessness of his captors, plunged into the water like a frog, and dis-

appeared. He reached the shore and soon proved an open and bitter enemy.

But the misfortunes of the voyage were completed when Columbus was obliged to run his crazy, sinking vessels aground in a beautiful bay on the coast of Jamaica. This was on the 24th of June, 1503. It was necessary, however, to make the best of the situation. Thatched cabins were built at the prow and stern for the accomodation of the crews, and the wreck was placed in the best possible state of defence.

Thus castled in the sea, the Admiral trusted to be able to repel any sudden attack of the natives, and at the same time to keep his men from roving about the neighborhood and indulging in their usual excesses. No one was allowed to go ashore without especial permit, and the utmost precaution was taken to prevent any offence being given to the Indians.[1]

Provisions were soon required, and as usual the brave Mendez proved his tact and usefulness. He went among the savages, far and near; and by his kindly, winning manners gained the friendship of the chiefs. He established a regular system of supplies at fixed prices. He bought an excellent canoe from a chief at the extremity of the island, and paddled his way back along the wild coast. He was cheered by his companions on his arrival, and the Admiral

[1] Irving.

received him with open arms. For the present, at least, there was no danger of famine.

But how was Columbus to obtain aid from Hispaniola?[1] He was wrecked on a savage island in a sea seldom visited. Jamaica is separated from Hispaniola by a stormy gulf over forty leagues wide. There was no ship at hand—nothing larger than a canoe Who would undertake the perilous voyage in such a frail craft? During nine days this cost Columbus many an anxious thought. He finally sent for Mendez, when the following conversation occurred.

"James Mendez, my son," said the venerable Admiral, "none of those who are here understand the great danger in which we are placed, except you and myself. We are few in number, and those savage Indians are many, and of fickle and irritable natures On the least provocation they could throw firebrands from the shore, and consume us in our straw-thatched cabins. The arrangement which you have made with them for provisions, and which at present they fulfil so cheerfully, to-morrow they may break in their caprice, and may refuse to bring us anything. nor have we the means to compel them by force, but are left entirely at their pleasure

"I have thought of a remedy, if it meets with your views. In the canoe which you have purchased

[1] Hayti.

some one may venture pass over to Hispaniola, and procure a ship by which we may all be relieved from this perilous situation in which we are placed. Tell me your opinion on the matter."

"Senor," replied Mendez, "the danger in which we are placed, I know well, is far greater than is imagined. As to passing from this island to Hispaniola in so small a vessel as a canoe, I hold it not only difficult but impossible, since it is necessary to traverse a gulf of forty leagues, and between islands where the sea is extremely rough and seldom in repose. I know nobody who would venture to undertake such a perilous voyage."

There was a moment of silence. Columbus made no answer, because there was nothing to object. It was not a question of reasoning, but one of sacrifice. His looks and manner, however, told Mendez that it was proper for him—a man of faith and courage, who had so often experienced the protection of God—to offer himself once more for the safety of his companions.

Mendez understood this mute language, and after a little thought said he would go, if the Admiral, on calling the crews together and explaining the matter, could find no one who would offer himself for such a dangerous enterprise. "If all decline it," he said, "I will then come forward and risk my life in your service, as I many times have done."

Next day the officers and crews were assembled,

The Admiral explained the situation to them, and proposed sending a canoe to Hispaniola. But all held their breath in astonishment. All drew back and declared it the height of folly and rashness.

Then Mendez arose and said: "Senor, I have but one life to lose, yet I am willing to venture it for your service, and for the good of all here present; and I hope in the protection of God, which I have experienced on so many other occasions." The Admiral embraced the intrepid officer, saying: "I knew well there was nobody but yourself who would undertake this achievement."

Mendez got his canoe in readiness, and took in provisions. His courage excited a noble emulation. Bartholomew Fieschi, one of the captains, offered to accompany him to Hispaniola, and another canoe was soon properly equipped. Each canoe contained six Spaniards and six Indians. Mendez was to carry a letter to the Governor of Hispaniola, and then, having sent a well-provisioned vessel to Jamaica, he was to embark for Spain with a letter from the Admiral to the Sovereigns. Don Bartholomew Columbus, with an armed band, marched along the shore, keeping company with the two canoes, till they reached the east end of the island.

It was now the perilous voyage commenced. There was no wind, the sky was without a cloud, and the sea like a mirror reflecting the burning rays of the sun. The Indians who paddled the canoes

would often leap into the water to cool their glowing bodies and refresh themselves from their toil.

At the going down of the sun, Mendez and his men lost sight of land. During the night the Indians took turns, one-half to row while the others slept. The Spaniards, in like manner, divided their forces; while some took repose, the others sat with their weapons in their hands, ready to defend themselves in case of any perfidy on the part of their savage companions.

Watching and toiling in this way through the night, they were excessively fatigued on the following day, and began to experience the torments of thirst, for the Indians, parched with heat, had already drained the contents of their calabashes. In proportion as the sun rose, their misery increased, and was irritated by the dreary prospect around them—nothing but water, while they were perishing with thirst.

About midday, when their strength was failing them, the commanders produced two small kegs of water, which they had reserved in secret for such an extremity. Administering a cooling mouthful occasionally, they enabled the Indians to resume their toils. They held out the hopes of soon arriving at a small island, called Navasa, which lay directly in their way, about eight leagues distant from Hispaniola. Here they would find water to assuage their thirst, and would be able to take repose.

But night closed upon them without any sight of the island ; they feared that they had deviated from their course ; if so, they should miss the island entirely, and perish with thirst before they could reach Hispaniola. One of the Indians died of the accumulated sufferings of labor, heat, and raging thirst ; others lay panting and gasping at the bottom of the canoes. Their companions were scarcely able to continue their toils. Sometimes they endeavored to cool their parched palates by taking sea-water in their mouths, but its briny bitterness only increased their thirst. One after another gave up, and it seemed impossible that they should live to reach Hispaniola.

The noble Mendez, by admirable management, had hitherto kept up this weary struggle with suffering and despair ; and now he alone, trusting in God, preserved some hope. He sat watching the horizon, which was gradually lighting up with those faint rays which precede the rising of the moon. As that planet came into view, he perceived it to emerge from behind a dark mass, which proved to be the island of Navasa, but so low, and small, and distant, that, had it not been thus revealed by the rising moon, he would never have discovered it. He immediately gave the animated cry of "land." His almost expiring companions were roused to new life, and exerted themselves with feverish impatience.

By dawn of day, Mendez and his companions

sprang on shore, and returned thanks to God for their deliverance. The island was a mere barren mass of rocks, but they found abundance of rain-water in hollow places. The Spaniards exercised some degree of caution in their draughts; but the poor Indians, whose toils had increased the fever of their thirst, gave way to a kind of frantic indulgence, of which several died upon the spot, and others fell dangerously ill.

After reposing for some hours, and feasting on shell-fish gathered along the rocky shore, the hardy voyagers set out for Hispaniola, the mountains of which were distinctly visible; and after rowing all night, they pulled their canoes on the banks of a beautiful river, where they were kindly received by the natives. It was three days and three nights since their departure from Jamaica.

Parting with his companions, Mendez took six Indians of the island, and set off for the city of San Domingo. After proceeding for eighty leagues against the currents, he was informed that the Governor had departed for Xaragua, fifty leagues distant. Still undaunted by fatigues and difficulties, he abandoned the canoe, and proceeded alone, on foot, through forests and over mountains, until he arrived at Xaragua, achieving one of the most perilous expeditions ever undertaken by a devoted follower for the safety of his commander.

He found Ovando completely engrossed by wars

with the natives. The Governor expressed great concern at the unfortunate situation of Columbus, and promised to send him immediate relief; but Mendez remained for seven months at Xaragua, vainly urging for that relief, or for permission to go to San Domingo in quest of it. The constant excuse of the hypocritical Ovando was, that there were not ships of sufficient burden in the island to bring off Columbus and his crews.

At length, by daily importunity, Mendez obtained permission to go to San Domingo, and await the arrival of certain ships which were expected. He set out on foot. The distance was seventy leagues, and part of his toilsome journey lay through forests and mountains, infested by hostile and exasperated savages. He reached the seaport in safety, and at once hired and provisioned a vessel, which hastened to the relief of the Admiral.[1] Having carefully discharged this part of his mission, the fearless Mendez sailed for Spain, bearing the letter of Columbus to the Sovereigns.[2]

He was kindly received by Ferdinand and Isabella, who bestowed rewards upon him, and ordered a canoe to be added to his coat-of-arms. He continued in the service of Columbus. He stood by the death-bed of the great Admiral, and saw his

[1] When this vessel, accompanied by another from Governor Ovando, reached Columbus, the venerable discoverer had been more than a year perched on the wreck at Jamaica.

[2] Irving, from whom the foregoing account of the voyage is abridged.

eyes close upon this world. The faithful pioneer afterwards fitted out vessels at his own expense, and sailed on several voyages of discovery. He died piously in 1536, and ordered that the following words should be engraved on his tombstone, which was to be ornamented with the figure of a canoe:

"Here lies the honorable Cavalier James Mendez, who greatly served the royal Crown of Spain, in the conquest of the Indies, with the Admiral Don Christopher Columbus, of glorious memory, who made the discovery; and afterwards by himself, with ships at his own cost . . . Bestow in charity a Pater Noster and an Ave Maria."

The wonderful journey of James Mendez from Jamaica to Hispaniola, in which he proved himself the first and greatest letter-carrier of the New World, and the rescuer of Columbus, has long given him a well-merited place in early American history. "The Spaniards," says De Lorgues, "considered this prodigious voyage, effected in three days and three nights, as marvellous as the preservation of the prophet Jonas during the same length of time in the belly of the whale."

This faithful and heroic Catholic mariner of nearly four centuries ago had a small library which he carried with him in all his wanderings. Among his well-thumbed volumes were, "The History of the Jews," by Josephus; "Moral Philosophy," by Aris-

totle; "The Art of Holy Dying," by Erasmus; "The Book of the Holy Land," and "The Contemplation of the Passion of our Saviour."

HERNANDO CORTÉS,

THE CONQUEROR OF MEXICO, AND DISCOVERER OF CALIFORNIA.

Died A. D. 1547.

AMONG the crowd that greeted Columbus at the wharf of San Domingo, after his escape, on his last voyage, from the wreck at Jamaica, might be noticed a handsome, well-educated young man of distinguished bearing, who seemed to take an unusual interest in the venerable discoverer. This was Hernando Cortés, who had lately arrived in Hispaniola.

He was born in 1485, at Medellin, a little town in Spain. His parents, Don Martin Cortés and Dona Catherine Pizarro, belonged to ancient families, and were persons of worth, virtue, and distinction. Hernando was educated for the law, and spent two years at the University of Salamanca; but his daring nature inclined him to a life of adventure, and he afterwards adopted the profession of arms. In 1504, at the age of nineteen, he received some money and the tender blessing of his father and mo-

ther, and sailed in an expedition to the New World.

On arriving at Hispaniola, young Cortés was well received by his kinsman, Governor Ovando, who employed him in helping to put down a rebellion among the Indians. It was here he gained his first experience in savage warfare. When, in 1511, Velasquez undertook to subdue and colonize Cuba, Cortés joined the enterprise, and so distinguished himself that he received a handsome reward for his services in large grants of lands and Indians.

Cortés now settled down in Cuba, lived on his estate, devoted himself to agriculture, was appointed a magistrate, and married a beautiful lady named Dona Catherine Juarez. Time had moulded, ripened, and improved his restless character. Good temper and soldierly frankness were now accompanied by calm prudence in concerting his schemes, by persevering vigor in executing them, and by what is a peculiar gift of superior genius—the art of gaining the confidence and governing the minds of men.

To all these were added the smaller accomplishments that strike the vulgar, and command their respect—a graceful person, a winning countenance, remarkable skill in warlike exercises, and a constitution of such iron vigor as to be capable of enduring any fatigue. Such was Cortés at the age of thirty-three, when he was selected by Governor Velasquez to add the recently discovered empire of Mexico to the provinces of Spain.

The future conqueror expressed his warm thanks for the commission; but Velasquez had no sooner granted the document, than the whispering of evil tongues inclined him to revoke it. He suddenly grew jealous. He seemed to fear that his dashing and sagacious lieutenant would deprive him of all the glory of the enterprise. Cortés, however, maintained his command in defiance of the Governor.

Never, perhaps, was a great enterprise taken with so little regard for its difficulties and dangers. The fleet consisted of eleven small vessels, and six hundred and seventeen men. Only thirteen soldiers had muskets. Thirty-two were cross-bowmen, and the rest were armed with spears and swords. The cavalry and artillery were summed up in twelve horses and ten small pieces of cannon.

The chief banner of the expedition was of black velvet, embroidered with gold, and emblazoned with a red cross on black ground, sprinkled with blue and white flames, and underneath was the motto: "Let us follow the Cross, and in that sign we shall conquer."

The fleet was placed under the protection of St, Peter, the patron saint of Cortés. Holy Mass was celebrated early in the morning by the chaplain of the expedition, Father Bartholomew de Olmedo, O. S. F., and on the 18th of February, 1519, the trumpet sounded for departure, and the armament bore away towards Mexico.

After touching at the island of Cozumel—where he had the good fortune to redeem Jerome de Aguilar, a Spanish ecclesiastic who had been eight years a captive among the Indians, and who afterwards proved extremely useful as an interpreter—Cortés doubled Cape Catoche, swept down the broad Bay of Campeachy, and cast anchor at the mouth of the little river Tabasco.

The shore was lined with Indians. The General asked permission to land, but he was answered with angry gestures and shouts of defiance. He disembarked, however, and at once found himself surrounded by crowds of enemies. The hard-contested battle of Cintla was fought after Mass on the festival of the Annunciation. Forty thousand Indians made frantic efforts to crush the handful of Spaniards, but Cortés, by a bold flank movement, at the head of the cavalry, turned the scales of victory. The savages were completely routed.

"It was not long," says Prescott, describing this brilliant charge, "before the ears of the Christians were saluted with the cheering war-cry of *San Jago* and *San Pedro!* and they beheld the bright helmets and swords of the Castilian chivalry flashing back the rays of the morning sun, as they dashed through the ranks of the enemy, striking to the right and left, and scattering dismay around them. The eye of faith, indeed, could discern the patron saint of Spain himself, mounted on his gray war-horse, lead-

ing the rescue, and trampling over the bodies of the fallen infidels!"

The terror-stricken Tabascans humbly submitted, acknowledged the King of Spain as their sovereign, made liberal presents to the victors, and gave all the information in their power about Mexico. Nor did Cortés forget that the spread of the Catholic Religion was one of the first objects of the expedition. He broke down the idols, and set up crosses. The priests instructed the Indians, who embraced the Faith in large numbers. On Palm Sunday, there was a solemn procession of the whole army, "each soldier bearing a palm-branch in his hand."

Next day the Spaniards returned to their ships, and coasted along towards the northwest till they came to the harbor of San Juan de Ulloa. Here they disembarked, and were visited by some Mexican officers, with whom Cortés entered into negotiations regarding a visit to Montezuma, who then ruled with nearly absolute sway over the empire of Mexico. Montezuma sent the Spanish General rich presents—among which were a basket of gold and silver ornaments, some boxes filled with pearls, and two large circular plates of massive gold, one representing the sun and the other the moon—but objected to his visiting the capital.

Cortés, however, resolved upon seeing the Emperor in his capital, and was not to be daunted by opposition. "This is indeed a rich and powerful

prince, he remarked to his officers, "but it shall go hard if we do not one day pay him a visit." Having founded the town of Vera Cruz—or the True Cross—and burned all his ships but one, so that his troops could not return, and must henceforth conquer or perish, our hero, with a force reduced to four hundred Spaniards and a considerable number of Indians, lent him by dissatisfied chiefs dependent on Montezuma, prepared to march for the city of Mexico. Before departing, he made an address to his soldiers, some of whom were discontented.

"As for me," he said in conclusion, "I have chosen my part. I will remain here while there is one soldier to bear me company. If there be any so craven as to shrink from sharing the dangers of our glorious enterprise, let them go home, in God's name. There is still one vessel left. Let them take that, and return to Cuba. They can tell how they deserted their commander and their comrades, and patiently wait till we return loaded with the spoils of the Mexicans."

This address had a magical effect. Shouts of "On to Mexico!" resounded through the camp, and the line of march was begun on the 16th of August, 1519. The hardy veterans scaled the table-lands of Mexico amid sleet and hail, and erected crosses as they passed along. "The route of the army," says Prescott, "might be tracked by these emblems of man's salvation."

On coming to the proud little republic of Tlascala, Cortés requested permission to pass through the country on his way to the capital of Mexico. He was refused, and had to whip two large armies, before the Tlascalans recognized his power and genius, and became his friends and faithful allies.

The Spanish General continued his march with his forces swelled by 6,000 Tlascalan warriors. He next came to the beautiful city of Cholula, the sanctuary of the Mexican idols. Here he learned of a bold plot to massacre his whole force, but, heading off the treacherous barbarians, he fell on them like a flash of lightning, in swift and terrible chastisement. The slaughter lasted for two days. The dead bodies of six thousand Cholulans filled the city with terror, and carried dismay into the very heart of the empire.

The Spaniards and their allies pressed on through a lofty country of picturesque grandeur. For a few leagues the way led up the steep side of a great volcanic mountain, then in a state of eruption, although its fires are now extinguished. A dense forest for a time impeded their march; then, as they ascended, vegetation ceased, and they passed within the line of everlasting snow. At length, rounding a shoulder of the mountain, the great Valley of Mexico, seen afar in that clear air, spread itself before them in all its glory of lake and city, of garden and forest, and cultivated plain. It was a vision never to be for-

gotten. Cortés was received with great pomp by the Emperor in person. He was conducted to a vast palace. "You are now," said the politic Mexican ruler, "with your brothers in your own house. Refresh yourself after your fatigue, and be happy till I return."

Cortés and his companions entered the capital on the 18th of November, 1519. It has been well said that in a time of great festivity, they would have formed but a poor and mean sacrifice to have been offered to the Mexican gods. The population of the celebrated city—then the greatest in the New World—was estimated at 300,000 souls.

It was built on islands in a shallow salt-water lake, and was approached by three principal causeways, of about thirty feet in breadth, and constructed of solid masonry. At the end of these causeways were wooden draw-bridges, so that in time of war communication could be cut off between the causeways and the city, which would thus become a citadel. There were numerous temples, and the royal palaces were vast and magnificent. The market-place accommodated fifty thousand people.

"Who shall describe Mexico," exclaims Helps—"the Mexico of that age? It ought to be one who had seen all the wonders of the world; and he should have for an audience, those who had dwelt in Venice and Constantinople, who had looked down upon Granada from the Alhambra, and who

had studied all that remains to be seen or known of the hundred-gated Thebes, of Babylon, and of Nineveh."

The Spaniards were regarded in this land of wealth and splendid barbarism, as those descendants of the sun, who, according to a current prophecy, were to come from the east, and overthrow the Mexican empire—a tradition, it seems, that was worth a good many soldiers to Cortés. An attack on the Spanish colony at Vera Cruz by one of Montezuma's generals, however, proved that the white men were mortal, and would have been the ruin of them, but for the bold decision of Cortés, who immediately seized the Emperor, and removed him in silent pomp to the Spanish quarters. "This," says Helps, "is an unparalleled action. There is nothing like it, I believe, in the annals of the world."

Montezuma's submission was stretched to the extent of making him acknowledge his allegiance to the King of Spain. But the grand triumph of Cortés, and that use of his power for which he has been compared to Judas Maccabeus, was in the destruction of the hideous Mexican idols, the cleansing of their foul temples, and the stern forbidding of any more human sacrifices.

The number of victims immolated on the accursed altars of Mexico "would stagger the faith of the least scrupulous believer. Scarcely any author

pretends to estimate the yearly sacrifices throughout the empire at less than twenty thousand, and some carry the number as high as fifty thousand. It was customary to preserve the skulls of the sacrificed in buildings appropriate to the purpose. The companions of Cortés counted one hundred and thirty-six thousand in one of these edifices!"[1]

The Mexican ruler had been about six months among the Spaniards, when one day he requested an interview with Cortés. "I pray you," he said, "take your departure from my city and my country, for my gods are very angry that I keep you here. If you want anything, ask it, and I will give it to you. Do not imagine that I am jesting. I am very much in earnest."

"I understand you," replied the Spanish General, "and thank you for expressing your sentiments. Name a time when you wish us to depart, and so it shall be."

"I do not wish to hurry you," remarked Montezuma. "Take the time that seems to you necessary, and when you do go, I will give to you, Cortés, two loads of gold, and one to each of your companions."

"You are already aware," explained Cortés, "how I destroyed my ships, when I first landed in your territory. But now we have need of others to return to our own country. I should be obliged if

[1] Prescott.

you would give us workmen to cut and work the timber; and when the vessels are built we shall take our departure. Of this you can inform your gods and your subjects." Montezuma agreed to this arrangment.

The Spaniards were now in a critical situation; but in a few days an event occurred that scattered all preconceived plans to the wind. Governor Velasquez of Cuba, enraged at the success of his former lieutenant, sent an army of fourteen hundred infantry, eighty horsemen, and twenty pieces of cannon, under an experienced commander, with instructions to seize Cortés and his companions.

Cortés, at the head of only seventy faithful veterans, sallied forth, met this new force, overpowered it by a sudden night attack, and secured its allegiance. But during his absence the Mexicans had risen in the capital. He returned rapidly, by forced marches, and had scarcely reached the palace when countless multitudes, led by a brother of Montezuma, began a fierce assault on the Spanish quarters. The artillery made terrible havoc, but the barbarians fought with reckless bravery.

The battle spread from the streets to a lofty neighboring temple, whence the Mexicans galled the Spaniards with showers of arrows. Cortés headed a successful attack on this stronghold, "and there showed himself," writes Diaz, "to be a very valiant man, as he always was."

It is said he had a narrow escape from the dreadful fate of being thrown from the top of the tower. Two warriors of strong muscular frames seized him, and were dragging him violently towards the brink. Aware of their intention, he struggled with all his force, and before they could accomplish their purpose, succeeded in tearing himself from their grasp, and hurling one of them over the walls with his own arm.[1] Every Mexican in the temple was put to the sword.

During these wild scenes, Montezuma, who was still kept in the Spanish quarters, appeared on the terrace with the view of pacifying his people; but he was wounded by a stone—an indignity against his royal person which he took so much to heart that he died in a few days.

The safety of the Spaniards now lay in retreat, and during the stillness of the night, Cortés began to withdraw his forces from the capital. But an alarm was given. The whole city was soon aroused, and as the little army took its way along the shortest causeway, it was assailed on all sides by thousands of frantic Mexicans, who fought with the fury inspired by hatred and vengeance. Every step was marked by disaster. The slaughter was fearful. When morning dawned, and the General reviewed the shattered remains of his forces in the open country, it is said he was overcome with emotion,

[1] Prescott.

and wept like a child, on recalling to mind the many faithful friends and gallant veterans who had perished on that night of sorrow.

Cortés pushed on towards Tlascala—the only place where he could hope for a friendly reception—but was met in the Valley of Otumba by a vast army of Mexicans, who had vowed his utter destruction. It must be death or victory. In the heat of the conflict, the General pointed to the commander-in-chief of the barbarians. "There," he exclaimed to the cavaliers at his side, "is our mark. Follow and support me!"

"Then crying his war-cry," writes Prescott, "and striking his iron heel into his weary steed, he plunged headlong into the thickest of the press. His enemies fell back, taken by surprise and daunted by the ferocity of the attack. Those who did not were pierced through with his lance or borne down by the weight of his charger. The cavaliers followed close in the rear. On they swept with the fury of a thunderbolt, cleaving the solid ranks asunder, strewing their paths with the dying and the dead, and bounding over every obstacle in their way.

"In a few minutes they were in the presence of the Indian commander, and Cortés, overturning his supporters, sprang forward with the strength of a lion, and striking him through with his lance, hurled him to the ground." The imperial standard was captured. A general panic seized the dusky

warriors, and they fled in all directions. It was a glorious victory, in which Cortés "by his single arm saved the army from destruction."

When Cortés and his toil-worn, battle-scarred veterans reached Tlascala, they were received with hearty friendship. "How it grieves us to hear of your losses and your sorrows!" exclaimed the kindly Tlascalans. "Have we not told you many times that you should not trust in the Mexican people? But now the thing is done, and nothing more remains at present but to refresh and cure you."

When all were "refreshed and cured," Cortés organized a large army—composed chiefly of Indian allies—for the conquest of the Mexican Empire, and its subjugation to the Crown of Spain. One of the rules he laid down was that no soldier should profane the Holy Name of God. He marched on the capital, and at once began siege operations. To command the lake, he had the materials of a fleet cut in Tlascala, and transported to Mexico by 30,000 men. "It was a marvellous thing," writes Cortés himself, "that few have seen or even heard of—this transportation of thirteen vessels of war on the shoulders of men for nearly twenty leagues across the mountains!"

A siege of nearly three months, ended by a terrible assault of two days, left the Spaniards and their allies masters of the capital on the 13th of

August, 1521. Famine had assisted in the woeful work of death and destruction, and the city lay in ruins "like some huge churchyard with the corpses disinterred, and the tombstones scattered about." "I have heard many say," writes Oviedo, "that the number of the dead was countless—greater than at Jerusalem, as described by Josephus."

The whole Mexican nation was now completely subjected, for though some attempts at revolt were afterwards made, they were soon crushed by the Conqueror, who had been appointed Governor and Captain-General of the country by the Emperor Charles V. A new city arose on the ruins of the old; and a stately cathedral soon stood on the site of the famous temple. Missionaries began the work of conversion, the country was explored, and Cortés proved that he could govern a great empire as well as conquer it.

In 1528, Cortés returned to Spain to meet some calumnies against him, and was received with marked distinction. On his return to Mexico, however, two years later, he was divested of much of his authority. He fitted out several expeditions at his own expense, and discovered California. In 1540, he again returned to his native land, but was coldly received at Court, from which he soon retired, and prepared for his end at a little village near Seville. He received the last Sacraments with devotion, and died on the 2d of December, 1547, at the age of sixty-two years.

The Conqueror of Mexico was one of the most gifted men in all history. His life was far from faultless, but his career is marked by dazzling splendor. He was certainly a great general. He stands without a peer the first military genius the New World has yet seen. He had a marvellous knowledge of human nature, and in him "valor was welded to prudence as the blade of the sword is to its handle." He was a great explorer and discoverer. He was a statesman of the first order. His letters, written with manly strength and simple elegance, give him an honorable rank in literature. He was charitable and sincerely religious. He always felt that he was a Catholic soldier of the Cross; and that the most brilliant of his achievements consisted in planting the blessed sign of man's redemption over the blood-stained temples of pagan Mexico.

"He preferred," writes the brave Bernard Diaz, one of his companions-in-arms, "to be called *Cortés* by us, to being called by any title; and with good reason, for the name of Cortés is as famous in our day as was that of Cæsar among the Romans, or of Hannibal among the Carthaginians. . . .

"In his whole appearance and presence, in his discourse, his table, his dress—in short, in everything—he had the air of a great lord. His clothes were in the fashion of the time. He set little value on silk, damask, or velvet, but dressed plainly and exceedingly neat; nor did he wear massy chains of

gold, but simply a fine one of exquisite workmanship, from which was suspended a jewel having the figure of our Blessed Lady and her precious Son, with a Latin motto cut upon it.

"He was acquainted with Latin, and, as I have understood, was made Bachelor of Laws; and when he conversed with learned men who addressed him in Latin, he answered them in the same language. He was also something of a poet. His conversation was agreeable, and he had a pleasant elocution. In his attendance on the services of the Church he was most punctual, devout in his manner, and charitable to the poor.

"When he swore he used to say: *On my conscience;* and when he was vexed with any one: *Plague on you!* With his men he was very patient; and they were sometimes impertinent and even insolent. When very angry, the veins in his throat and forehead would swell, but he uttered no reproaches against either officer or soldier.

"He was fond of cards and dice, and when he played was always in good humor, indulging freely in jests and repartees. He was affable with his followers, especially with those who came over with him from Cuba. In his campaigns he paid strict attention to discipline, frequently going the rounds himself during the night, and seeing that the sentinels did their duty. He entered the quarters of his soldiers without ceremony, and chided those

whom he found without their arms and accoutrements, saying, *It was a bad sheep that could not carry its own wool.*

"On the expedition to Honduras he acquired the habit of sleeping after his meals, feeling unwell if he omitted it; and, however sultry or stormy the weather, he caused a carpet or his cloak to be thrown under a tree, and slept soundly for some time.

"He was frank and exceedingly liberal in his disposition, until the last few years of his life, when he was accused of parsimony. But we should consider that his funds were employed on great and costly enterprises, and that none of these, after the Conquest, neither his expedition to Honduras nor his voyage to California, were crowned with success.

"It was perhaps intended that he should receive his recompense in a better world; and I fully believe it; for he was a good cavalier, most true in his devotions to the Holy Virgin, to the Apostle St. Peter, and to all the other Saints. May God pardon his sins, and mine too, and give me a pious end, which is of more concern than the conquests and victories that we had over the Indians."

FRANCIS PIZARRO,

THE DISCOVERER AND CONQUEROR OF PERU.

Died A. D. 1541.

AMONG the Catholic Pioneers of the New World who rose to distinction and chiselled their names in the marble of history, none began life in such poverty, ignorance, and degredation as Francis Pizarro.

The illegitimate son of a military officer, he was born at Truxillo, in Spain, about the year 1471. The child, it seems, was wholly neglected by his parents, never taught to read or write, and spent his time in taking care of pigs. But as he grew up, this humble employment became intolerable. His bold, aspiring mind longed for fields of adventure; and he enlisted as a common soldier, serving through various campaigns in Spain and Italy.

Pizarro's roving spirit led him to the New World. In 1509, he joined the ill-fated expedition of Ojéda, in which John de la Cosa was killed, and the attempt to found a colony at San Sebastian ended in failure. He then followed the fortunes of Balboa, was present at the discovery of the Pacific Ocean, and

displayed great bravery and resolution in various contests with the Indians. A little later on, he arrested his noble chief, and led him to a death of violence.

He next engaged in trafficking with the natives on the shores of the newly-discovered Ocean. In a few years more, he joined the victorious banner of Cortés, and served in the conquest of Mexico. Speaking of the famous night attack on the forces sent by Velasquez, Bernal Diaz writes: "Cortés ordered that, in the attack, the first thing to be done was to seize the artillery. For this duty he selected seventy soldiers, of which number I was one, and put us under the command of Pizarro, an active lad, whose name, however, was at that time as little known as that of Peru."

It will be remembered that Balboa had heard of Peru, and formed the design of conquering it; but after his untimely death, all thought of that mysterious land of gold and dusky civilization seemed to have faded from the popular mind. Some considered it a dazzling fiction. There resided on the Isthmus of Panama, however, three men who had a firm belief in its existence—namely, Francis Pizarro, James de. Almagro, and Hernando de Luque, a priest.

When the splendid achievement of Cortés resounded through the world, giving a fresh impulse to adventure, these three friends put their heads to-

gether, formed a kind of solemn partnership, ratified at the altar, and fitted out a small expedition for the discovery and conquest of Peru.

Pizarro took command. In 1524, about four years after Magellan's squadron had entered the Pacific, he spread his sails, and bore away towards the south on the same boundless Ocean. He crept down the coast, and landed from time to time, only to find a rugged and barren country. Hunger came, and many of the men died. Nor was that all. The Indians fought with poisoned arrows, the climate was unwholesome, and the forests were dense beyond description.

Almagro brought a reinforcement; but the hopeless toil became intolerable, and most of the men returned to Panama. Pizarro, with only fourteen followers, sought shelter on the uninhabited island of Gorgona, "which those who have seen it compare to the infernal regions." Here they spent five miserable months, living on shell-fish, and anything else the sharpened eye of hunger could discover.

At length fresh supplies from Almagro enabled the dauntless commander to set forth once more, and achieve the discovery of northern Peru. The Spaniards landed, and their eyes beheld a country rolling in wealth and barbarous splendor. The precious metals were everywhere. Pizarro returned to Panama, carrying with him numbers of costly and beautiful ornaments of gold and silver, specimens

of woollen cloth of silky texture and brilliant hue, and some llamas, or alpacas—all of which he had received from the rich and generous natives.

In 1528, the indomitable Pizarro sailed for Spain, and landed at Palos, where he accidentally met his old chief, Cortés, who was then spending a few days of repose, after his voyage, at the hospitable Monastery of La Rabida. "The meeting of these two extraordinary men," says Prescott, "the Conquerors of the North and of the South in the New World, as they set foot, after their eventful absence, on the shores of their native land, and that, too, on the spot consecrated by the presence of Columbus, has something in it striking to the imagination."

Pizarro appeared at Court with the dignity and frank manners of a soldier, and recounted to Charles V. the thrilling story of his wonderful discovery. He was appointed Governor and Captain-General of Peru. Returning to Panama, he set sail for Peru with a small but well equipped force of one hundred and eighty-three men and thirty-seven horses. He landed at St. Matthew's Bay in 1531, marched towards the south, and was joined by small reinforcements under the gallant Hernando de Soto and other officers.

He began to advance cautiously into the interior, and soon learned the real state of the country The golden empire of Peru, which stretched along the Pacific Ocean, from north to south, for over

fifteen hundred miles, was convulsed in civil war. A quarrel had arisen between Huascar and Atahualpa, the two sons of the late monarch. Atahualpa, triumphant in battle, had taken his brother prisoner, and was encamped beyond the Andes with a victorious army of fifty thousand men.

Just at this point Pizarro appeared on the scene, and decided to meet the victor. "Let every one of you," he said to his men, "take heart, and go forward like a good soldier—nothing daunted at the smallness of your numbers. For in the greatest extremity God ever fights for his own; and no doubt He will humble the pride of the heathen, and bring him to the knowledge of the True Faith—the great end and object of the Conquest."

"Lead on!" shouted the troops, "wherever you think best. We will follow with good will, and you shall see that we can do our duty in the cause of God and the King."

He took up his line of march for the Andes, whose vast summits soon "cast their shadows on the little army, and the toilsome ascent began. The path was so steep that the cavalry dismounted and with difficulty led their horses upward—so narrow that there was barely room for a horse to walk. In many places it overhung abysses thousands of feet in depth, into which men and horses looked with fear. As they rose, the opulent vegetation of the tropics was left behind, and they passed through

dreary forests of stunted pine-wood. The cold was piercing. But the summit was reached in safety, and the descent of the eastern slope began. As they followed the downward path, each step disclosed some new scene of grandeur or of beauty."

The hardy battalions passed down to the city of Cassamarca, and were courteously received by Atahualpa. Pizarro, however, well knew the peril of his position. He thought of Cortés and Montezuma, and, during a public interview, he boldly seized the King, and, by a few swift and well-directed charges, routed the panic-stricken Peruvian army. It was all the work of less than an hour.

Atahaulpa, now a captive in his own country, in the hands of strange and terrible warriors, sought to regain his liberty by offers whose magnificence astonished Pizarro and his soldiers. "He offered," says Mackenzie, "to fill with gold, to a height of nine feet, a room whose area was seventeen feet in breadth and twenty-two feet in length. A room of smaller dimensions was to be twice filled with silver; and he asked only two months to collect this enormous ransom. The offer was accepted, and the Inca[1] sent messengers to all his cities, commanding that temples and palaces should be stripped of their ornaments.

"In a few weeks, Indian carriers began to arrive at Cassamarca, laden to their utmost capacity with

[1] Inca was the title given to monarchs of Peru.

silver and gold. Day by day, they poured in, bearing great golden vessels, which had been used in the palaces—great plates of gold, which had lined the walls and roofs of temples—crowns and collars and bracelets of gold, which the chieftains gave up in the hope that they would procure the liberty of their master. At length, the room was filled up to the red line which Pizarro had drawn upon the wall as his record of this extraordinary bargain."

This immense mass of gold and silver—equal, it has been computed, to fifteen or twenty millions of dollars—was melted down; one-fifth was set aside for the King of Spain, and a small portion was given to Almagro, who had just arrived with reinforcements. The General reserved the rest for himself, his officers and soldiers. It is said that each horseman received about forty thousand dollars.

"There is no example in history," says Robertson, "of such a sudden acquisition of wealth by military service; nor was ever sum so great divided among so small a number of soldiers."

But though it was proclaimed by sound of trumpet that Atahualpa had paid his ransom like a king, he still continued a prisoner. It is related that the captive monarch found pleasure in the visits of the knightly Hernando de Soto, who knew how to treat him with becoming respect. But in the presence of Pizarro, "he was always uneasy and overawed. This dread soon came to be mingled with contempt.

Among all the European arts, what he admired most was that of reading and writing; and he long deliberated with himself, whether he should regard it as a natural or acquired talent. In order to determine this, he desired one of the soldiers who guarded him to write the name of God on the nail of his thumb.

"This he showed successively to several Spaniards, asking its meaning; and to his amazement they all, without hesitation, returned the same answer. At length Pizarro entered; and, on presenting it to him, he blushed and with some confusion was obliged to acknowledge his ignorance. From that moment Atahualpa considered him as a mean person, less instructed than his own soldiers: and he had not address enough to conceal the sentiments with which this discovery inspired him."[1]

The illiterate Governor was mortified to be "the object of a barbarian's scorn," and it is said the foregoing incident hastened the doom of the unfortunate Inca. It was soon rumored that he had ordered a rising of the Peruvians. He was at once tried before Pizarro and Almagro, who sat as judges, and unjustly accused of a number of crimes. The unhappy monarch was condemned to death, and after receiving Baptism, he was cruelly strangled. De Soto was absent from the camp at the time of this horrible transaction; but on returning

[1] Robertson.

he reproached his chief, and expressed his firm belief that Atahualpa had been basely slandered.

Pizarro now marched and took possession of the Peruvian capital—"the great and holy city of Cusco." It contained a population of about three hundred thousand. The streets crossed each other at right angles, and the houses were built chiefly of stone. It was adorned with numerous and splendid palaces, and guarded by a mighty fortress built on a lofty eminence. "This noble city was the pride of all Peruvians. It was to them what Jerusalem was to the Jews, or Rome to the Romans."

In less than ten years, Pizarro made himself master of the Peruvian empire. He erected churches, cast down idols, and set up crosses on the highways. He founded the city of Lima in 1535. But the demon of strife appeared among the conquerors. An open rupture between Pizarro and Almagro led to new scenes of blood and appalling slaughter. Almagro was defeated, taken prisoner, and mercilessly condemned to be strangled. Though in feeble health, and pressed down with the burden of seventy-five years, he died with the dignity and fortitude of a veteran.

Almagro perished, but he left behind him a strong party that hated Pizarro, and plotted his destruction. About noon, on Sunday, the 26th of June, 1541, a band of conspirators rushed into the residence of the Governor, exclaiming: "Long live

the King! Down with the tyrant!" Pizarro was in his apartment, surrounded by only a few followers. On becoming aware of his danger, he ordered the door to be shut, grasped his sword, and said: "Courage, companions, we are yet many enough to make these traitors repent of their audacity."

When the door opened, the struggle grew desperate. Pizarro threw himself on his enemies like a lion aroused in his lair. "Traitors!" he cried, "have you come to kill me in my own house!" and his sword fell with fatal force on numbers of his enemies. But all his followers were soon killed or wounded, and at length the fearless old man received a mortal stab in the throat and fell. "Jesus!" exclaimed the dying General, "and tracing a cross with his finger on the bloody floor, he bent down his head to kiss it, when a stroke more friendly than the rest put an end to his existence." [1]

And thus perished Francis Pizarro, the stern Conqueror of Peru, who had surmounted so many stupendous difficulties on land and water, who had served under Ojéda and Balboa and Cortés, who had braved hunger and thirst and disease, who had smiled at the wrath of man and the fury of the tempest, who had broken through the lofty barrier of the Andes, and triumphed at the head of his veterans on countless battle-fields. He was about seventy years of age. He was never married. Simple

[1] Prescott.

in dress and manners, he was tall in stature and well proportioned, with an air of soldierly distinction. He rose early, and was temperate in eating and drinking. Far from hoarding up the vast wealth that poured in upon him as Governor of Peru, he generously employed it in promoting great public enterprises. He was a warrior of dauntless courage, iron nerve, and rare power of patient endurance; but, in many of his boldest actions, he simply imitated Cortés, and trusted to luck for success. Though often guided by noble and generous impulses, his wonderful career is marked by deeds of cunning, cruelty, and treachery. The conquest of Peru is a long and bloody drama, in which he was the chief actor, but it is only right to remember that this terrible genius was a poor, unlettered "son of sin and sorrow." To judge him fairly, we must judge with charity.

HERNANDO DE SOTO,

THE CONQUEROR OF FLORIDA, AND DISCOVERER OF THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

Died A. D. 1542.

ABOUT twenty-seven years after the veteran Ponce de Leon had visited Florida, in search of the fabled fountain of youth, a more renowned pioneer stepped on its lonely shores, and struck boldly into the wilderness of North America. It was Hernando de Soto.

He was born in Spain about 1501. Though of a noble family, the young cavalier began life with no fortune but his sword and buckler. His checkered career opens in the New World, where, as the companion of Pizarro and commander of a corps of cavalry, he rose to distinction, and had no small share in the conquest of Peru and the spoils that fell to the victors.

It will be remembered to the honor of De Soto that he gained the confidence and affection of the unhappy Inca Atahualpa; and, on finding that, during his absence from the camp, the monarch was put to death, he did not conceal his just indignation.

"You have acted rashly," he said to Pizarro.

"The Inca has been basely slandered. He should have been taken to Spain, and judged by the Emperor."

De Soto returned to his native land with wealth and reputation. Success of all kinds awaited him at home. He appeared at the Court of Charles V. with a magnificent retinue; and his commanding figure and attractive manners made him the "observed of all observers." He gained the favor of the Emperor. He married the daughter of a distinguished nobleman, and might now have settled down to a life of ease and honor.

But De Soto's imagination took fire whenever he thought of the New World, overhung as it was with countless wonders, and promises of wealth, adventure, and the spread of the Catholic Religion. He cast his eyes towards Florida. The various expeditions to that famous but unexplored land had hitherto failed, and he asked and obtained permission of Charles V. to undertake its conquest at his own risk and expense. He was appointed Governor of both Cuba and Florida.

A well-equipped armament stood across the Atlantic, touched at Cuba, and on the 25th of May, 1539, De Soto landed at Tampa Bay, Florida, "with six hundred and twenty chosen men, a band as gallant and well-appointed, as eager in pursuit and audacious in hope, as ever trod the shores of the New World. The clangor of trumpets, the neighing

of horses, the fluttering of pennons, the glittering of helmet and lance, startled the ancient forest with unwonted greeting.

"Amid this pomp of chivalry, religion was not forgotten. The sacred vessels and vestments, with bread and wine for the Eucharist, were carefully provided; and De Soto himself declared that the enterprise was undertaken for God alone, and seemed to be the object of his especial care."[1] The conversion of the savages was considered a matter of the first importance, and twelve priests accompanied the expedition.

The Governor took possession of the country in the name of the Emperor Charles V. It is said he dreamed of nothing but success, and moved by the example of Cortés, sent most of his ships back to Havana. The savages did not like the new-comers, and gave vent to their wrath in hideous yells and showers of arrows. But a well-directed charge of the cavalry gave fleetness to the heels of the greasy, loud-mouthed warriors. The loss of a fine charger, however, warned the Spaniards that the Indian arrow was no mean weapon. The fatal shaft had flown with such force as to pass through the saddle and bury itself between the ribs of the horse.

The work of exploration began, but from the outset it was a toilsome and perilous enterprise. The little army pushed patiently along towards the north.

[1] Parkman.

The line of march lay through a trackless wilderness covered by dense forests, and intersected by muddy rivers and vast swamps. On every side the savages proved hostile. The Spaniards were obliged to fight and push on while burdened down with a large stock of provisions and ammunition. A cannon was hauled through treacherous bogs[1] and tangled underwood, with immense labor, and the care of scores of headstrong pigs must have added enormously to the difficulties of the dangerous journey.

When Sunday or some festival came, a halt was ordered. A temporary altar was erected, perhaps beneath some lordly tree which towered to the skies, like the steeple of a Gothic cathedral. Mass was celebrated, and the gallant De Soto and his cavaliers devoutly knelt on the grass around. Every religious practice was observed, and as the little army cut its way through the wilderness of Florida, the beautiful ceremonies of the Church were duly performed.

The Governor used every effort to gain the friendship of the Indians. He assured them that his mission was peaceful, and that all he desired was a passage through their territories. But in vain were his assurances. Full of hatred and suspicion, the dusky warriors would lie in ambush, discharge a

[1] In some of the morasses they had traversed, the surface would appear like firm land, yet, on stepping upon it, would tremble for twenty or thirty paces around, and on being trodden by horses would give way, and plunge steed and rider into a suffocating quagmire.—*Irving.*

volley of arrows, and then fly to the thickets of the woods. Thus the army was ever exposed to the attacks of lurking savages, and unceasing vigilance was necessary. The moment a Spaniard strayed from the camp, he was likely to be shot down, and instantly scalped.

On one occasion De Soto's favorite dog—a splendid hound—made himself famous. Several Spanish soldiers and a band of Indians were talking in a friendly way on the banks of a river. But in an unguarded moment one of the treacherous savages struck a Spaniard with his bow, and plunged into the water. All his companions followed. The dog seemed to understand the whole affair, and in an instant rushed after the savages. He swam past the hindermost Indians until at length he came "to the one who had committed the assault, when, laying hold of him, he tore him to pieces."

Ever skirmishing, and always on the march, De Soto held on his course towards the north of Florida. At one point an immense morass stopped his progress. It was surrounded by a thick forest of lofty trees and tangled underwood, and all points were guarded by hostile Indians. Bridges of trees, made with great labor, enabled the way-worn Spaniards to cross such portions as came above their middle. But every inch of this muddy route had to be won at the point of the sword; and it was only after a dreadful conflict of four days, in which

ail fought and many fell, that the troops found themselves safely across the great swamp.

After months of such toilsome marching, the cold weather came on. A halt was ordered at an Indian village called Apalachee, which stood on the site of Tallahassee, the present capital of Florida. And there, "in the midst of the wilderness, this band of adventurous Spaniards passed the winter together." The natives of this region proved to be large, fierce warriors; and in spite of the strict discipline of the camp, many a careless cavalier lost his life and scalp at the hands of prowling war-parties.

De Soto left his winter quarters in March, 1540, and proceeded towards the north, earnestly bent on finding a rich region—some imaginary Peru or Mexico. "For month after month, and year after year," writes Parkman, "the procession of priests and cavaliers, cross-bowmen, arquebusiers, and Indian captives laden with the baggage, still wandered on through wild and boundless wastes, lured hither and thither by the *ignis-fatuus* of their hopes.

"They traversed great portions of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, everywhere inflicting and enduring misery, but never approaching their phantom El Dorado. At length, in the third year of their journeying, they reached the banks of the Mississippi, a hundred and thirty-two years before its second discovery by Marquette. One of their number describes the great river as almost half a

league wide, deep, rapid, and constantly rolling down trees and driftwood on its turbid current.

"The Spaniards crossed over at a point above the mouth of the Arkansas. They advanced westward, but found no treasures—nothing, indeed, but hardships and an Indian enemy, furious, writes one of their officers, 'as mad dogs.' They heard of a country towards the north where maize could not be cultivated because the vast herds of wild cattle devoured it.

"They penetrated so far that they entered the range of the roving prairie-tribes; for, one day, as they pushed their way with difficulty across great plains covered with tall, rank grass, they met a band of savages who dwelt in lodges of skin sewed together, subsisting on game alone, and wandering perpetually from place to place. Finding neither gold nor the South Sea, for both of which they had hoped, they returned to the banks of the Mississippi."

A short time before this, an interesting religious ceremony occurred. The army halted at an Indian village, and the chief with a band of picked warriors came forth. "Señor," said he to De Soto, "as you are superior to us in prowess and surpass us in arms, we likewise believe that your God is better than our god. These you behold before you are the chief warriors of my dominions. We implore you to pray to your God to send us rain, for our fields are parched for want of water!"

De Soto replied that he and all his followers were sinners, but they would supplicate the God of mercy. A large pine cross was made, and raised on a high hill. The whole army formed in line, and marched in solemn procession towards the sacred emblem of man's salvation. The priests walked before, chanting the Litany of the Saints, while the soldiers responded. The chief took his place beside the Governor, and thousands of Indians crowded around. Prayers were offered up at the cross, and the imposing ceremony closed with the lofty strains of the *Te Deum.* Rain fell the next night, to the great joy of the Indians.

It is a pleasure to think that, over three centuries ago, the cross, the sign of our holy and beautiful religion, was planted by a famous Catholic pioneer on the banks of the Mississippi, and that its silent forests were awakened by the solemn hymn of praise and gratitude. The effect was vivid, but transitory. The "voice cried in the wilderness," and reached and was answered by every heart; but it died away and was forgotten, and was not heard again in that savage region for many generations.[1]

Three years of unceasing toil, hardship, and disappointment now began to tell on the rugged frame and lofty spirit of De Soto. Assailed by fresh disasters, he was touched to the heart at the suffering of his diminished but faithful followers. A raging

[1] Irving.

fever seized him, and his days drew rapidly to a close. But he met death like a fearless Catholic soldier. He made his will, bade an affectionate adieu to his officers and men, and having made a last humble confession, his soul calmly passed away, amid the tears of the whole army, on the 21st of May, 1542.

"And thus died Hernando de Soto," writes the historian of early Florida—" one of the boldest and bravest of the many brave leaders who figured in the first discoveries, and distinguished themselves in the wild warfare of the Western World. How proud and promising had been the commencement of his career—how humble and helpless its close! Cut off in the vigor and manhood of his days, he was but forty-two years old when he expired." He was a true knight, " without fear and without reproach."

As the hostile savages might dishonor the body of the Governor, if buried on land, his officers formed a new design. An immense oak was cut down. A space large enough for the body was scooped out of the trunk, and planks nailed over the opening. This was De Soto's coffin. At the dead of night, in the midst of silence, a few boats were rowed to the centre of the river, and slowly and sadly the rude coffin was lowered to its strange resting-place. As it sank, the sorrowing stream took the precious remains in pity to its breast. The discoverer of the great river slept beneath its waters.

"His soldiers," writes Bancroft, "pronounced his eulogy; and the priests chanted over his body the first requiem that was ever heard on the waters of the Mississippi."[1]

LOUIS CANCER, O. S. D.,

ONE OF THE MARTYRS OF FLORIDA.

Died A. D. 1549.

THE Spanish missions in the New World had their Catholic heroes—holy pioneers, who toiled amid the poverty and hardship of the wilderness, and often met death with joy. Father Louis Cancer was one of them. A Dominican, and a native of Saragossa, in Spain, he began his labors as a missionary among the Indians of Mexico.

While in the fallen empire of Montezuma, he heard of the fierce tribes of Florida, and ardently desired to preach the Gospel among them. With three members of his Order, he landed on the western shore of the wild peninsula, on Ascension Day, 1549. The priests knelt amid "the forest

[1] After more hapless wandering and disaster, the followers of De Soto built a few rude vessels, and found their way to Mexico.

primeval," where the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks bearded with moss, stood like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic." They recited a litany, and recommended their enterprise to God. Leaving Father de Peñalosa to establish a mission at the landing-place, Father Cancer went on board the vessel, and moved down along the coast to Tampa Bay. Here he was informed by a Spaniard, who lived amongst the Indians, that Peñalosa had been murdered by the treacherous savages.

The natives at Tampa Bay, however, seemed very peaceable, and the good Father at once determined to preach the word of truth to them. But he was soon made aware that the apparently good dispositions of this people were not to be relied upon. "I expected nothing less," he said. "How often have I reflected on the execution of this enterprise, and felt that we could not succeed in it without losing much blood. So the Apostles did, and at this price alone can faith and religion be introduced."

Father Cancer was not the man to be frightened by danger, and he bade a last adieu to his friends on the ship. In vain did they beseech him not to expose his valuable life. His only reply was: "This work is not to be accomplished without blood!" He landed. As he proceeded up the hilly shore the savages surrounded him, took off his hat, and with loud cries rushed upon the heroic son of St. Dominic, who fell beneath their clubs, and with

dying lips exclaimed, "Oh, my God!" His precious death occurred on the 25th of June, 1549.

"Ah! the souls of saints that die,
Are but sunbeams lifted higher."

—*Longfellow.*

JAMES CARTIER,

THE DISCOVERER OF CANADA AND THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

Died about A. D. 1555.

SEVENTY-FOUR years before Henry Hudson sailed up the beautiful river that bears his name, and eighty-five years before the melancholy hymn of the Puritan announced the arrival of a new race at Plymouth Rock, a bold Catholic pioneer, holding aloft the banner of France, had erected crosses on the St. Lawrence, and pushed his way into the very heart of the savage continent. It was James Cartier.

He was born on the last day of the year 1494—two years after the discovery of the New World—of a good family in France, at that famous seaport to which the Irish *St. Malo* gave his name. Little is known of his early years, but he became a skilled navigator; and, when he married Miss Mary Catherine des Granches, the daughter of a knight, in 1519, he had reached the rank of master pilot.

The dim memory of Verrazano's voyage remained, and France still thought of discovering a passage to the riches of India, and of founding a colony beyond the seas. Cartier was commissioned to make a preparatory exploration. He sailed from St. Malo on the 20th of April, 1534, coasted a portion of Newfoundland, steered through the Strait of Belle Isle, crossed the Gulf of St. Lawrence, entered the Bay of Chaleurs, passed northward to the smaller Bay of Gaspé, and there took possession of the country in the name of Francis I. A cross thirty feet high was erected on a point of land. It bore the arms of France and the words *Vive le Roi de France*, "Long live the King of France." After some further exploration of the Gulf, Cartier turned the prows of his ships homeward, and arrived at St. Malo in September.

"The spirit of discovery," writes Parkman, "was awakened. A passage to India could be found, and a new France built up beyond the Atlantic. Mingled with such views of interest and ambition was another motive scarcely less potent. The heresy of Luther was convulsing Germany, and the deeper heresy of Calvin infecting France. Devout Catholics, kindling with redoubled zeal, would fain requite the Church for her losses in the Old World by winning to her fold the infidels of the New."

Three small vessels were equipped for a new expedition. Cartier "was a man of deep religious

feeling," and, in imitation of Columbus, before departing, he assembled his officers and crews in the Cathedral of St. Malo, on Whit-Sunday, the 16th of May, 1535. All went to confession, received Holy Communion, and after Mass the Bishop gave them his solemn blessing. Two Benedictine Fathers, Dom William and Dom Anthony, accompanied the expedition as chaplains:

"In the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore James Cartier to the westward sailed away.
In the crowded old Cathedral all the town were on their knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;
And every bitter blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier,
Filled manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear."

After a stormy passage, Cartier entered a small bay opposite the island of Anticosti, on the north shore of the gulf he had explored twelve months before. It was the 10th of August, the feast of the holy martyr St. Lawrence, and he "called it the Bay of St. Lawrence, a name afterwards extended to the entire gulf and to the great river above."

The little squadron took its way up the lonely majestic stream, whose savage grandeur must have deeply impressed the Frenchmen. At length, they came to a point where bold towering cliffs, three hundred feet high, thrust themselves into the river, narrowing its channel, and standing like grim sentinels appointed to guard its waters. Here a dusky chief named Donnacona ruled over the Indian vil-

lage of Stadaconé; and here, in later years, Quebec, the rock-built capital of Canada, reared its frowning battlements.

Donnacona visited the ships, attended by a fleet of canoes. Cartier entertained him with bread and wine, and the greasy ruler was overjoyed. When the French commander went ashore, he was received with delight. Squaws and warriors danced before him; and, when he distributed beads and knives, the simple creatures made the hills echo with their songs and merriment.

Cartier learned that a greater village named Hochelaga lay further up the river; and as soon as he found a safe harbor for his ships, he set out for it in two boats and a pinnace. The Frenchmen pushed up the St. Lawrence for nearly two weeks before they came to the object of their search. They were warmly welcomed. The village of Hochelaga was built on a large island. It was circular in form, "and three rows of palisades inclosed in it about fifty tunnel-shaped cabins, each over fifty paces long, and fourteen or fifteen paces wide. It was entered by a single gate, above which, as well as along the first palisade, ran a kind of gallery, reached by ladders, and well provided with stones and pieces of rock for the defence of the place." [1]

When Cartier and his men entered this singular

[1] Charlevoix.

metropolis of dusky power, they were led to an open square in the centre of the village. The squaws beheld them with wonder, rubbed their hands and faces, cried with delight, and brought their children to be touched by the mysterious strangers. Mats were spread on the ground for the Frenchmen, and the warriors seated themselves around.

The chief was then borne by ten men on a litter and placed on a mat next to Cartier He seemed to be about fifty years of age, and had no mark of distinction but a cap ornamented with porcupine's quills dyed red. He took it off, and gave it to the Captain, requesting him to rub his arms and legs, which trembled with the palsy. A crowd of sick, blind, and lame now crowded around—all wishing to be relieved of their miseries.

"The simplicity of these people," writes Charlevoix, "touched the Captain, who, arming himself with a lively faith, recited with all possible devotion the beginning of the Gospel of St. John. He then made the Sign of the Cross on the sick, and gave them Beads and Agnus Deis. This done, he began to pray, and earnestly besought the Lord not to leave these poor idolaters longer in the shades of unbelief. Then he recited aloud the whole passion of Jesus Christ. This was heard with great attention and respect by all present, and the pious ceremony was closed by a blast of trumpets, which put

these Indians beside themselves with joy and wonder."

A magnificent hill looked down on the village, and that was the next point visited by Cartier. On reaching the top, he was charmed, and called it Mount Royal—Montreal. The name is now well known. "From the summit," says an American historian, "that noble prospect met his eye which at this day is the delight of tourists, but strangely changed, since, first of white men, the Breton voyager gazed upon it. Tower and dome and spire, congregated roofs, white sail and gliding steamer, animate its vast expanse with varied life.

"Cartier saw a different scene. East, west, and south, the mantling forest was over all, and the broad blue ribbon of the great river glistened amid a realm of verdure. Beyond, to the bounds of Mexico, stretched a leafy desert; and the vast hive of industry, the mighty battle ground of later centuries, lay sunk in savage torpor, wrapped in illimitable woods."[1]

The French departed from Hochelaga amid the regrets of the kindly savages, and their arrival at Stadaconé was hailed with pleasure. Cartier decided to pass the winter there. The ships were properly secured. Cold set in. Jack Frost threw an ice-bridge across the river, and the snow fell in more than abundance. In short, all the rigors of a Cana-

[1] Parkman.

dian winter had to be endured. Nor was this all. Scurvy soon added its appalling horrors to the miseries of the ice-bound Frenchmen. A good number died, and dozens were stricken down. The flinty ground denied the dead a burying-place, and the corpses had to be hidden in the huge snow-drifts!

In this woeful distress, Cartier, with the piety of a brave son of the Ancient Faith, implored the protection of Heaven. "Our Captain," says the account of the voyage, "seeing the misery and malady thus spread, summoned all to prayer and devotion. He caused an image in remembrance of the Virgin Mary to be borne over the snow and ice and set up against a tree, a bow-shot distant from our fort; and he ordered that, on the Sunday following, Mass should be celebrated at the said place, and that all those who could walk, both sick and well, should go in procession, singing the Seven Psalms of David, with the Litany, praying the said Virgin that it would please her dear Child to have pity on us. The Mass said and celebrated before the said image, the Captain declared himself a pilgrim to Our Lady of Roquemado, promising to go there if it pleased God to permit him to return to France."

Shortly after this, Cartier learned of a remedy for scurvy from one of the savages. It "was a decoction of the leaves and bark of the white pine, pounded together." The poor, bloated, woebegone

mariners drank the disagreeable medicine, and its effects were surprising—all were soon restored to good health. When the sun of May broke the icy fetters that bound the ships, and drove the vast masses of ice down the river, the French commander took formal possession of the country by erecting a cross thirty-five feet high, bearing the arms of France and the inscription — *Franciscus Primus, Dei Gratia, Francorum Rex, regnat,* "Francis the First, by the grace of God, King of France, reigns." The sails were spread on the 6th of May, and Cartier steered for home. Donnacona and two Indians were on board. St. Malo was reached in July, 1536.

Cartier gave a good account of the strange country beyond the Atlantic, and the mighty river that swept past Hochelaga and Stadaconé. Though the times were unfavorable, a new expedition was fitted out. Roberval, a nobleman, was appointed Governor of Canada. Cartier received the post of Captain-General, and in May, 1541, he steered for the banks of the St. Lawrence, with a squadron of five vessels. Roberval was detained in France.

Summer was fading away when the French began to form a settlement and build a fort some leagues above Stadaconé. Cartier himself went up the river, and explored the rapids above Hochelaga. He returned in November. Roberval had not come. The settlers prepared for winter, and, no doubt, they

had a hard time of it before spring appeared; for as soon as the ships could drop down the river, the disgusted colonists packed their trunks, and set sail for France. On arriving, however, at the harbor of St. John, in Newfoundland, they met Roberval, who was on his way with three ships to establish a colony in Canada. Cartier refused to return, and bore away for France.

And what became of the ill-starred colony? It had a brief existence. The King sent Cartier to bring home the survivors, as he needed the services of Roberval.

And here abruptly closes the public career of the discoverer of Canada. He was ennobled, retired to his estate, near St. Malo; and when he died, about 1555, the wild Indian was still sole master of the vast country watered by the St. Lawrence. Cartier had pointed out the way. It remained for a more renowned Catholic pioneer—a man of a later generation—to begin in real earnest the work of founding a nation which to-day holds a conspicuous place on the map of North America.

JOHN AND SEBASTIAN CABOT,

THE DISCOVERERS OF NEWFOUNDLAND, THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE, AND THE MAINLAND OF NORTH AMERICA.

Dates of death are unknown.

SEBASTIAN CABOT, the son of John Cabot, an accomplished merchant of Venice, in Italy, was born at Bristol, in England, during the residence of his parents there, about the year 1477. "Sebastian Cabot told me," says Eden, "that he was born in Bristol, and that, at four years of age, he went with his father to Venice, and so returned again into England with his father, whereby he was thought to have been born in Venice."

Young Cabot was but fifteen years of age when Columbus discovered the New World. This splendid achievement aroused the spirit of enterprise. If Spain had gained the prize of a continent, France and England felt they should make an attempt to get something. John Cabot, his son Sebastian, and his other sons obtained a commission of Henry VII. to make a voyage of discovery. They were empowered by the selfish, close-fisted old King "to sail to all ports of east, west, and north, under the

royal banners and ensigns; to discover countries of the heathen unknown to Christians; to set up the King's banners there, and to occupy and possess as his subjects such places as they could subdue," on condition of paying to Henry one-fifth of all the profits.

Little is positively known of this voyage. John Cabot and his three sons—the most skilled and scientific of whom was Sebastian—sailed from Bristol in a vessel called *The Matthew*, in May, 1497. After battling with the billows of the Atlantic for six or seven weeks, and dodging many a treacherous iceberg, the hardy Catholic Pioneers came in sight of an island early in the morning of the 24th of June. Cabot called it St. John, because the discovery was made on the festival of St. John the Baptist.

"The inhabitants of this island," says an account of the voyage, "wear the skins of beasts. In their wars they use bows, arrows, pikes, darts, wooden clubs, and slings. The soil is barren in some places and yieldeth little fruit; but is full of white bears and stags—far greater than ours. It yields plenty of fish, and those very great, as seals and salmons. There are soles above a yard in length; but especially there is great abundance of that kind of fish which the savages call Baccalao.[1] In the same island are hawks and eagles, as black as ravens, and partridges. The inhabitants had plenty of copper."

[1] Codfish.

It is almost certain that the island thus described was Cape Breton Island, which lies northeast of Nova Scotia. There is a copy of a planisphere by Sebastian Cabot, in the National Library of France, and it is said to show distinctly that the first land discovered was Cape North of Cape Breton Island. After cruising for some time around the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Cabots bore away towards the north, passed through the Strait of Belleisle—the course taken to-day by the Canadian mail steamers—and, feeling that provisions were beginning to run short, they sailed for England, and safely reached home in August. This voyage had no practical result—though the foundation of England's claim to her North American possessions—and it seems that a few years later on the venerable John Cabot died.

In 1512, King Ferdinand invited Sebastian Cabot to fill the important office of Chief Pilot, left vacant by the death of the famous Americus Vespucius. He accepted the invitation of the Spanish monarch, and was warmly welcomed at Court.

An old contemporary writer quaintly describes Cabot, as "so valiant a man and so well practised in all things pertaining to navigation and the science of cosmography, that at this present he has not his equal in Spain, insomuch that for his virtue he is preferred before all other pilots that sail to the West Indies, who cannot pass there without his license, and is therefore called the Grand Pilot."

During 1515, he was engaged in revising maps and charts, in connection with the duties of his office, and in planning a northwest passage to China and the East Indies, which, however, was laid aside on account of the death of Ferdinand in the year following. Cabot, like Columbus, seems to have been no favorite with the Court parasites, and he was now subjected to a series of contemptible annoyances.

This usage induced the great navigator to return to England; and, in 1517, he was appointed by Henry VIII. to command an expedition to the northern latitudes of the New World. He entered Hudson Bay, over a century before Henry Hudson, and gave names to several places. But the voyage proved a failure, owing to the malice or cowardice of his chief officer, Sir Thomas Perte.

Cabot again directed his steps to Spain, and was made Grand Pilot by Charles V. It was during this period of life that he examined the coast of Brazil, passed along to the great Rio de la Plata, and explored it for some hundreds of miles, with the object of founding a colony. He then returned to Spain, where he remained for many years.

When over seventy years of age, the veteran once more landed in England, where he was well received by young Edward VI., who gave him a pension, and made him Inspector of the Navy. Almost the last account we have of him refers to a visit which he

paid, in the spring of 1556, to a vessel about to sail on a voyage of discovery.

"The 27th of April, being Monday, the right worshipful Sebastian Cabot came aboard our pinnace at Gravesend, accompanied by many gentlemen and gentlewomen, who, after they had viewed our pinnace, and tasted of such cheer as we could make them, went ashore, giving to our mariners right liberal rewards. The good old gentleman, Master Cabot, gave to the poor most liberal alms, wishing them to pray for the good fortune and prosperous success of the *Search-thrift*, our pinnace.

"And then, at the sign of St. Christopher, he and his friends banqueted, and made me and them that were in the company great cheer; and for very joy that he had to see the towardness of our intended discovery, he entered into the dance himself, among the rest of the young and hearty company, which being ended he and his friends departed, most gently commending us to the guidance of Almighty God."

At this time the venerable navigator was nearly eighty years of age. He was still alive in 1557, but the date of his death is unknown. He is often referred to as "the good old man." His gentle kindness and love of maritime adventure perished only with his last breath. Referring to the deep impression that the discovery of the New World by Columbus made at the English Court, he stated that "all men with great admiration said that it was

a thing more divine than human." The spirit of faith was yet alive. It was then also that he made up his mind to imitate the illustrious Admiral, and devote his life to navigation.

John and Sebastian Cabot are justly renowned Catholic Pioneers; but there is no good reason why their discoveries should be magnified at the expense of the truth. This has been done again and again, by a nation noted for its grasping policy, and its host of lying and insolent writers. When England planted large colonies in what is now the United States of America, she founded her right of possession on the discoveries of Cabot. But as he never touched this soil, the claim was a fiction. It is certhat he never saw an inch of the coast from Maine to Florida. There is no evidence to prove that he sailed south of Nova Scotia. In short, as Brevoort well remarks, "Cabot himself never published any such statement."

PETER MARTINEZ, S. J.,

THE FIRST JESUIT WHO LANDED IN THE NEW WORLD.

Died A. D. 1565.

FATHER PETER MARTINEZ, superior of the first band of Jesuits that trod the soil of America, was born in 1533 at Feruel, a little village in the north of Spain. While yet a mere boy, he consecrated himself to Heaven by a vow of perpetual chastity. He entered the Society of Jesus—for which at first he felt an aversion—and soon became noted for virtue and learning.

When Menendez undertook the conquest of Florida, in 1565, he asked and obtained some Jesuit missionaries. Father Martinez was appointed superior. Owing to an unexpected delay, however, the Fathers did not sail with the Admiral, but took passage, several months later, in another expedition. Before departing, Father Martinez addressed a long letter to the celebrated St. Francis Borgia, then General of the Society of Jesus.

"By the mercy of God," he writes, "I undertake this voyage with courage, and with entire confidence in His grace, having often devoted my life and my blood to His service in the mission which obedience

assigns me. Rest assured, dear Father, that we shall employ all our strength, with the assistance of divine grace, in bringing those provinces to the knowledge of their Creator and Redeemer—that the souls redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ may not perish forever. . . .

"Gladly, indeed, would we have received the benediction of our most Holy Father Pius V., humbly prostrate at his feet. But as this was not in our power, we were sufficiently consoled by the letter which informed us that he wished us well, and, though absent, conferred upon us especial favors; and your Paternity can assure him, in our name, that besides myself—who am bound to him by the vow of my profession—faithful sons of the Holy Roman Church are about to depart for the acquisition of a new flock, for which end they are ready, with the aid of divine grace, to shed their blood; and they will account it a very great favor of God to lay down their lives for the spiritual advancement of those whom they may gain to Christ."

When the vessel in which the Fathers sailed approached the coast of Florida, it separated from the rest of the squadron, taking a northern direction. The Captain on nearing the shore desired a few men to land in a yawl, and explore the country. All refused to hazard their lives among the fierce savages. Finally, about a dozen Belgians and Spaniards offered to comply, in case Father Martinez

was allowed to accompany them. He was informed of this. The fearless priest, moved by charity, was the first to leap into the boat. The exploring party landed, but had scarcely done so, when a sudden storm arose, driving the ship which they had left far from the shore.

The position of the castaways was extremely perilous. Far and wide nothing met their gaze but a dreary wilderness—on one side the rough and threatening ocean, on the other vast and unknown solitudes! On this savage coast they waited ten days, thinking that perhaps some other vessel might present itself. "Occasionally they wandered about," says Tanner, "to gather a few herbs, Father Martinez at their head, bearing the image of Christ crucified, and, as some of his companions afterwards related, performing prodigies of charity."

Would space permit, pages might be filled with the adventures of the brave Jesuit and his sorely-tried companions in their efforts to reach a Spanish settlement. At one of the rivers which they crossed, the kindness of Father Martinez in waiting for two tardy Belgians caused his own death. Rushing to the boat, a troop of hostile savages seized the heroic priest, forced him on shore, and began their murderous work. With hands uplifted to Heaven, he received the repeated blows of a heavy club until life was extinct! His death occurred on the 28th of September, 1566, within about three leagues of the

mouth of the St. John's River. And thus the good and fearless Father Peter Martinez, the first Jesuit who stepped on the soil of America, baptized it with his martyr-blood!

BARTHOLOMEW LAS CASAS, O. S. D.,

THE FIRST PRIEST ORDAINED IN THE NEW WORLD, PROTECTOR OF THE INDIANS, AND BISHOP OF CHIAPA IN MEXICO.

Died A. D. 1566.

BARTHOLOMEW LAS CASAS, the renowned missionary and friend of the poor Indians, was born in the year 1474, at Seville, in Spain. He belonged to a family of French origin. While the young man was pursuing his studies at the University of Salamanca, his father—who had accompanied Columbus in his second voyage to the New World—made him a gift of an Indian, who acted for some time as his servant. But the generous Isabella soon published a decree, giving freedom to all Indians in Spain. The pious student at once joyfully liberated his dusky servant, "and sent him back to his native land loaded with presents." Thus it happened that the unflinching advocate of human freedom had once been the owner of a slave himself, and that he had made the familiar acquaintance of a

simple son of the forest at that happy period of life when the mind is open to receive deep and lasting impressions.

In 1502, Las Casas accompanied Ovando in his expedition to Hispaniola, and eight years later he was ordained priest—the *first*, it is said, who was raised to that sacred dignity in the New World. When the Spaniards conquered Cuba, he was appointed to a parish in a small settlement. It was here that he began to signalize himself in favor of the oppressed Indians, and to raise his voice in accents of holy indignation against the crimes of his own countrymen.

At this period, under the title of *repartimientos* or *distributions*, whole districts of the newly-found countries were held by Spanish noblemen or adventurers. The poor savages were divided with the lands, which they were compelled to cultivate. They had also to dig in the mines, or hunt the rivers for precious stones. So hard were their cruel taskmasters that the native race began to wither away. It was a diabolical systen.

"The Indians were coupled together like beasts of burden," says Charlevoix, "and when forced to carry loads wholly beyond their strength, they were urged forward by the lash. On falling from exhaustion, a vigorous use of the whip obliged them to rise. A colonist, in ordinary circumstances, rarely went any distance from his house, except when borne in a litter by two Indians.

"There was no scruple made of separating husband and wife—the man being sent to the mines, from which he seldom returned, and the woman being employed in the cultivation of the lands. While engaged in this severe labor they were all forced to live on roots and herbs. To see them die of such violence and of pure fatigue was an ordinary spectacle."

"I have found many dead on the road," says Las Casas, "others gasping under the trees, and others in the pangs of death, faintly crying, hunger! hunger!"

The good priest was touched to the heart at the sight of such shameful scandals and appalling injustice. How could religion make any progress? It was mockery indeed to expect that the Indians would sincerely embrace the Christian Religion—the faith of their heartless and tyrannical oppressors.

To oppose the cruel system of *repartimientos*, Father Las Casas went to Spain, where he prevailed on Cardinal Ximenes to send a commission of inquiry to the West Indies; but the work of the commission was far from satisfying his zeal, and he revisited Spain to procure the adoption of still stronger measures for the protection of the natives. He was honored with the title of *Protector-General of the Indians*, and his exertions in their behalf were unceasing.

He carried his cause before Charles V., and as he

had warm opponents, the Emperor first heard the spokesman of the opposition. When the turn of Las Casas came, he arose with dignity and presented the rights of the Indians in a discourse of great vigor and eloquence. "The Christian Religion," he concluded, "is equal in its operation, and is accommodated to every nation on the globe. It robs no one of his freedom, violates none of his inherent rights on the ground that he is a slave by nature, as pretended; and it well becomes your Majesty to banish so monstrous an oppression from your kingdoms in the beginning of your reign, that the Almighty may make it long and glorious."

Las Casas gained his point. In 1520, he attempted to form a settlement of Castilian peasants in the West Indies, with the view of giving more complete effect to his designs in behalf of the Indians; but unhappily, he had to contend against such a host of difficulties that his plan ended in failure. He had hitherto been a secular priest. He now retired to the Dominican convent in Hispaniola, and became a son of St. Dominic. His well-spent time was divided between spiritual duties, missions, and the composition of various famous works relating to the New World and the cause of his dear Indians. He traversed Mexico, Peru, Guatemala, and other vast countries, everywhere exercising the double functions of missionary apostolic and Protector of the Indians.

The venerable priest refused the rich bishopric of Cusco, in Peru; but, at length, he was persuaded to accept the poor see of Chiapa, in a wild province of Mexico. He was near seventy years of age when he began his episcopal labors. How he toiled and suffered, and battled for the rights of the red man, and pointed out the road to heaven with dauntless courage, cannot be told here.

In 1551, the great Bishop resigned his see. He crossed the Atlantic for the last time, retired to the Monastery of Atocha, at Madrid, where he spent many years in preparing his soul for that blessed end which came in July, 1566. He died at the advanced age of ninety-two, and his faculties were unimpaired to the last.

Las Casas was a sainted Catholic Pioneer, who loved justice and abhorred iniquity. He was inspired by one great and glorious idea. He crossed the Atlantic sixteen times, and toiled for over half a century, in the midst of danger, hardship, and soul-trying opposition, to ameliorate the unhappy condition of the Indians, and to spread the light of the Gospel in the dark wilderness of the New World. Nor was his pen less active and eloquent than his tongue. He is one of the great writers of Spain. "In the course of his work," says Irving, "when Las Casas mentions the original papers lying before him, from which he drew many of his facts, it makes one lament that they should be lost

to the world. Besides the journals and letters of Columbus, he says he had numbers of the letters of Don Bartholomew, who wrote better than his brother, and whose writings must have been full of energy. Above all, he had the map, formed from study and conjecture, by which Columbus sailed on his first voyage. What a precious document would this be for the world!"

PETER MENENDEZ,

FOUNDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE, THE OLDEST CITY IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Died A. D. 1574.

PETER MENENDEZ,[1] one of the greatest of Spanish naval commanders, was born in 1519, of an ancient family. His daring nature and fondness for the sea were traits of character that showed themselves at an early age. He was but a mere boy when he ran away from home, boarded a man-of-war, and soon had his first blows with the corsairs of Barbary.

He rose rapidly from one grade to another, until, as Admiral Menendez, his achievements on the Mediterranean and the Atlantic made his name

[1] Sometimes written Melendez.

famous. But while a career of glory seemed to open before him, the clouds of misfortune suddenly gathered overhead. His son sailed from Mexico in a vessel that perished on the coast of Florida. Shortly after, Menendez was cast into prison on some frivolous charge ; and it was nearly two years before he found himself a free man again.

He at once sought the presence of Philip II. He had a petition to make. He longed to seek for his lost son, who might still be alive. He desired to conquer, settle, and convert that wild Florida which had defied Ponce de Leon and Hernando de Soto. "The blindness of so many thousands of idolaters," he said to the King, "has touched me so sensibly, that of all employment with which your Majesty could honor me, there is not one to which I would not prefer that of conquering Florida, and peopling it with true Christians."

Menendez received his commission as Governor of Florida, and was getting an expedition in readiness, when he learned that a party of French Huguenots, under Laudonnière and Ribault had already seized a foothold in his territory. He increased his forces, and sailed from Cadiz, in June, 1565. After a stormy passage that scattered his fleet, he touched the mouth of the St. John's River, in Florida. Near by lay Fort Caroline and the little French settlement.

The Spanish Admiral gave unsuccessful chase to

a number of French ships in the vicinity, and then sailed towards the south along the coast. He entered a small inlet, and threw up a rude fort. It was the foundation of St. Augustine—to-day the oldest town in this Republic.

Then follows the woeful tale of blood and butchery. Menendez "marched against Fort Caroline, took it by surprise, and put the garrison to the sword, only Laudonnière and a few of his followers escaping. Ribault and most of his men afterwards surrendered, and were massacred in cold blood; a remnant of the Frenchmen were captured and sent to the galleys." [1]

"It was he," says Parkman, "who crushed French Protestantism in America."

For years St. Augustine remained the only European settlement within the present limits of the United States. It was the headquarters of missionary effort. The Franciscans, Dominicans, and Jesuits toiled like apostles among the wild, dusky children of the everglades. Many watered the soil of Florida with their blood. Not a few were scalped, and eaten by the savages.

Pope St. Pius V. took such interest in these early missions that he addressed a brief to Governor Menendez. "In the conversion of these Indians and idolaters," wrote the great Pontiff, "nothing is more important than to endeavor by every means

[1] Hassard.

to prevent the giving of scandal, through the vices and immoralities of such as go to those western parts. It is the key of this holy work, in which is included the whole essence of your charge."

The genius of Menendez was so highly appreciated at home, that when Spain meditated the invasion of England, he was summoned from the wilds of America to command the Invincible Armada. Amid the din of preparations, however, the founder of St. Augustine closed his eyes on this world, "at Corunna, still vigorous and unbroken by age, in the height of his glory, a brave, loyal, and disinterested naval commander, but whose fame is blemished by one act of blood. His death was a fatal blow to Spanish colonization in Florida."

BERNARD DIAZ,

ONE OF THE BRAVE COMPANIONS OF CORTES, AND HISTORIAN OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

Date of death is unknown.

BERNARD DIAZ,[1] the famous soldier-historian of the Conquest of Mexico, was born in Spain during the last years of the fifteenth century. He belonged to a poor but virtuous family. Though he learned to read and write, he never claimed to be a scholar. In 1514, he came to seek his fortune in the New World. Two years later he joined the expedition of Cordova to Yucatan; and, in 1518, he accompanied Grijalva on his voyage of discovery to the coast of Mexico. This was a good apprenticeship for more difficult enterprises.

Diaz was among the hardy adventurers that followed the banner of Cortés. He witnessed many a wild, impressive scene. He was in every great action of the Conquest, and at all times "displayed the old Castilian valor, and a loyalty which made him proof against the mutinous spirit that too often disturbed the harmony of the camp. On

[1] The full name in Spanish is Bernal Diaz del Castillo.

every occasion he was found true to his commander and to the cause in which he was embarked. And his fidelity is attested not only by his own report, but by the emphatic commendations of his General, who selected him on this account for offices of trust and responsbility which furnished the future chronicler with access to the best means of information in respect to the Conquest."[1]

Nearly fifty years after the thrilling historic drama that marked the downfall of the golden empire of Montezuma, we find one of the conquerors filling the office of Regidor of the city of Guatemala, and recounting the story of his checkered life to another generation. It was the simple, kind-hearted veteran, Bernard Diaz. He had survived his General and nearly all his ancient companions-in-arms. Five only remained of that gallant band who had accompanied Cortés on his expedition from Cuba; and those five, to borrow the words of the old chronicler, were "poor, aged, and infirm, with children and grandchildren looking to them for support, but with scarcely the means of affording it—ending their days, as they had begun them, in toil and trouble."[2]

In 1568, the white-haired Diaz began to write his *True History of the Conquest of Mexico*, one of the most remarkable books in the whole range of modern literature. "He transfers the scenes of

[1] Prescott. [2] Ibid.

real life," says Prescott "by a sort of *daguerreotype* process, if I may so say, to his pages. He is among chroniclers what Defoe is among novelists. He introduces us into the heart of the camp, we huddle round the bivouac with the soldiers, loiter with them on their wearisome marches, listen to their stories, their murmurs of discontent, their plans of conquest, their hopes, their triumphs, their disappointments. All the picturesque scenes and romantic incidents of the campaign are reflected in his page as in a mirror. The lapse of fifty years has had no power over the spirit of the veteran. The fire of youth glows in every line of his rude history."

His piety, simple faith, and rigid love of truth are well illustrated, when he refers to the often-told legend of the apparition of St. James at the battle of Cintla. "I acknowledge," he says, "that all our exploits and victories are owing to our Lord Jesus Christ, and that in this battle there was such a number of Indians to every one of us, that if each had thrown a handful of earth they might have buried us, if by the great mercy of God we had not been protected. It may be that the person whom Gomara mentions as having appeared on a mottled gray horse, was the glorious Apostle St. James, or St. Peter, and that I, being a sinner, was not worthy to see him. This I know, that I saw Francis de Morla on such a horse, but as an unworthy transgressor, I did not deserve to see any of the

holy Apostles. It may have been the will of God that it was as Gomara relates; but until I read his *History*, I never heard among any of the conquerors that such a thing had happened."

On first seeing the city of Mexico and its glittering splendor, he writes: "When we beheld the number of populous towns on the water and firm ground, and that broad causeway, running straight and level to the city, we could compare it to nothing but the enchanted scenes we had read of in Amadis of Gaul—from the great towns and temples and other edifices of stone and lime which seemed to rise out of the water. To many of us it appeared doubtful whether we were asleep or awake; nor is the manner in which I express myself to be wondered at, for it must be considered, that never yet did man see, hear, or dream of anything equal to the spectacle which appeared to our eyes on that day."

His pen picture of the last Indian Emperor of Mexico is full of interest. "The great Montezuma," he writes "was, at this time about forty years of age, of good stature, well proportioned and thin. His complexion was much fairer than that of the Indians. He wore his hair short, just covering his ears, with very little beard, well arranged, thin and black. His face was rather long, with a pleasant countenance, and good eyes. His words were marked by gravity and good humor. He was very

delicate and clean in his person, bathing himself every morning. The clothes which he wore one day he did not put on for four days after.

"He had two hundred of his nobility as a guard, in apartments adjoining his own. Of these, certain persons only could speak to him; and when they went to wait upon him they took off their rich mantles, and put on others less ornamental, but clean. They entered his apartment barefooted, their eyes fixed on the ground, and making three profound bows as they approached him.

"In addressing him, they said, 'my lord,' or 'great lord.' When they had finished, he dismissed them in a few words, and they retired, with their faces towards him, and their eyes fixed upon the ground. I also observed that when great men came from a distance about business, they entered his palace barefooted, and in a plain dress, and they did not enter the gate directly, but took a circuit in going towards it."

Some may fancy, perhaps, that the Spanish soldiers enjoyed an enviable repose during their residence in the palace of Montezuma. It was far otherwise. Besides the drudgery of continually mounting guard, every man slept on his arms, and at all times held himself in instant readiness for action. "I may say without vaunting," writes Diaz, "that I was so accustomed to this way of life, that since the conquest of the country I have

never been able to lie down undressed, or in a bed; yet I sleep as sound as if I were on the softest down.

"Even when I make the rounds of my *encomienda* I never take a bed with me, unless, indeed, I go in the company of other cavaliers, who might impute this to parsimony. But even then I throw myself on it with my clothes on. Another thing I must add, that I cannot sleep long in the night without getting up to look at the heavens and the stars, and stay awhile in the open air, and this without a cap or covering of any sort on my head. And thanks be to God, I have received no harm from it. I mention these things that the world may understand of what stuff we, the true conquerors, were made, and how well drilled we were to arms and watching."

The stout-hearted veteran recounts with artless simplicity that the first entrance of fear into his breast was occasioned by the horrible sight of a body of Spanish prisoners in the act of being sacrificed to the war god of the Mexicans. It occurred during the siege of the capital. "Now," he writes, "that I am past these furious combats, through which, praise be to God, He was pleased to conduct me safely, I have to mention a certain fact relative to myself. It is this. When I saw the sacrifice of our seventy-two countrymen, and their hearts taken out and offered to the war god of the Mexicans, I had a sensation of fear.

"Some may think this a want of firmness, but if they weigh it fairly, they will find that it was in truth the result of too much courage, which caused me to run into extreme and uncommon dangers For at that time I considered myself a most valiant soldier, and was so esteemed by all.

"But as I have said before, when I saw my companions sacrificed, their hearts taken out palpitating, and their legs and arms cut off and eaten, I feared it might one day or other be my own lot; for they had me in their hands twice, but it was God's will that I should escape.

"I remembered, however, and thought on what I had seen, and from this time I feared that cruel death; and this I mention, because before I went into battle, I felt a great depression and uneasiness about my heart, and then recommending myself to God and His Blessed Mother Our Lady, it left me the instant I was engaged with the enemy. Still, I am surprised that it came upon me when I should have felt more valiant than ever, on account of the many battles in which I had been engaged. But I declare I never knew what fear was, until I saw the massacre of the seventy-two soldiers."

His description of the once splendid city of Montezuma after it was taken, is sadly suggestive. But it is the language of an eye-witness. "It is true," he says, "and I swear *Amen*, that all the lake and the houses and the barbacans were full of the bodies

and heads of dead men, so that I do not know how I may describe it. For in the streets, and in the very courts of Tatelulco, there were no other things, and we could not walk except among the bodies and heads of dead Indians. I have read of the destruction of Jerusalem; but whether there was such a vast loss of life in it I do not know."

When the white-haired veteran had finished the *True History of the Conquest of Mexico*, he submitted it to two critics, who had nothing but good words for his wonderful memory and the simplicity and photographic clearness of his work. "But they remarked," he writes, "that it would have been as well if I had not praised myself and my comrades so liberally, but had left that to others. To this I answered that it was common for neighbors and friends to speak kindly of one another; and if we did not speak well of ourselves, who would? Who else witnessed our exploits and our battles—unless, indeed, the clouds in the sky, and the birds that were flying over our heads?"

Bernard Diaz closes his inimitable volume with a summary of the one hundred and nineteen battles in which he had fought. The last lines were written on "the 26th day of February, 1572." The brave old Catholic Pioneer was then nearly eighty years of age, and he piously thanks our Lord that he had escaped so many dangers "to make these things manifest."

PETER DE CORPA, O. S. F.,

ONE OF THE MARTYRS OF FLORIDA.

Died A. D. 1597.

FATHER PETER DE CORPA, a distinguished preacher, was one of the brave band of Spanish Franciscans who carried the light of the Gospel among the dusky savages of the South. With three companions he labored for a short time among the Indians who inhabited what is now the coast of Georgia. The next scene of their toils lay around St. Augustine, in Florida. The priests were well received; and, for two years, successfully carried on their labors. Their hardships and fatigues, the journeys which they performed, barefooted, from village to village, exposed to the broiling sun, with the austerities enjoined by their rule, were amply repaid by the numerous converts who gathered around them.

To abolish the practice of polygamy, however, was the greatest obstacle the missionaries had to encounter. No man was baptized who did not put away all his wives but one. And Father de Corpa's firmness in upholding the sanctity of the marriage

tie was the cause of his death. The son of one of the chiefs, a convert, returned to his former life of immorality, thus giving great scandal. The zealous Franciscan found it necessary to reprove him publicly.

Enraged at this and at former private remonstrances of the Father, the young savage determined to silence forever the lips which preached a doctrine so offensive to his loose instincts. Collecting a number of braves one evening, he secretly approached the rude chapel. Father de Corpa was alone before the altar at his devotions. He fell—his head gashed by a blow of the chief's tomahawk. The eloquent tongue of the martyr was now stilled in death; but his brave, bright soul, leaving the fiendish murderers in the dark, winged its happy flight to regions of bliss, and found its reward in the bosom of God.

At the head of a band of red-skin ruffians, the young apostate ravaged all the missions; and the fearless Father de Corpa's colleagues shared his fate, dividing with him the crown of martyrdom. These events occurred in September, 1597, a little more than one hundred years after the discovery of America.

SIR GEORGE CALVERT, LORD BALTIMORE

THE CATHOLIC FOUNDER OF MARYLAND.

Died A. D 1632.

THE most illustrious name among those of our colonial founders is that of the Catholic peer, Lord Baltimore. He was the son of Leonard Calvert, of Yorkshire, England, and was born in the year 1582. His parents being members of the Anglican Church, he was, of course, brought up in the same belief. Young George was sent to the University of Oxford, and such were his rare gifts and application, that at the age of seventeen he graduated, with high honors, Bachelor of Arts. A tour on the Continent completed his education.

In his twenty-fifth year he married Miss Minne, an accomplished young lady of Herdforshire; and a little later, through the influence of Sir Robert Cecil, then Prime Minister, he obtained a position at Court. In honor of his patron, he called his eldest son Cecilius, afterwards the worthy inheritor of his name and his noble designs. Calvert's promotion from one office to another was now rapid; for his ability and diligence had already attracted

the attention and won the esteem of the King, who, in 1617, conferred upon him the honor of knighthood, having already appointed him one of the clerks of the Privy Council. In 1620, he was made Secretary of State, with a pension of five thousand dollars a year. He afterwards became a member of the House of Commons, representing first Yorkshire, and then the University of Oxford. All recognized his distinguished integrity, ability, and eloquence.

The cruel persecution of the Catholics, then going on in England, touched the generous heart of Sir George Calvert. He made a searching examination of their faith and their principles. The Religion of Bede, Alfred, and the Black Prince assumed new beauties the more carefully it was scrutinized. New light was shed on the sincere, penetrating mind of Calvert. If vile persecution was to be the lot of the true followers of Jesus Christ, then there could be little difficulty in finding them out! And with the courage and manliness inspired by grace, he became a Catholic in 1624.

His conscience no longer allowing him to hold his position as Secretary of State, he at once tendered his resignation to James I. "I am now," said the brave Knight, "a Catholic, so that I must be wanting to my trust, or violate my conscience in the discharge of this office." James, though a bigot of the worst stamp, was sometimes generous

to the open and candid, and was so moved by Calvert's honest avowal, that while he accepted his resignation, he continued him as a member of the Privy Council for life, and soon after created him *Lord Baltimore*, of Baltimore—that little Irish town which has since been immortalized by the poet Davis in the "The Sack of Baltimore," when,

> "The yell of *Allah* broke above the prayer, and shriek, and roar—
> Oh, blessed God! the Algerine was lord of Baltimore!"[1]

To found a colony in the New World, as a refuge for his persecuted co-religionists, now became the great object of Lord Baltimore's life. His heart was grieved at the foolish animosity and wicked intolerance that surrounded him on every side. Before his conversion he had purchased a portion of Newfoundland—the peninsula forming the south-eastern extremity of the island—was a member of the Virginia Company, and took a great interest in colonial affairs generally. He now endeavored to turn this knowledge and his American possessions to good account. And with his family he sailed for Newfoundland in 1626, and spent two years and over $100,000 in laboring to establish the settlement of Ferryland. But he was painfully disappointed.

[1] Baltimore is a small seaport in the County of Cork, Ireland. "On the 20th of June, 1631," writes Davis, "the crews of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce for their purpose." From this Baltimore never recovered; but it can claim the honor of having conferred its name on one of the great cities of America.

Nature was not to be changed. The severe climate, rugged country, and unfruitful soil forbade the hope of establishing a flourishing community in that bleak island, with its cloudy skies and long winters.

In 1628, however, he sailed for Virginia, with new prospects lighting up his pathway. Again he was doomed to disappointment. There nature was kind, but man was cruel. Scarcely had he landed, when the sour religious bigots, like so many mosquitos, began to buzz around his person. He was requested to take the barbarous Protestant oaths of supremacy and allegiance—"iron-clad" formulas, which every good Catholic would scorn in his soul to pronounce. Lord Baltimore refused to take the proposed oaths, and was compelled to leave the waters of Virginia. He then sailed up Chesapeake Bay, and explored a portion of the present State of Maryland. The noble pioneer was pleased with the beautiful and well-wooded country which surrounded the borders and inlets of the great bay; and determined there to found a new state, where conscience should be free, and every man might worship God according to his own heart, in peace and perfect security.

To give the stamp of success to this noble enterprise, he returned to England in order to obtain the royal consent. Charles I. had succeeded his father, James, upon the throne. Lord Baltimore made

application for the grant of territory; and with his own hand drew up a charter, famous for its liberality, which he likewise presented for the King's approbation. Remembering Lord Baltimore's services, and moved, perhaps, by the intercession of his Catholic Queen, Henrietta Maria, Charles directed the patent to be issued; but owing to the tedious forms of public business, before the document could be executed and pass the seals, the father and founder of Maryland had passed to his reward. He died piously in the religion of his choice, on the 12th of April, 1632.

In the June following, the charter received the royal signature. Lord Baltimore's title and privileges were inherited by his eldest son, Cecilius Calvert, who carried out the designs of his illustrious father in the manner elsewhere recounted.[1]

The personal appearance of Lord Baltimore reflected, as a mirror, the eminent qualities of his mind and heart. The calm, massive forehead and large, keen eyes were truly expressive of his prudence, serenity, and uncommon ability. His mild temper, manly piety, and generous, truth-loving nature adorned a spotless character, whose every act was marked by good sense and moderation. In an intolerant age and nation, he was a model of that true liberality which springs from Christian charity.

[1] See the lives of Leonard Calvert, and Father Andrew White, S.J.

To possess truth and save his soul, he was ready to sacrifice every earthly advantage. Maryland is his monument, and the great city of Baltimore shall transmit his name to future ages.

JOSEPH LE CARON, O. S. F.,

DISCOVERER OF LAKE HURON, AND FOUNDER OF THE HURON MISSION.

Died A. D. 1632.

WE are told by Bancroft, that "years before the Pilgrims anchored within Cape Cod, the Catholic Church had been planted by missionaries from France in the eastern half of Maine; and Le Caron, an unambitious Franciscan, had penetrated the land of the Mohawks, had passed to the north in the hunting-grounds of the Wyandots, and, bound by his vows to the life of a beggar, had, on foot, or paddling a bark canoe, gone onward and still onward, taking alms of the savages, till he reached the rivers of Lake Huron."

Who was this devoted priest, to whom the historian of the United States so briefly refers, and what did he do?

In the seventeenth century, there stood a modest Franciscan monastery near the small French seaport

of Brouage, on the Bay of Biscay. Among its pious inmates was Father Joseph Le Caron. When Champlain laid the corner-stone of a Christian nation in Canada, his first thought was to aid in saving the souls of the dusky savages that roamed its boundless wilderness. "The salvation of a single soul," said this noble pioneer, "is worth more than the conquest of an empire."

The founder of Canada looked about for "some good priests who would have zeal and affection for God's glory," and such he found in the Franciscan monastery near his native Brouage. Father Joseph Le Caron and three companions[1] soon got themselves in readiness for the mission of New France. "They packed their church ornaments," says Champlain, "and we our baggage." Each went to confession and placed himself in the state of grace. A vessel was boarded at Honfleur, and Champlain and his Franciscan friends hastened across the Atlantic, and stepped ashore at Quebec in May, 1615.

After the erection of a rude little monastery, and the celebration of the first Mass in Canada since the days of Cartier, the Fathers took counsel together, and each was assigned a portion of the vast missionary field that stretched around them on every side.

The spiritual charge of the Hurons fell to Father Le Caron, and he at once directed his steps towards

[1] Fathers Denis Jamet and John Dolbeau, and Brother Pacific du Plessis.

that distant Indian nation. After paddling one hundred and eighty miles up the St. Lawrence, he came to the present site of Montreal. Scores of canoes lined the shore, and Huron warriors were in abundance. The annual trading expedition had brought them to this point to make exchanges with the French, but in a few days the red-skinned traders would disappear—vanish like an apparition.

The zealous Franciscan was engaged in studying the strange manners and stranger language of his new flock, when Champlain arrived on the scene. The priest had already made up his mind to return with the savages and winter among them, and the Governor's dissuasions to the contrary were of no avail. "What," exclaimed this hardy, apostolic man, "are privations to him whose life is devoted to perpetual poverty—who has no ambition but to serve God?"

The savages were impatient to return home, and Father Le Caron, accompanied by twelve armed Frenchmen, took his place in the fleet of canoes. The first portion of their rugged, watery highway lay up the Ottawa River. The long voyage was no pleasure excursion.

"It would be hard to tell you," writes the Franciscan to a friend, "how tired I was with paddling all day, with all my strength, among the Indians; wading the rivers a hundred times and more, through the mud and over the sharp rocks that cut my

feet; carrying the canoe and luggage through the woods to avoid the rapids and frightful cataracts; and half-starved all the while, for we had nothing to eat but a little *sagamite*—a sort of porridge made of water and pounded maize, of which they gave us a very small allowance every morning and night. But I must also tell you what abundant consolation I found under all my troubles; for when one sees so many infidels needing nothing but a drop of water to make them children of God, he feels an inexpressible ardor to labor for their conversion, and sacrifice to it his repose and his life."

On arriving at the tributary waters of the Mattewan, the canoes turned to the left, skimmed over Lake Nipissing, passed down the French River, and glided into Lake Huron—Father Le Caron being the *first* white man who beheld the placid waters of this great inland sea. After paddling along the shores of the Georgian Bay, the fleet of canoes touched the land bathed by its southern waters. The weary travellers had at last reached the ancient country of the Hurons—a district comprised in the present county of Simcoe, Ontario, Canada.

The Indians built a small bark cabin for the missionary near Carhagouha, one of the chief villages. He made an altar, and Champlain arrived in time to be present at the first Mass. It was the 12th of August, 1615—a date that should be hallowed in the memory of all the Catholics of Western

Canada. When the holy sacrifice was finished, a cross was made, blessed, and erected in the presence of a crowd of wondering savages. The little band of Frenchmen chanted the *Te Deum;* "and then," says Parkman, "a volley of their guns proclaimed the triumph of the Faith to the *okies*, *manitous*, and all the brood of anomalous devils who had reigned with undisputed sway in these wild realms of darkness. The brave Friar, a true soldier of the Church, had led her forlorn hope into the fastnesses of Hell. He had said the first Mass in the country of the Hurons."

Father Le Caron now began his apostolic labors. He went from village to village, writes Charlevoix, "to lay the foundation of the missions which he proposed to establish among the Hurons, and he turned every moment to account in studying the language. But he had no time to make great progress—this study not being a matter of one or two years, give it what application you will."

Champlain wintered with the Indians. When spring came, he set out for Quebec, accompanied by Father Le Caron. The inhabitants of the rude little capital had given up the Governor and the Franciscan as lost, and they were welcomed back with wonder and open arms.

Father Le Caron now proceeded to France, and on his return, in March, 1617, he celebrated the

first Christian marriage that took place in Canada. It was at Quebec. The names of the parties were Stephen Jonquest and Ann Hebert.

On the arrival of Father Viel and Brother Sagard from France, in 1623, Father Le Caron invited them to a place in his canoe, and the three paddled to the distant missions of the Hurons. The old cabin was renovated, and the priests began to labor among the savages as well as they could. Two adults were baptized.

But it was a hard life, and a stony field. The Franciscans subsisted chiefly on Indian corn, peas, and squashes. A little stream that ran near the door furnished their only drink. On the long winter evenings they read by the light of the fire—having no candles. They retired to rest on beds of bark, and slept soundly after the daily round of ceaseless toil.

In the summer of 1624, Father Le Caron returned to Quebec on business of importance. The aid of the Jesuits was requested in the work of the missions; and in the year following three Fathers arrived in Canada. Le Caron, however, remained at Quebec. The clouds of disaster were settling down on the infant colony, and, at length, the English flag waved for a time above Quebec. The devoted Franciscan bade adieu to Canada, deploring the ruin of his toil; and, in company with his brother missionaries, landed in France.

When, in a few years, Canada was restored to France, Father Le Caron met with such provoking opposition from the civil authorities of the colony, that he was unable to return to his beloved mission, and it is stated that he "died broken-hearted, on the 29th of March, 1632." And thus passed to a better world the discoverer of Lake Huron, the brave priest who said the first Mass and planted the first cross in the wilderness of Western Canada. "He was," writes Shea, "a man of eminent piety, zeal, and virtue; and as founder of the Huron mission, one of the greatest servants of God in the annals of the American missions."

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN,

THE FOUNDER OF QUEBEC, FATHER OF CANADA, AND DISCOVERER OF LAKES CHAMPLAIN AND ONTARIO.

Died A. D. 1635.

"LONG before the ice-crusted pines of Plymouth," says Parkman, "had listened to the rugged psalmody of the Puritan, the solitudes of western New York and the shadowy wilderness of Lake Huron were trodden by the iron heel of the soldier and the sandalled foot of the Franciscan Friar. France was the true pioneer of the Great West. They who bore the fleur-de-lis were always in the van, patient, daring, indomitable. And foremost on this bright roll of forest chivalry stands the half-forgotten name of Samuel de Champlain."

He was born in the year 1567, at Brouage, a small French seaport on the Bay of Biscay. He belonged to a noble family, his parents being Anthony de Champlain and Margaret le Roy. Educated for the profession of arms, he drew his flashing blade on many a battle-field. He served in the royal navy, and rose to the rank of captain. He fought on land and water for France.

Champlain made his first acquaintance of the

New World in a cruise to the West Indies. He visited many of the scenes made famous by Columbus, Balboa, and Cortés; and, while at Panama, he even planned a ship-canal across the isthmus, "by which," he says, "the voyage to the Pacific Ocean would be shortened by more than fifteen hundred leagues."

On his return, an association of merchants at Dieppe engaged him to make a voyage of exploration to Canada, which still lay an unbroken wilderness, untouched by the hand of civilization. Champlain sailed from Honfleur in 1603, crossed the Atlantic, held his way up the lonely St. Lawrence, passed the bare, frowning cliffs of Quebec, where all was solitude, and, at length, reached the island of Montreal—sixty-eight years after the first visit of Cartier. Mount Royal looked down as before, but Hochelaga had vanished. The new pioneer explored the St. Louis Rapids, and tried to learn what he could about the country from a few wandering Indians. He then sailed homeward, "the objects of his mission accomplished, but his own adventurous curiosity unsated."

On his arrival in France, he was invited to join the expedition of De Monts, a nobleman, who held a commission from the King to settle Acadia.[1] Champlain was pilot. Two vessels were equipped, and sailed in March, 1604. The voyagers coasted

[1] Now Nova Scotia.

the southern extremity of Nova Scotia, explored the Bay of Fundy, sailed up the St. John's River, and began a fort and settlement on a rocky islet near the mouth of the St. Croix. Winter came, and proved very severe. Scurvy attacked the colonists. Before the warm sun of May shone out, thirty-six Frenchman had peopled the little cemetery. "Yet among them," writes Parkman, "there was one at least, who, amid languor and defection, held to his purpose with an indomitable tenacity; and where Champlain was present there was no room for despair."

The settlement was soon removed to Port Royal, and Champlain continued his explorations. He took observations, made charts, and carefully examined every bay, river, harbor, and island from Nova Scotia to Cape Cod in Massachusetts. Thus the first coast survey of New England was made by a Catholic Pioneer, fifteen years before the Puritans landed at Plymouth.

But we must now leave the hapless colony of Acadia, and follow Champlain to the great labor of his life. He directed the attention of De Monts to Canada. That nobleman obtained a monopoly of the fur trade of Henry IV. for one year; and it was at once decided to establish a colony on the St. Lawrence. De Monts appointed Champlain his lieutenant, with all necessary powers.

In 1608, Champlain sailed from Honfleur, and was

soon on his way up the great river of Canada. He cast anchor at a point where the St. Lawrence was narrowed by a bold rocky cape that thrust itself into the channel, and was crowned by vines and walnuts. The natives called it Quebec. Stadaconé had disappeared. The eagle eye of Champlain saw in this striking place the key to the valley of the St. Lawrence; and in July he laid the foundation of what was destined to be one of the most famous cities in America.

"Our habitation," wrote the founder of Quebec, "is in forty-six and a half degrees north latitude. The country is pleasant and beautiful. It is suitable for all kinds of grain. The forests are stocked with a variety of trees. Fruits are plentiful—wild, of course—as the walnut, cherry, plum, raspberry, gooseberry, etc. The rivers produce fish in abundance, and the quantity of game is infinite."

The little French colony sat down on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Before it took firm root in the soil, however, it was condemned to be shaken by many a tempest—to be decimated by disease, tormented by the Iroquois, and attacked by its neighbors of New England. Indeed, during a long period, it seemed to be on the point of perishing; but, with the aid of Providence, it picked up vigor, and finished by naturalizing itself under the rigorous sky of Canada.[1]

[1] Ferland.

When the first long winter at the rude fort of Quebec had passed away—leaving only eight men alive out of twenty-eight—Champlain felt strongly urged to begin the work of exploring the country. But it was a dangerous enterprise. He quickly learned what was meant by scalping-parties of savages. As he was one of the bravest of men, however, the perilous toil had its fascinations.

At that time, two great Indian families—the Hurons and Algonquins—ranged the woods of Canada, and claimed to be "lords of the fowl and the brute," in its wilderness. The Algonquin hunters roamed the wide territory that stretches from the city of Quebec along to the head-waters of the Ottawa River; while the Hurons inhabited villages in a country of limited extent, which lay south of Georgian Bay. The Hurons and Algonquins were allies in a deadly struggle with the Iroquois, or Five Nations—famous warriors of hardy mould and fierce disposition, who occupied fortified towns in what is now the central part of the State of New York.[1]

The assistance of the great white chief at Quebec was eagerly sought by his red neighbors. Fighting and exploration went hand in hand. One day, in the summer of 1609, a fleet of canoes might be seen skimming along the calm surface of the Richelieu River. It was a war-party of Hurons and

[1] *Lives of the Catholic Heroes and Heroines of America.*

Algonquins on their way to attack the Iroquois; and Champlain and two Frenchmen, well armed, were in company. The canoes, at length, glided into a beautiful sheet of water, which to-day bears the name of Lake Champlain, after its intrepid discoverer.

When paddling near the historic site of Crown Point, the allies suddenly fell in with a party of their enemies. The canoes were pulled ashore. For reasons of policy, the three Frenchmen were hidden in the ranks of the Hurons and Algonquins. About two hundred Iroquois warriors stepped to the conflict with great order and steadiness. At their head were three chiefs who could be easily recognized by their long, waving plumes.

The two parties being face to face, at a little distance from each other, the allies opened their ranks, and loudly called on Champlain to come to the front. He wore a coat of light armor, and had four balls in his gun. "I walked some twenty paces ahead," he writes, "till I was within thirty paces of the enemy, when they perceived me, and halted to look at me, and I at them. As I saw them moving to fire at us, I raised my arquebuse, and aimed directly at one of the three chiefs."

Two chiefs and a warrior fell mortally wounded. Then arose a series of wild war-cries that were echoed back by the Adirondacks, and a shower of arrows filled the air. The two other Frenchmen

were concealed behind trees, and now one of them discharged his arquebuse. This ended the battle. The Iroquois broke and fled in terror. It was the 30th of July, 1609—nearly two months before Henry Hudson entered New York Bay. Thus Champlain was the first white man whose foot pressed the soil of New York; he was the first of that countless crowd of tourists who now visit the Adirondacks—not to fight the vanished Mohawk, but to find health and pleasure.

Champlain, on arriving at Quebec, sailed for France. He gave De Monts an account of his labors and explorations; and had a pleasant interview with his old master, Henry IV., to whom he presented a belt adorned with porcupine's quills. But his stay was short. He was soon in Canada, again fighting, exploring, and building up the infant colony.

It was during a visit to Paris two years later that he married Miss Helena Boullé, a gifted and beautiful girl, who—unknown to the hero of the Canadian forests—had been secretly educated a Protestant. Under his instruction, however she became a pious and sincere Catholic, and God blessed their companionship.

In 1613, Champlain, misled by the story of a lying Frenchman, named Du Vignan, set out in search of a northwest sea. He paddled up the turbid current of the Ottawa, till the far-away island

of Allumette was reached. Great was the astonishment of the savages on seeing the bold pioneer. "These white men must have fallen from the clouds," exclaimed an old warrior. "How else could they have reached us through the woods and rapids which even we find it hard to pass? The French chief can do anything. All that we have heard of him must be true."

When he learned that he was deceived in hoping to find a great sea and a road to China in that direction, Champlain turned about and pursued his way homewards, accompanied by a number of Indian traders. On reaching the Chaudiere Falls, at the site of the present capital of Canada, he witnessed a ceremony which the savages never omitted in passing that picturesque but dangerous place. The dusky voyagers assembled at the bottom of the foaming waterfall. "They stood in a circle. A wooden plate was passed around, and each deposited on it a small piece of tobacco. The collection made, they sang around the plate. A harangue was pronounced. Then all followed to see the tobacco thrown into the Falls; and this offering to the guardian Manitou[1] was accompanied by a general and prolonged shout. To pass down without making the accustomed gift would be to insult the Manitou and call forth his vengeance!"

[1] Manitou, the Indian word for *spirit*.

"Poor, simple souls! they fancied, in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claimed their worshipping."

While Canada had careless royal protectors, and greedy merchants looked to it for furs and profit, Champlain was its true life and soul. He says that he bore his toils and hardships, in order "to plant in this country the standard of the Cross, and to teach the knowledge of God and the glory of His Holy Name." He longed to rescue from perdition a people living "like brute beasts, without faith, without law, without religion, without God." In short, the noble founder of Quebec declares that "the salvation of a single soul is worth more than the conquest of an empire."

I have already related in the life of Father Le Caron, how Champlain brought three priests and a lay brother to Quebec. This was the foundation-stone of the Catholic Church in Canada. The first Mass in the rude little capital was celebrated by Father John Dolbeau on the 25th of June, 1615. "Nothing was wanting to render this action solemn as far as the simplicity of the infant colony would permit. . . All made their confessions and received Holy Communion. The *Te Deum* was chanted, and its sounds mingled with the roar of the artillery and the acclamations of joy, which were reëchoed by the surrounding solitudes."

In fulfilment of a promise to the savages, Champlain started for the Huron country in 1615, shortly after Father Le Caron had passed along the same long, wild, and tedious pathway. He paddled up

the St. Lawrence, stemmed the rapid currents of the Ottawa, skimmed over Lake Nipissing, and down the French River into Georgian Bay, at the southern portion of which lay the Huron villages, scattered in various directions. He arrived in time to be present at the first Mass said in Western Canada. Father Le Caron was the celebrant.

A council of war was held in the chief village, and it was decided to attack the Iroquois in their own country. Champlain and twelve armed Frenchmen accompanied the Huron war-party. They crossed the wilderness of Western Canada, launched a fleet of canoes on Lake Ontario—Champlain being the first white man who gazed on its sparkling waters—landed on the New York side, and advanced to attack a fortified Seneca town. But after three hours' hard fighting, they were repulsed. Champlain and seventeen warriors were wounded. The allies lost no time in making for home; and the "great French chief" was obliged to pass the winter in a Huron wigwam, over nine hundred miles from Quebec.

When Champlain returned to Quebec in July, 1616, the Franciscan Fathers offered a solemn Mass of thanksgiving in their little chapel. But all was confusion and disorder. The bickerings between the Catholics and Huguenots were ceaseless. The faithless merchants who should have encouraged colonization, opposed it, and sought only

to purchase furs at low prices from the savages. "It was to the advantage of their pockets that the Indian and the wild beasts that he pursued, should continue to occupy the continent, undisturbed by the coming-in of strangers. And thus they thwarted to the utmost all the efforts of Champlain. In defiance of authority, they paid in fire-arms and brandy for the furs which were brought to them; and the red men, whose souls Champlain so earnestly desired to save, were being corrupted and destroyed by the greed of his countrymen."[1]

In the midst, however, of difficulties that would have disheartened and disgusted any other man, the pious and chivalrous Champlain looked up to Heaven, and toiled for the interest of the colony with energy and devotion. His young and amiable wife accompanied him to Quebec in 1620. During the four years she remained in Canada, she learned Algonquin, taught the little savages the catechism, and shed a happy influence around her.[2] Immigration began to swell the number of inhabitants. A settlement was formed at Three Rivers. The capital was making fair progress; but religious troubles blasted the happiness of the colony. Misfortune, however, did her worst, when the sorely-tried Champlain was obliged to surrender Quebec to an English armament under Sir David Kirk in 1629.

[1] Mackenzie. [2] After Champlain's death, she became an Ursuline.

The great pioneer hastened to Paris, and used his efforts so successfully that Canada was restored to France three years later. In 1633, he landed at Quebec, bearing his commission as Governor of Canada. The Indians were delighted. The colony grew in numbers and prosperity. A band of Jesuit Fathers arrived; and the illustrious De Brébeuf and two others prepared to labor in the Huron country. Champlain introduced them to a party of chiefs and warriors. "These are our Fathers," said the venerable man. "We love them more than we love ourselves. The whole French nation honors them. They do not go among you for your furs. They have left their friends and their country to show you the way to Heaven. If you love the French, as you say you love them, then love and honor these our Fathers." The wonderful story of the Huron mission will be found in the lives of Le Caron, Jogues, Daniel, and De Brébeuf.

The Jesuits founded at Quebec the first college in the New World north of Mexico. "Its foundation was laid," writes Bancroft, "under happy auspices, in 1635, just before Champlain passed from among the living; and two years before the immigration of John Harvard, and one year before the General Court of Massachussetts had made provisions for a college."

The angel of death came in the midst of those happy circumstances. It was on Christmas Day,

1635, that the bright, heroic spirit of Samuel de Champlain, fortified by all the consolations of that holy religion he had loved and practised so well, "bade adieu to the frame it had animated, and to the rugged cliff where he had toiled so long to lay the corner-stone of a Christian empire."

"Of the pioneers of the North American forests," says Parkman, "his name stands foremost on the list. It was he who struck the deepest and boldest strokes into the heart of their pristine barbarism. At Chantilly, at Fontainebleau, at Paris, in the cabinets of princes and of royalty itself, mingling with the proud vanities of the Court; then lost from sight in the depths of Canada, the companion of savages, sharer of their toils, privations, and battles, more hardy, patient, and bold than they—such for successive years were the alternations of his life. Here, while New England was a solitude, and the settlers of Virginia scarcely dared venture inland beyond the sound of cannon-shot, Champlain was planting on shores and islands the emblems of his Faith."[1]

"Champlain," writes Charlevoix, "may well be called *the Father of Canada*. He had good sense, much penetration, and very upright views; and no man was ever more skilled in adopting a course in the most complicated affairs. What all admired

[1] "They were large crosses of white cedar, placed at various points along the river."—*Parkman.*

most in him was his constancy in following up his enterprises; his firmness in the greatest dangers; a courage proof against the most unforeseen reverses and disappointments; ardent and disinterested patriotism; a heart tender and compassionate for the unhappy, and more attentive to the interests of his friends than his own; and a high sense of honor and great probity. His memoirs show that he was not ignorant of anything that one of his profession should know; and we find in him a faithful and sincere historian, an attentively observant traveller, a wise writer, a good mathematician, and an able mariner. But what crowns all these good qualities is the fact that in his life, as well as in his writings, he shows himself always a truly Christian man, zealous for the service of God, and full of candor and religion. He was accustomed to say what we read in his memoirs, 'that the salvation of a single soul is worth more than the conquest of an empire.'"

ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.,

THE FIRST APOSTLE OF THE IROQUOIS.

Died A. D. 1646.

ONE of the brightest names in the missionary history of North America is that of Isaac Jogues. He was born in the city of Orleans, France, on January 10th, 1607. At the early age of seventeen, he entered the Society of Jesus; and having laid a solid foundation of virtue, and gone through a brilliant course of study, he was ordained priest in 1636.

Lalement, his preceptor, had often repeated to Jogues the prophetic words, "Brother, you will die in Canada;" and on becoming acquainted, at the College of Rouen, with the illustrious De Brébeuf, who had just returned from the wilds of the New World, the young Jesuit's desire of laboring in a foreign mission received a fresh impulse. He was soon sent to Canada.

After a tedious voyage of nearly three months, Father Jogues first beheld the rude ramparts of the since famous city of Quebec. It was in the summer of 1636. He was told that his destination was the

Huron mission—the scene of Le Caron's toils—in a wild region about nine hundred miles inland. No steamer then cut the waters of the St. Lawrence, and a journey at that time was anything but a pleasure excursion.

Crouching in a bark canoe, and barefooted, lest his shoes should injure the frail craft, Father Jogues turned his face towards the west. The party skimmed along the St. Lawrence. The priest was obliged to keep a profound silence, as his Indian companions and himself could not understand one another. Their only food was a pittance of Indian corn crushed between two stones, and mixed with water. At night they stretched themselves on the banks of the river. The canoe and baggage had to be carried for miles around scores of swift rapids and savage cataracts. After stemming the currents of the picturesque Ottawa, the party glided into Lake Nipissing, passed down the French River, and along the shores of the great Georgian Bay, finally drawing their light craft aground in a region washed by its southern waters. This was the Huron country—the seat of the most famous mission in North America.

Great was the joy in the bark cabin of the Jesuits on the arrival of the new Father. He was received "as an angel from heaven."

The lives of these devoted missionaries might be called the romance of holy heroism. They were

thousands of miles from the civilized world, and its prizes and comforts. A bark hut was their mansion, and the Fathers sat on large logs instead of chairs. Pounded Indian corn formed the usual repast. The smoke-holes of the roof let in the only light for study or reading. From the sheets of bark on which they slept, a bell aroused them at four o'clock each morning. Masses, private devotions, reading, and breakfast preceded the labors of the day among the savages. It was a work that called for the patience of Job. When small-pox swept the villages, the toil of the missionaries amid woeful scenes of misery, and the ungrateful curses of the red-skins, must have been to the last degree revolting to human nature.

The Jesuits often made journeys both long and difficult. On one occasion, Father Jogues and a companion were sent to open a mission among the Indians of the Tobacco Nations. The distance was about thirty miles through dense forests. It was mid-winter, and the trees were bowed down with vast burdens of snow. The Fathers missed their way, and night overtook them in a swamp studded with snow-bedecked spruces. They made a bed of the branches; and "praised be God," says Jogues, "we passed a very good night."

After toiling for five years among the Hurons and their dusky neighbors, Father Jogues penetrated westward and preached the true Faith at

Sault Ste. Marie. He was the first to plant the Cross on the soil of Michigan. To obtain supplies for his new mission, he proceeded to Quebec in 1642. In the summer of that year he was returning with a party of Huron warriors, numbering about forty, in twelve canoes. While paddling along the St. Lawrence, near the site of the present town of Sorel, they fell into an Iroquois ambuscade. Nearly all were killed, or taken prisoners. Father Jogues, young René Goupil, and a noted Christian chief named Ahatsistari, were among the unhappy captives.

A number of Iroquois fell on the Jesuit with the fury of demons, and beat him with their fists and war-clubs until he was half-dead; and when he revived a little, they chewed his fingers with their teeth. Goupil was treated with the same ferocity. Then the journey homeward commenced. Paddling up the Richelieu River, they glided into Lake Champlain, and on a small island at its southern extremity they were met by a band of some two hundred Mohawk warriors, who greeted their victorious countrymen with volleys of musketry.

Here on the side of a rocky hill, the prisoners were subjected to the most cruel treatment for the amusement of their ferocious captors. The savages formed two lines, each warrior being armed with a tough, knotted club. Through the narrow passage

between the two lines, and up the steep declivity, the miserable prisonors were obliged to wend their *via dolorosa.* Blows from the Indian clubs fell with furious rapidity, as the neighboring rocks and valleys echoed the yells of the delighted Mohawks. This inhuman punishment was called "running the gauntlet." Father Jogues was last in the line, and got the lion's share in a storm of blows. He fell drenched in blood, after which his hands were mangled, and fire applied to his naked body.

A night of woe in the company of clouds of mosquitos succeeded. Next morning the party pushed on, and soon came in sight of Lake George. "First of white men," says Parkman, "Jogues and his companions gazed on the romantic lake that bears the name, not of its gentle discoverer, but of the dull Hanoverian king. Like a fair Naiad of the wilderness, it slumbered between the guardian mountains that breathe from crag and forest the stern poetry of war."

In a frightful condition, half-starved, tormented by mosquitos, and sinking under a heavy load, Father Jogues was compelled to advance. Thirteen days were consumed on his painful journey from the St. Lawrence to the Indian villages on the banks of the Mohawk. He was again twice obliged to run the gauntlet, which he happily terms "the narrow road to Paradise." His torments indeed had merely commenced. Nearly all his fingers were cut off

joint by joint. His toes were similarly mutilated; and they burned his naked body with red-hot irons. In short, cruelties the most diabolical were repeated in the various Mohawk towns through which the heroic Jesuit was compelled to pass. The mind revolts at the terrible recital of his sufferings.

Father Jogues's young French companion, the brave and pious Goupil, had likewise to undergo the most cruel torments. A fanatical Dutchman had informed the savages that the sign of the cross came from the devil. Goupil was seen instructing a child to make this sacred sign, and a deadly blow from a tomahawk finished his career in this world. The young hero died murmuring the name of Jesus Christ. "He was a martyr," writes Father Jogues, "not only of obedience, but of faith and the Cross."

Father Jogues's painful captivity lasted over a year. Nor was it time spent in vain. Like a good angel he passed around, and God passed with him. So far as his restraints would permit, he instructed children, and baptized dying infants—thus transforming little Indians into little angels. He comforted many Huron prisoners, heard their confessions, and, often in the midst of the flames, encouraged them to meet the terrors of death with manly fortitude and Christian resignation. An Indian woman was condemned to be burned. He baptized her in the fire, while lifting a cup of water

to her parched lips. On another occasion the holy priest was thrown an ear of corn for his meal. A few drops of rain-water clung to the husks, and with these he baptized two captive converts.

But he knew not his own fate. His life hung by a hair. He lived in daily expectation of the tomahawk, and at times he would have welcomed a blow as a boon. He sometimes wandered in the woods, saying his rosary, raising his heart to God, and repeating passages of Holy Scripture.

"On a hill apart," writes Bancroft, "he carved a long cross on a tree, and there, in the solitude, meditated the *Imitation of Christ*, and soothed his griefs by reflecting that he alone, in that vast region, adored the true God of earth and heaven. Roaming through the stately forests of the Mohawk valley, he wrote the name of Jesus on the bark of trees, engraved the cross, and entered into possession of these countries in the name of God—often lifting up his voice in a solitary chant."

"This living martyr," says Parkman, "half-clad in shaggy furs, kneeling in the snow among the icicled rocks and beneath the gloomy pines, bowing in adoration before the emblem of the faith in which was his only consolation and his only hope, alike a theme for the pen and a subject for the pencil."

Father Jogues's days of captivity drew to a close in the midst of peril and adventure. After much

difficulty, the Dutch of Fort Orange effected his release by generously paying a large sum for his ransom. He boarded a small vessel, and for the first time a Catholic priest sailed down that beautiful river,

> 'Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
> Winds through the hills afar."

On arriving at New Amsterdam, he was received with much honor by Governor Kieft, with whom he remained for some time. This was in the fall of 1643. Manhattan Island was then a rude place, containing about five hundred inhabitants, a motley crowd of so many nationalities, that the Governor informed Father Jogues that eighteen languages were spoken in their midst. The apostolic Jesuit found just *two* Catholics—a young Irishman and a Portuguese woman. The faithful, warm-hearted son of Erin had the honor and happiness of making his confession, and receiving absolution from the martyr of the fierce Mohawks, the first priest who had ever set foot on Manhattan Island. This was the first time the Sacrament of Penance was administered in the great Empire City, which is now the see of a Cardinal-Archbishop, and contains fifty Catholic churches.

The hospitable Governor Kieft gave Father Jogues a new suit of clothes—something he was painfully in need of—and procured him a passage in

the first vessel bound for the shores of his native France. The voyage was long and painful. A storm cast the vessel on the coast of England, and the martyr-Jesuit fell into the hands of some thievish wreckers—a band of men little removed in barbarism from the wild Mohawks that ranged the forests of New York. He was stripped of everything he possessed. Even his clothes were not spared. After many hardships, however, he found his way across the English Channel in a collier's bark, and was landed on the shores of Brittany, December 25th, 1643.

It was Christmas morning, and the venerable Jesuit, in a rude sailor's coat, leaning on a staff, pushed along towards the highway unrecognized. How his heart swelled with gladness! To the good peasants he at once became an object of tender sympathy. At first they took him for some poor Irish Catholic who had fled from the ferocious penal laws of England. On learning his desire to go to church, they lent him a hat and a little cloak. He made his confession, received Holy Communion, and heard Mass—for the first time in sixteen months.

On returning from Mass, his kind hosts first beheld the mutilated condition of his hands, and the great missionary was compelled to satisfy their pious curiosity. He gave them a modest sketch of his adventures, and they listened in pity and ad-

miration. The little girls were so moved that they offered him their pocket-money as an alms. "They came," says the famous Jesuit, "with so much modesty and generosity to offer me two or three pence—which was perhaps all their treasure—that I was moved to tears."

By the assistance of these good peasants, Father Jogues was enabled to reach the city of Rennes, which contained a college of his Society. It was early morning, and when the porter came to the door to answer the call, he beheld a poor and almost deformed beggar. The stranger humbly asked if he could see the Rector. The porter hastily answered, that he was about to say Mass, and could not be seen at that hour. "But," persisted the stranger, "tell him that a poor man from Canada would gladly speak with him." The Father Rector was putting on his vestments, when the porter whispered the message. At the name "Canada," which was the great missionary field of the French Jesuits, the Rector disrobed, and at once proceeded to the parlor. The poor and ragged traveller handed him a letter of character from Governor Kieft. Without even glancing at it, the Rector quickly inquired:

"Are you from Canada?"

"Yes."

"Do you know Father Jogues?"

"Very well."

"The Iroquois have taken him," continued the Rector; "is he dead? Have they murdered him?"

"No," answered Jogues, "he is alive, and at liberty, and I am he." As he uttered these words, he fell on his knees, asking his Superior's blessing.

That was a day of joy at the College of Rennes. Great was the rejoicing in the Society of Jesus over all France. It was supposed Father Jogues was dead, and his sudden reappearance amongst them was something extraordinary. At the French Court he was received as a saint and martyr. Queen Anne of Austria kissed his mutilated hands. The nobility and ladies of the Court vied in exhibiting their deep sentiments of respect and veneration. Indeed, the slave of the Mohawks became the revered and "admired of all admirers." The Pope granted him a special dispensation to celebrate Mass with his mutilated hands, saying: "It would be unjust to refuse a martyr of Christ the privilege of drinking the blood of Christ."

It was the desire of all that Father Jogues should remain in France; but he sighed after his American missions, and returned to Canada in 1645. In July of the next year he was present at the peace negotiations at Three Rivers, between the French and Hurons and the Mohawks. This event led him to conceive bright hopes of founding a permanent mission among the Iroquois. In May, 1646, he set out with a companion for the Mohawk towns, to

confirm the peace already made. On this journey he again passed by Lake George, to which he gave the name of Lake of the Holy Sacrament. Having established peace on what he considered a firm basis, Father Jogues returned to Canada with the intention of making all the necessary preparations for the conversion of the Five Nations.

He returned a second time with his young companion, Lalande, in September, 1646. The venerable man had a singular presentiment of his fate, for previous to his leaving Canada, he wrote to a friend: "I shall go, and shall not return." He had scarcely reached the confines of the Mohawk Nation when his danger became apparent. A little box which he had left behind on his first visit was now returned to him. The bad crops, the sickness, and all the mischief that had befallen the nation were attributed to the mysterious box! It sealed his fate.

Suddenly seizing the holy missionary, some Mohawks cut "strips of flesh from his back and arms," at the same time cruelly taunting him. "You shall die to-morrow!" was the stern sentence. The sun of his earthly hope had set, to rise again in brighter skies. He was about to water the scene of his toils and sufferings with the last drop of his blood. A murderous tomahawk crashed into his skull as he stooped to enter a wigwam; and the immortal missionary breathed his soul to God. His

head was then hacked off, and placed high on the village palisades. It was the 18th of October, 1646. And "thus," says Parkman, "died Isaac Jogues, one of the purest examples, of Catholic virtue which this Western Continent has seen.'

LEONARD CALVERT,

THE FIRST GOVERNOR AND CHIEF JUSTICE OF MARYLAND

Died A. D. 1647.

I HAVE already briefly related the life of Sir George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, who died while on the point of carrying out his great design of founding the colony of Maryland. His eldest son, Cecilius, the second Lord Baltimore, a good Catholic, took immediate steps to carry out the plans of his illustrious father. He appointed his brother Leonard, Governor, with full powers to establish the new colony.

The expedition was soon in readiness, It consisted of two vessels, the *Ark* and the *Dove*, on board of which were Governor Leonard Calvert, his youngest brother, George Calvert, Fathers Andrew White and John Altham, of the Society of Jesus, and about two hundred emigrants, "nearly all of whom were Catholics and gentlemen of fortune and

respectability, who desired to fly from the spirit of intolerance which pervaded England, and to rear up their altars in freedom in the wilderness."

"On the 22d of November, in the year 1633, being St. Cecilia's day," says an account of the voyage, "we set sail from Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, with a gentle east wind blowing. And after committing the principal parts of the ship to the protection of God, and His most Holy Mother, and St. Ignatius, and all the guardian angels of Maryland,"[1] the pioneers bore away for the New World.

After a stormy voyage of four months, they entered the Chesapeake Bay, and were soon gladdened by the sight of Maryland. The colonists first landed on a small island which they called St. Clement.[2] An impressive religious ceremony marked the occasion.

"On the feast of the Annunciation of the most Holy Virgin Mary," writes Father White, "the 25th of March, in the year 1634, we offered in this island, for the first time, the sacrifice of the Mass. . . After we had finished the sacrifice, we took upon our shoulders a great cross, which we had hewn out of a tree, and advancing in order to the appointed

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[1] *Relatio.*

[2] The name has disappeared; and almost the whole of the island, as it seems, has been washed away by the river. It was situated at the mouth of the bay, which is now called St. Clement's Bay. All that is left of it is a sand-bank of about ten acres, which can hardly be cultivated. It has kept the name of *Heron's Island.—Dalrymple.*

place, with the assistance of the Governor and his associates and the other Catholics, we erected it as a trophy to Christ our Saviour, while the Litany of the Holy Cross was humbly recited on bended knees with great emotion of soul."

Governor Calvert, accompanied by Father Altham, sailed up the Potomac to the principal village of the Pascatoways—the most powerful Indian tribe in that region. This centre of dusky power was situated some distance below the site of Washington. The Jesuit preached to the chief and his warriors.

He told them that the pale-faces had come neither to make war upon them, nor to do them any wrong; but to instruct them in Christianity, to make them acquainted with the arts of civilized life, and to live with them like brothers. "You are welcome," replied the chief; "we shall use one table. My people will hunt for my brother, and all things will be in common between us." Such was the first friendly meeting between the Catholic settlers and the gentle and peaceful Indians of Maryland.

Under the grant of the Crown to Lord Baltimore, Governor Calvert was entitled to the possession of the soil, according to the laws of nations; but he deemed it just and prudent to purchase the rights of the Indians to their country, and gave them some English cloth, axes, hoes, and knives, in re-

turn for which they granted him about thirty miles of territory, embracing a tongue of land now known as St. Mary's County.

An Indian village which the Governor named St. Mary was included in the grant. The settlers took possession of their new homes in a few days. The corner-stone of Maryland was laid. "Fair and beautiful," says McSherry, "was the origin of the State. No wrong or injustice towards the natives stained the hands of its founders; no persecuting domination or exclusive franchise was reared upon its shores; but around the rough-hewn cross on the island of St. Clement, gathered the Catholic and the Protestant, hand in hand, friends and brothers, equal in civil rights, and secure alike in the free and full enjoyment of either creed."

It is not surprising to learn that a colony thus founded on justice and freedom grew and flourished. New settlers arrived. The outposts of civilization were extended, and great success attended the missionary efforts of the Jesuit Fathers. Leonard Calvert proved himself a wise and just Governor. In 1637, Lord Baltimore sent him a new commission, increasing his powers and conferring on him the titles of Chief Justice and Commander-in-Chief of the Militia. He was also President of the legislative assembly.

"Some idea," writes Clarke, "may be formed of the primitive and infant condition of the colony at

this time, from a law passed for the erection of a *water-mill*, by which the Governor and Council were empowered to contract for the mill, the cost of which should not exceed 20,000 pounds of *tobacco*, then the legal currency of the province, equivalent in the currency of the present day to $333.33⅓, which was to be paid in two years by a general assessment of the inhabitants."

The fame of this wild home of liberty soon spread abroad, and towards it the persecuted of every clime bent their steps. "Catholics," says Bancroft, "who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbors of the Chesapeake, and there, too, Protestants were sheltered from Protestant intolerance." The Puritan who was hunted out of Anglican Virginia, and the peaceful Quaker whose ears were cropped in Puritan New England, found a refuge among the liberal and warm-hearted Catholics of Maryland.

Ten years passed away before misfortune frowned on what has been so well styled "the land of the sanctuary." A party of Puritans who had been expelled from Virginia in 1642, and received with open arms in prosperous Maryland, soon began to manifest the spirit of insurrection. In Clayborne, a bold and lawless man, who was plotting to overthrow the government of Lord Baltimore, they found a worthy leader; and with base ingratitude, these vile men turned their arms against the kind

friends who had succored them in the hour of need. Like vipers, they turned about, and bit the very benefactors who had warmed them into life.

In 1644, Clayborne and his Protestant mob triumphed. Leonard Calvert was obliged to fly, and with him fled peace, justice, and religion. Many of the Catholics were robbed of their possessions, and banished from the province. For two years lawlessness, usurpation, and intolerance freely stalked the land. Even the altars of religion were ruthlessly overthrown; and the Apostle of Maryland and the other good missionaries were seized, put in irons, and, like criminals, shipped to England.

The return, however, of Governor Calvert from Virginia, in 1646, with a body of troops, restored peace and order to the homesteads of St. Mary's. The bigotry of the times in England is well illustrated by an anecdote related by Burnap. After the Parliament had triumphed over the King, "Lord Baltimore, on the occurrence of some difficulty with the Virginia colony, was called before a committe of that body. In the course of the interview it was thrown out to his Lordship that he had inserted a provision in the laws of the colony protecting the Virgin Mary from reproach. Whereupon a member of the committee arose and said, that he wondered such an exception had been taken; 'for,' he added, 'does not the Scripture say that all genera-

tions shall call her blessed?' And the argument completely silenced the scriptural canters.'

Leonard Calvert lived to see the sun of peace and prosperity shine once more on Maryland, and then he passed to a better world. He died on the 9th of June, 1647. He was a good Catholic and a good Governor—so mild and upright in the exercise of his various powers, "that no man could ever say he received an injustice at his hands.'

"During the space of fourteen years," says the historian of Maryland, "he had guided the colony through the storms which darkened around its infancy—he had devoted his life and energies to its permanent establishment—with a disinterested self-devotion, he had striven, in the wilderness, for its glory and its prosperity; and it seemed as if, through a special providence of Heaven, to reward his labors, a beam of sunshine and tranquillity had broken over the province as he was about to die, at peace with all, triumphant over the enemies of Maryland, full of honor, and enriched with the prayers and blessings of a rescued people. His character, public and private, was without stain. He was, indeed, a great and good man—more truly illustrious in what he founded and reared, than the greatest conquerors in what they have overthrown and destroyed."[1]

[1] McSherry.

ANTHONY DANIEL, S. J.,

THE FIRST MARTYR OF THE HURON MISSION.

Died A. D. 1648.

FATHER ANTHONY DANIEL, who has the glory of having been the first priest that found a martyr's grave in the wilderness of the Huron mission, was born at Dieppe, France, in the year 1601.

He entered the Society of Jesus about the age of manhood, and was one of the band of brave missionaries who accompanied Champlain across the Atlantic in 1633. Towards the end of May in that year, the booming of cannon from the little fortress of Quebec joyfully announced the arrival of the Governor and four Jesuit Fathers[1] in the sea-beaten vessel that was about to cast anchor in the St. Lawrence.

After more than a year spent in the study of the Huron language at Quebec, Father Daniel took his place, barefooted, in a birch-bark canoe, and began the long, wild, dangerous, and toilsome journey that led to the missions. Fathers de Brébeuf and Davost

[1] They were Fathers de Brébeuf, Daniel, Davost, and Masse.

were in different boats in the same fleet. The savages treated Father Daniel with great meanness, and even deserted him; but he was fortunate enough to be picked up by another party, that carried him, worn and weary, to his destination.

After toiling for two years among the Hurons, living daily a sort of martyrdom in the midst of savage ignorance, vile odors, smoke, fleas, cold, hunger, anxiety, and countless dangers, Father Daniel was ordered to descend to Quebec in charge of some Indian boys who were sent to a school in the capital of the colony for instruction.[1] He was the first to jump ashore at the end of the long journey. "At the sight of him," writes the Superior, Father Le Jeune, "our heart was moved. The good Father's face was full of joy and gayety, but all wasted away. His feet were bare, an oar was in his hand, his person was covered by a worn-out cassock, his Breviary hung from his neck, and the shirt on his back was ready to fall in pieces."

Father Daniel after a time returned to the savage scene of his labors, and over a dozen years more were passed in the stony field of the Huron mission. A great change, however, had lately taken place The number of Jesuits had increased, and their converts came to be counted by thousands. But a dark war-cloud was gathering over the ill-fated Hurons

[1] It was exceedingly difficult to keep Indian boys at school in their own country; and the Jesuit Fathers attempted to give stability to their labors by founding a school at Quebec for the training of these wild sons of the forest.

and the nation was destined to perish in its shadow.

The fortified town of St. Joseph[1] was situated on the southeastern frontier of the Huron country, and was thus doubly exposed to an attack from the ever-dreaded enemy—the Iroquois. It contained about two thousand inhabitants. Father Daniel had been stationed here for four years, and had made many conquests to the True Faith.

It was the 4th of July, 1648. The sun arose, and its early beams glanced over the tops of giant trees, and along the roofs of the bark cabins. The warriors of St. Joseph were nearly all absent hunting, or on a trading expedition. Father Daniel had just finished Mass, and the chapel was still filled to the door with dusky but devout worshippers. In a moment an awful cry arose. "The Iroquois! the Iroquois!" was wildly shouted from mouth to mouth, as a band of swift-footed warriors suddenly dashed on like demons towards the opening in the palisade.[2]

The brave priest at once flew to the point of danger. He rallied such of his terror-stricken flock as could make a defence, and encouraged them to battle like Christian heroes for their homes and kindred. Then, hurrying from cabin to cabin, he called on the unbelievers to repent in the name of Christ, and be baptized. His burning words gathered around him such multitudes in quest of bap-

[1] The Indian name of St. Joseph was Teanaustayé.

[2] The palisade was a strong, high fence enclosing the town. It served as a means of defence.

tism, that he was obliged to steep his handkerchief in water, and administer the sacrament by aspersion. "Brothers!" he exclaimed, "to-day we shall be in Heaven."

The Huron warriors, few in number, were soon overpowered. A fierce yell announced that the Iroquois had entered the town, and that the hour for hope and mercy in this world had passed forever. Father Daniel was entreated to save himself. But no—so long as he could baptize or hear a confession, he would die at the post of duty.

"Fly, my brothers!" exclaimed the fearless Jesuit to his flock. "My life is nothing. Be steadfast in the Faith. I will stay here. We shall meet again in Heaven." He then pronounced a general absolution, and from the rear of the chapel once more urged his people to save themselves by flight. Many escaped. The priest then walked to the main door and closed it behind him.

The Iroquois were at hand. When the savages saw him, says Parkman, "radiant in the vestments of his office, confronting them with a look kindled with the inspiration of martyrdom, they stopped and stared in amazement; then recovering themselves, bent their bows, and showered him with a volley of arrows, that tore through his robes and his flesh. A gunshot followed; the ball pierced his heart, and he fell dead, gasping the name of Jesus. They rushed upon him with yells of triumph, stripped

him naked, gashed and hacked his lifeless body, and, scooping his blood in their hands, bathed their faces in it to make them brave. The town was in a blaze; when the flames reached the church, they flung the priest into it, and both were consumed together."

And thus died, in the forty-eighth year of his age, Father Anthony Daniel, a man of fearless heart, great patience, and incomparable meekness. The wilderness gave him a grave, and the Huron nation were his mourners. "It was not for himself," the poor Indians exclaimed, "but for us that the good *Arontoin*[1] exposed his life and died. The Faith which is capable of inspiring such sacrifices must, indeed, be a holy Faith."

The invincible zeal of this heroic priest had merited to obtain the rare gift of gaining the wild children of the woods to Christ; and when he perished at the hands of heathen murderers, his beautiful soul had not yet ceased to glow with the fire of lofty meditations—made in spiritual retreat but three days before at the headquarters of the mission. It is said that even after death, he took a visible interest in the welfare of his scattered flock and beloved companions. At a council of the Fathers, Chaumonot saw him "seated in their midst as of old, with a countenance radiant and majestic." On another occasion, he appeared to

[1] Father Daniel's Indian name.

the same Father, who asked what he should do to please God most." "Never fail," said the martyr, "to remember your sins."

JOHN DE BREBEUF, S. J.,

THE APOSTLE OF THE HURONS.

Died A. D. 1649.

IF some adventurous traveller, late in the summer of 1626—over two centuries and a half ago—had stood amid the unbroken wilderness on the site of the city of Ottawa, the present capital of Canada, near the Chaudière Falls, whose ceaseless roar was echoed for miles around, he would have seen, through the trees, a party of Huron warriors on the long, rugged highway that led to their own country, in the act of carrying their canoes over the portage. The eye of the traveller would be caught by the cassocks of three priests—a strange sight at that wild, picturesque spot, and in such company. But so it was. One of them was conspicuous by his powerful frame and tall, commanding figure; and this was Father John de Brébeuf. His biography is not, indeed, found in Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, but we search in vain through that excellent work for anything to surpass it in sublime interest. In

his iron vigor of constitution and supernatural gifts, he resembled St. Columbkille ; while his lion-heart and martyr-spirit would have done honor to St. Lawrence. He was the prince of Indian missionaries—the greatest of the American Jesuits.

John de Brébeuf was born in France, on the 25th of March, 1593. He belonged to an ancient and noble house that gave Normandy many a brave soldier and fearless knight. In his twentyfifth year the gifted young man entered the Society of Jesus; and such was his humility that he requested to be admitted as a simple lay brother. One of the pioneer band of Jesuits sent to Canada, he landed beneath the bold cliffs of Quebec in 1625. The winter of that and the following year he spent as a kind of apprenticeship, wandering in the neighboring woods and mountains among the savages. It was a rude school. Fatigue, disgust, hunger, thirst, and intense cold are but tame expressions when applied to what he endured.

In 1626, accompanied by another Jesuit, a Franciscan Father, and a band of Indians, Father de Brébeuf passed over the long and perilous route that led to the Huron country. It was a journey of nearly one thousand miles.

Here, as I have already related, a mission had been commenced about ten years previously by Father Le Caron, O. S. F., who was now at Quebec. The conversion of the Hurons, however, made little

progress. It was such up-hill, fruitless labor that his colleagues soon retired, and the fearless Father de Brébeuf was left alone. He was hundreds of miles from a fellow-Christian, but he toiled on as pen cannot picture. Living amongst the Indians, he became one of them by adoption. He received the name of *Echon*. In short, he made himself all to all, that he might gain all to Christ. The good effect of his untiring toil and instruction had begun to tell on the multitude of wild men, when an unhappy event occurred. England obtained temporary possession of Canada.

The missionary received orders to return to Quebec. On learning that he was about to depart, the Indians crowded around his person, and exclaimed in touching accents: "O Echon, are you going to forsake us! For two years you have lived among us to learn our language, and to teach us to know the Master of life. You now speak like one of ourselves, but as yet we know not how to adore and pray to God like you—and you leave us!"

The heart of the great Jesuit was full, and he could scarcely restrain his tears; but in obedience to duty he tore himself from his kind, dusky flock, blessed them, bade them hope for his return, and waving an affectionate adieu, he set out on the long, pathless route that led to the little rock-built capital of Canada. Father de Brébeuf and his colleagues were made prisoners by the English, and shipped to

France. Here he lived among his religious brethren with the simplicity of a little child. The thorny way of the Indian missions had but advanced him on the royal road of the Cross.

In a few years, France regained possession of Canada, and the cassock of the Jesuit might once more be seen on the rude streets of Quebec. The Apostle of the Hurons was again on the banks of the St. Lawrence. In July, 1633, one hundred and forty canoes were pulled ashore at the warehouses of Quebec. Over six hundred Huron warriors and chiefs had come on their annual trading expedition. After some preliminary arrangements, a council was held in the fort. French officers, Jesuit Fathers, and Indian chiefs formed this singular assembly. Its object was to come to an understanding with the savages in regard to sending three priests among them. To Fathers de Brébeuf, Daniel, and Davost had fallen the honors, dangers, and woes of the Huron mission.

Champlain introduced the three to the dusky chiefs and warriors. "These are our Fathers," said the noble founder of Canada. "We love them more than we love ourselves. The whole French nation honors them. They do not go among you for your furs. They have left their friends and their country to show you the way to Heaven. If you love the French—as you say you love them—then love and honor these our Fathers." But just on the eve of

departure an unfortunate occurrence prevented the missionaries from proceeding on their toilsome journey.

Another year rolled by before the fleet of canoes came down the lordly stream. This time the dusky traders landed at Three Rivers; and on their return trip Father de Brébeuf and his two brother missionaries set out with them. Well he knew the long and difficult route. The canoes skimmed along the St. Lawrence to the Ottawa, then up the Ottawa to the Mattawan, across Lake Nipissing, down the French River, and along the shores of the great Georgian Bay of Lake Huron.

The priests had to paddle all the time. No shoes were worn in the frail bark vessels. The toil was extreme, and the only food was a daily pittance of Indian corn. For nine hundred miles not a house or a white countenance was seen. The canoes and baggage had to be carried for miles over scores of portages. In wading up raging currents, the tender, bare feet of the apostolic travellers were cut by the sharp stones. Night alone brought any repose. Father de Brébeuf "complains that he had no moment to read his Breviary, except by the moonlight or the fire, when stretched out to sleep on a bare rock by some savage cataract of the Ottawa, or in a damp nook of the adjacent forest."

The great missionary and his Huron companions, after thirty days' ceaseless toil, at last pulled their

canoes ashore, on a little peninsula which is bathed by the southern waters of Georgian Bay. The savages were in bad humor, and so uncivil as to throw the priest's baggage on the ground, and leave him to his own resources. The villages were about twenty miles away. He knelt, thanked God, and shouldering his heavy burden, boldly pushed on alone. After penetrating many a league of gloomy forest, he at length entered a wild clearing, and saw before him the bark roofs of a Huron village. It was Ihonatiria.

A crowd ran out to meet him. He was known at once. "Echon has come again!" "Echon has come again," they exclaimed, and gathered around their old teacher. The stately Jesuit was led to one of the chief wigwams, and treated with true Indian hospitality. After weeks of waiting, Fathers Daniel and Davost arrived. They could scarcely be recognized. Half-dead with hunger and fatigue, the two priests resembled living skeletons more than men. Father Brébeuf and his fellow-missionaries had now reached their destination.

The ancient country of the Hurons comprised the eastern and notheastern portion of Simcoe County, situated south of Georgian Bay, Ontario, Canada. The whole nation at that time counted thirty-two villages, with a population of about 20,000. On the west and southwest of the Hurons proper lay the kindred tribe of the Tobacco Nation,

so called from their luxuriant fields of tobacco. South of both of these, from Lake St. Clair to Niagara, was the Neutral Nation, which obtained its name from the neutrality observed by its people in the long and deadly struggle between the Hurons and Iroquois. Such were the political divisions of Western Canada two hundred and fifty years ago.

After the Huron model, a house for the black-robes was erected. Hundreds of Indians joined in the work, and in a few days the bark mansion rose, a completed structure. Its divisions were a store-house, dwelling-house, and chapel. The furniture, scanty as it was, soon became the wonder of the whole Huron country. Visitors were in abundance. It was the clock, above all, that puzzled and pleased the curious savages. For hours they would sit in expectant silence, squatting on the ground, waiting to hear it strike. They thought it was alive, and asked what nourishment it took. The magnifying-glass, which transformed a flea into a monster, was also viewed with mingled awe and admiration.

Father de Brébeuf, as Superior of the mission, with Fathers Daniel and Davost, now began their labors. How they lived and divided their time between toil, study, and devotion are points that have been already noticed in the life of Father Jogues. The Gospel was announced to all, but the work of conversion was long and difficult. In fact, during the first few years no adults were baptized,

save those at the point of death. The experienced De Brébeuf knew Indian nature well, and he greatly feared backsliding. Hence his caution. In his eyes *one* good Christian was better than a multitude of bad ones. Besides, all the savage vices—and the Hurons were corrupt to the core[1]—had to be eradicated before the Catholic Religion could be planted. The Herculean toil of battling against depravity, hatred, and open persecution, and of seeing that neither young nor old died without spiritual aid—such was the unceasing task of the Jesuits. They were frequently threatened with death. Small-pox also ravaged the nation; and in the wild scenes of misery that followed, no words can picture the heroic toils of Father de Brébeuf.

Nor was his fight against disease and human wickedness only. In every possible way the powers of darkness assailed the great priest. Demons in troops appeared before him, sometimes in the guise of men, sometimes as bears, wolves, or wild-cats. He called on God, and they vanished. Death, like a skeleton, sometimes menaced him; and once, as he faced it with an unquailing eye, it fell powerless at his feet. Angels also appeared to him; and more than once St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin were visibly present to his sight. Thus consoled and strengthened from above, in vain did accidents, enraged savages, and troops of devils war against him

[1] See the Introduction to Parkman's *Jesuits in North America.*

"Go and leave our country," exclaimed an old chief, "or we will put you into the kettle and make a feast of you!"

The heroic Jesuit on one occasion was paralyzed by a fall which broke his collar-bone. Creeping on his hands and feet along the frozen road, he was obliged to sleep unsheltered in the snow, when the very trees were splitting with cold!

But God, at length, blessed the toils and sufferings of His fearless Apostle. The stony hearts of the Indians were touched. Thousands came into the Church. Ferocious savages became model Christians. Almost the whole Huron nation embraced the Ancient Faith, and Religion flourished among the children of the forest in the snow-clad wilderness of the North. The cross towered above every village. In March, 1649, there were in the Huron country eighteen Jesuit Fathers.

Some time previously, Father de Brébeuf saw an immense cross in the air. It stretched from the land of the Iroquois, even to where he stood. This ominous vision found its interpretation in his glorious death.

At the dawn of day, on the 16th of March, 1649, a force of over one thousand Iroquois warriors appeared before the village of St. Louis, in which were stationed the Apostle of the Hurons and Father Lalemant. About eighty brave Catholic Hurons prepared to defend the place. The war-

whoop of the hostile savages shook the very wigwams.

In the very hottest of the contest, however, were the holy and dauntless De Brébeuf and his gentle companion, the one in the breach giving absolution, the other baptizing the catechumens. The fierce but unequal struggle soon terminated. A yell of triumph announced the victory of the Iroquois. The two Fathers were made prisoners, stripped of their clothing, had their nails torn out by the roots, and were borne in wild triumph to the village of St. Ignatius, which had also been taken that morning.

Here they were frightfully beaten with clubs. But the noble De Brébeuf thought only of others. His eye kindling with sacred fire, he thus addressed the Christian Hurons who were his fellow-captives: "My children, let us lift up our eyes to Heaven in the midst of our sufferings. God is a witness of our torments. He will soon be our reward. Die in this faith. I feel more for you than for myself." "*Echon*," they replied, "our hopes shall be in Heaven. Pray for us."

Enraged at those words of the heroic Jesuit, the fiendish Iroquois led him apart, tied him to a stake, scorched him from head to foot to silence him; whereupon, in the tone of a master, he threatened them with everlasting flames for persecuting the worshippers of God. As he continued to speak with voice and countenance unchanged, they cut

away his lower lip and thrust a red-hot iron into his mouth. The sublime man still held his lofty form erect and defiant, with no sign or sound of pain. Maddened at their own impotence, the savages next hung around his neck a collar made of hatchets heated red-hot, but the indomitable priest, sustained by grace, stood it like a rock. Boiling water was now poured on his head, but he did not flinch; and exasperated beyond bounds, they cut strips of flesh from his limbs, and devoured them before his very eyes. After a succession of other revolting tortures, they scalped him; and on seeing him nearly dead, they laid open his breast, and came in a crowd to drink the blood of so valiant an enemy, thinking to imbibe with it some portion of his marvellous courage. A chief then tore out his heart and devoured it.[1]

And thus died the glorious John de Brébeuf, the Apostle of the Hurons and the most renowned of American martyrs. The Catholic Religion alone can produce such a man. Even his savage murderers wondered at his virtue and heroism. But his whole life prepared him for such a sublime death.

"When he was made Superior of the Huron mission," wrote one of his companions, "and had many others under his charge, every one admired his skill in the management of affairs, his sweetness, which gained all hearts, his heroic courage in every under-

[1] Parkman.

taking, his long-suffering in awaiting the moments of God's good pleasure, his patience in enduring everything, and his zeal in undertaking whatever might promote God's glory. His humility inclined him to embrace with love, with joy, and even with natural relish, whatever was most lowly and painful. If on a journey he carried the heaviest burdens, if travelling in canoes he paddled from morning till night, it was he who threw himself first into the water and was the last to leave it, notwithstanding the rigor of the cold and the ice. He was the first up in the morning to make a fire and prepare breakfast, and he was the last to retire, finishing his prayers and devotions after the others had gone to repose. What is most remarkable is, that in all the labors he thus took upon himself, he did everything so quietly and dexterously that one would have believed that he had but acted in accordance with his natural inclination. 'I am but an ox,' he was wont to say, alluding to the meaning of his name in French. 'I am fit for nothing but carrrying burdens.'"[1]

[1] Ragueneau.—The head of Father de Brébeuf, in a silver shrine, is preserved at Quebec. Several miracles have been wrought by his holy intercession. Father Lallement, too, met his end like a Christian hero. He lived in torture till the next day; and "when the sun had arisen on the 17th of March, they closed his long martyrdom by tomahawking him, and left his body a black and mangled mass."

ANDREW WHITE, S. J

THE APOSTLE OF MARYLAND.

Died A. D. 1657

ONE of the immortal pioneers of the Catholic Religion in America was the brave and good Father Andrew White. He was born at London in 1579. The gifted youth was forced to seek the fount of knowledge in a foreign land. It was a shameful period. Catholic schools were closed in Great Britain and Ireland, and all Catholics were forbidden to teach. A reward of fifty dollars was offered for the discovery of each Catholic schoolmaster.

But by the zeal of the learned Catholic professors who had been banished from Oxford—and especially of the famous Cardinal Allen—an English college was established in 1568, at Douay, in France. For nearly two centuries and a half the Catholic students of the British Isles directed their steps to this renowned institution. There the flame of faith was nourished and the light of knowledge kept burning when all was bigotry and religious darkness in the once Catholic land of England—the home of the holy

Bede, the great Alfred, and the dauntless *Cœur de Lion*. There were trained those bands of devoted priests who laid down their lives in laboring to restore the true faith among their unhappy countrymen. There our Catholic Bible was translated into English. There the pious and learned Alban Butler, author of the *Lives of the Saints*, received his education. And there likewise the future Apostle of Maryland earnestly labored and studied to prepare himself for his high and holy calling.

Father White was elevated to the sacred dignity of the priesthood about the year 1605, and was at once sent to labor on the London mission. But as the penal laws were rigidly enforced, he had to temper his zeal with the greatest prudence. Nor did this suffice. In spite of all precautions he was discovered. Rewards, varying according to the rank of the victim, were offered for the discovery of Catholic ecclesiastics. At one period, the same price was offered for the head of a priest, and that of a wolf. Even Jews came from Portugal to hunt down Catholic priests in the British Isles, and found it a profitable business. Bribes were offered to all who would betray Catholics.

> "They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
> To sell the priest and rob the sire;
> Their dogs were taught alike to run
> Upon the scent of wolf and friar."

In short, the fierce Mohawk, ranging the ancient

forests of New York, was not more eager and skilful on the trail of an enemy, than was the fanatical and barbarous Government of England in its search after Catholic priests. And the humanity of the American Indian compares quite favorably with that of the Protestant Briton. The very year that Father White returned to England, the saintly poet and Jesuit, Southwell, was brutally tortured on the rack, *ten different times*, and finally executed with the most revolting cruelties. And all because—he was a Catholic priest!

We find the name of Father White in a list of forty-seven priests, who, from different prisons, in 1606, were sentenced to perpetual banishment. He reached the Continent. He had hitherto been a secular priest, but now sought admission into the Society of Jesus; and after passing his novitiate of two years at Louvain, he obtained permission to return to his native land—although he was well aware that for the banished Catholic priest who returned to England the penalty was death.

It was a perilous mission, and the brave Jesuit was soon recalled, and appointed professor in a college of the Society at Seville. Father White was a ripe and finished scholar, and at various periods filled the chairs of Holy Scripture, Hebrew, and Theology in Spain and Belgium. But he was now to pass from the halls of science to the wild woods of the New World.

During a visit to England, Father White had made the acquaintance of Lord Baltimore, who was then maturing his design of founding a Catholic colony in Maryland. The nobleman wished to place it under his spiritual care, and the Society of Jesus seconded his desires. Father White was appointed Superior, and with him were associated Father John Altham and two lay Brothers. The missionaries sailed in the expedition commanded by Governor Leonard Calvert, and reached the shores of Maryland in the spring of 1634.

On the 25th of March, the Feast of the Annunciation of the Most Holy Virgin, Father White celebrated, on St. Clement's Island, the first Mass ever offered up in that region, and at the conclusion of the sacrifice a large cross was erected. It was a real "cross in the wilderness." The Catholic Religion had come to stay in Maryland.

The savages gathered around. "It is pleasant," writes Father White, "to hear these natives admiring everything, especially wondering where in the world a tree had grown large enough to be carved into a ship of such huge size; for they supposed it had been cut from a single trunk of a tree, like an Indian canoe. Our cannon filled them with astonishment."

For ten years this devoted priest labored with the zeal of an apostle, dividing his time between the colonists and the Indians, and truly making himself

all to all that he might gain all to Jesus Christ. The missionaries were invited to sit in the first Colonial Assembly, but earnestly desiring to be excused from taking part in secular concerns, their request was granted.

Though nearly sixty years of age, Father White cheerfully began the tedious and difficult task of mastering the Indian languages; and then devoted himself to labor for the conversion of the Patuxents and Pascatoways.[1] The rivers often served as highways for the minister of God on his errand of peace and mercy. When this was the case, the daily life of joyful toil is this recounted by the Apostle of Maryland himself:

"We sail in an open boat—the Father, an interpreter, and a servant. In a calm, or with a head wind, two row, and a third steers the boat. We carry a basket of bread, cheese, butter, dried roasted ears of corn, beans, and some meal, and a chest containing the sacerdotal vestments, the slab or altar for Mass, the wine used in the holy sacrifice, and blessed baptismal water. In another chest we carry knives, combs, little bells, fishing-hooks, needles, thread, and other trifles, for presents to the Indians. We take two mats, a small one to shelter us from the sun, and a larger one to protect us from the rain

"The servant carries implements for hunting and

[1] The venerable Jesuit—thorough, hard-working student that he was—composed a catechism, grammar, and dictionary in the language of the Maryland Indians.

cooking utensils. We endeavor to reach some Indian village or English plantation by nightfall. If we do not succeed, then the Father secures the boat to the bank, collects wood, and makes a fire, while the other two go out to hunt; and after cooking our game, we take some refreshment, and then lie down to sleep around the fire. When threatened with rain, we erect a tent, covering it with our large mat. Thanks be to God, we enjoy our scanty fare and hard beds as much as if we were accommodated with the luxuries of Europe."

One of the most remarkable of Father White's dusky converts was Chilomacon, chief of the Pascatoways. This lord of the forest lived at Kittamaquindi, the principal village of the tribe. It was situated near the site of Washington. Chilomacon received the venerable Jesuit with extreme kindness, and made him reside in his own rude residence.

It seems that a remarkable dream, which he had some time previously, was the cause of the chief's kindness. He related, that in his sleep, he seemed to see Father White and his fellow-missionary, while a voice whispered in his ear: "These are the men who from their souls love you and all your tribe. With them they bring those blessings by which, if you desire, you can be happy!" When he beheld the Jesuits he recognized them in a moment as the strange men who bore the rare blessing referred to in his dream.

On recovering from a severe illness, Chilomacon asked to be baptized. But the missionary told him that it was first necessary to be well instructed in the doctrines of the Catholic Religion. Never was there a more willing pupil. Father White daily instructed the chief and his wife and family—all attentive listeners.

Chilomacon was equally anxious for the conversion of his whole tribe. Convinced himself, he wished to make the truth known to others. He assembled his warriors, and in an eloquent appeal told them "that childish superstition had reigned too long in the wigwams of the Pascatoways. There was but one God who was worthy of the homage of brave men. He was the Creator of all things. He was the Great Spirit worshipped by the black-gowns. The herbs and the stones adored by the Indians were but the humble work of His hands." To show his contempt for their former idols, he took one and tossed it with his foot. The warriors applauded the language and bold action of their chief, and henceforth Christianity made a rapid conquest of this tribe.

Chilomacon accepted Father White's invitation to visit the town of St. Mary's, and was delighted with the peace, happiness, and prosperity which he there beheld. He now eagerly begged to be baptized, and at length the day was fixed. The ceremony took place on the 5th of July, 1640, at his

rude capital, in a chapel built of bark for the occasion. Governor Leonard Calvert, his secretary, and many of the principal inhabitants of the colony were present. Father White officiated. Chilomacon, his wife, their little son, and many of the chief men of his council were solemnly admitted into the Catholic Church by the regenerating waters of baptism. The chief assumed the name of Charles in honor of the English sovereign and his wife that of Mary. The other converts also received Christian names. In the afternoon Charles and Mary were married according to the rites of the Church. A cross of great size was then borne in procession by the chief, Governor Calvert, the secretary, and others, while two priests preceded them, chanting the Litany of the Most Blessed Virgin. Having reached a place prepared for its reception, the sacred emblem was erected with imposing ceremonies in commemoration of the important events which had just taken place.

Under the guidance of the Jesuit Fathers, the spiritual condition of the colony was admirable. A church was erected in the town of St. Mary's; and peace, happiness, and religion smiled on the quiet shores of the Chesapeake. "The religious exercises," says one of the Fathers, writing to Rome, "are followed with exactness, and the Sacraments are well-frequented. By spiritual exercises we have formed the principal inhabitants to the practice of piety,

and they have derived signal benefits from them. The sick and dying, whose number has been considerable this year, have all been attended, in spite of the great distance of their dwellings, so that not a Catholic died without having received the benefits of the Sacraments." Such was the edifying piety and fervor of these good Catholic settlers, that many of the Protestants, touched by their bright example, gladly embraced the faith of their forefathers.

But a cloud had arisen, and was hanging over the peaceful and prosperous colony. In 1644, the insurrection of Clayborne and his fanatical adherents passed over the fair Maryland like a devastating hurricane. Religion and its altars were ruthlessly overthrown, the Catholic inhabitants plundered, and their rights trampled upon. Even the venerable Father White and his unoffending companions were seized, put in irons, and sent to England, where they had to undergo a long and painful imprisonment.

"Thirsting for the salvation of his dear Marylanders," writes Oliver, "he sought every opportunity of returning secretly to that mission; but every attempt proving ineffectual, he was content to devote his remaining energies to the advantage of his native country. In his old age, even to the end, he continued his custom of fasting on bread and water twice a week. Whilst a prisoner he was reminded by his keeper to moderate his austerities, and to reserve his strength for his appearance at

Tyburn. 'You must know,' replied Father White, 'that my fasting gives me strength to bear any kind of suffering for the love of Jesus Christ!' This truly great and good man died peaceably in London, on the 6th of January, 1657. From the comparison of various documents, I believe he was in his seventy-eighth year at the time of his death."

ADAM DAULAC,[1]

THE HERO OF THE LONG SAULT

Died A. D. 1660.

IT was less than half a century after Champlain had fired his gun, loaded with four balls, into the ranks of a band of bewildered Iroquois at Crown Point, that those wild warriors, made more terrible by the possession of fire-arms, fell upon his dusky allies, and crushed them to the earth. The Huron nation was drowned in blood. The Algonquins were scattered like chaff. A few thousands of French settlers, living along the banks of the St. Lawrence, had now to bear the brunt of savage vengeance. The hounds of war howled in the wilderness. The merciless Iroquois were everywhere. Canada was in a state of terror.

[1] The name is sometimes written Dollard

There was no safety outside the fortified posts of Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal. "Everywhere," writes the Superior of the Jesuits in 1660, "we see infants to be saved for Heaven, sick and dying to be baptized, adults to be instructed—but everywhere we see the Iroquois. They haunt us like goblins. They kill our newly-made Christians in our arms. If they meet us on the river, they kill us. If they find us in the huts of our Indians, they burn us and them together."

In May, 1660, it was learned from an Indian prisoner, that a force of some eight hundred Iroquois warriors was below Montreal, and that they awaited another band of four hundred from the Ottawa River to start on the war-path. It was the design of the combined savage forces to surprise Quebec, scalp its inhabitants, and then destroy Three Rivers and Montreal. How was the execution of this murderous design prevented? It has been well said, that "as one small point of steel disarms the lightning of its terrors, so did the heroism of a few intrepid youths divert the storm of war and save Canada from possible ruin."

Adam Daulac was born in 1635 of a good family in France. He was trained to the profession of arms, and came to Canada at the age of twenty-two. It was while he held the post of commander of the little garrison at Montreal, that he formed the plan of giving a check to Iroquois invasions in a way that

was bold to desperation. He communicated a portion of his own devoted and fearless spirit to sixteen other young men, who gladly accepted the invitation to follow him in an expedition against the pitiless pagan enemy. The seventeen warriors[1] prepared for death with Christian deliberation. Each of them made his will. All went to confession, received Holy Communion in a body, and bound themselves by a solemn promise before the altar to accept no quarter, and to assist each other to the last gasp. Daulac and his brave company bade a final adieu to their friends—as it was certain they would never return—and took their way in canoes up the Ottawa.

On reaching the foot of the Long Sault,[2] where the river rolled down in angry torrents, they landed and took possession of an old abandoned palisade fort constructed of small trees, and little better than a rude cattle-shed. The Iroquois were sure to pass that way. Some days after their arrival at this wild spot, the French were visited by a band of forty Hurons under the veteran chief Annahotaha, and four Algonquins—all of whom asked to be permitted to share in Daulac's perilous enterprise. He accepted their offers.

Next day two canoes, containing Iroquois, were fired at by the French sentinels Several of the savages were killed, but a number escaped to the

[1] Their ages ranged from twenty-one to thirty-one years.

[2] This must not be confounded with the Long Sault on the St. Lawrence.

woods, and informed the main body, consisting of about two hundred warriors. The river was soon alive with a fleet of canoes. The Iroquois rushed like demons at the fort, but got such a hot reception that they quickly fell back. They then built a fort at some distance, took counsel, and once more renewed the attack, only to be beaten off with heavy loss. A third time they fared worse than ever.

"This dashed their spirits," says the graphic author of *The Old Régime in Canada*, "and they sent a canoe to call to their aid five hundred of their warriors who were mustered near the mouth of the Richelieu. These were the allies whom, but for this untoward check, they were on their way to join for a combined attack on Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal. It was maddening to see their grand project thwarted by a few French and Indians ensconced in a paltry redoubt, scarcely better than a cattle-pen, but they were forced to digest the affront as best they might.

"Meanwhile, crouched behind trees and logs, they beset the fort, harassing its defenders day and night with a spattering fire and a constant menace of attack. Thus five days passed. Hunger, thirst, and want of sleep wrought fatally on the strength of the French and their allies, who, pent up together in their narrow prison, fought and prayed by turns. Deprived as they were of water, they could not swallow the crushed Indian corn, or hominy,

which was their only food. Some of them, under cover of a brisk fire, ran down to the river and filled such small vessels as they had; but this pittance only tantalized their thirst. They dug a hole in the fort, and were rewarded at last by a little muddy water oozing through the clay.

"Among the assailants were a number of Hurons, adopted by the Iroquois and fighting on their side. These renegades now shouted to their countrymen in the fort, telling them that a fresh army was close at hand; that they would soon be attacked by seven or eight hundred warriors; and that their only hope was in joining the Iroquois, who would receive them as friends. Annahotaha's followers, half-dead with thirst and famine, listened to their seducers, took the bait, and, one, two, or three at a time, climbed the palisade, and ran over to the enemy, amid the hootings and execrations of those whom they deserted. Their chief stood firm; and when he saw his nephew, La Mouche, join the other fugitives, he fired his pistol at him in a rage. The four Algonquins, who had no mercy to hope for, stood fast, with the courage of despair.

"On the fifth day an uproar of unearthly yells from seven hundred savage throats, mingled with a clattering salute of musketry, told the Frenchmen that the expected reinforcement had come; and soon, in the forest and on the clearing, a crowd of warriors mustered for the attack. Knowing from

the Huron deserters the weakness of their enemy, they had no doubt of an easy victory. They advanced cautiously, as was usual with the Iroquois before their blood was up, screeching, leaping from side to side, and firing as they came on; but the French were at their posts, and every loophole darted its tongue of fire. Besides muskets, they had heavy musketoons of large calibre, which, scattering scraps of lead and iron among the throng of savages, often maimed several of them at one discharge. The Iroquois, astonished at the persistent vigor of the defence, fell back discomfited. The fire of the French, who were themselves completely under cover, had told upon them with deadly effect. Three days more wore away in a series of futile attacks, made with little concert or vigor; and during all this time Daulac and his men, reeling with exhaustion, fought and prayed as before—sure of a martyr's reward.

"The uncertain, vacillating temper common to all Indians now began to declare itself. Some of the Iroquois were for going home. Others revolted at the thought, and declared that it would be an eternal disgrace to lose so many men at the hands of so paltry an enemy, and yet fail to take revenge. It was resolved to make a general assault, and volunteers were called for to lead the attack. After the custom on such occasions, bundles of small sticks were thrown upon the ground, and those picked

them up who dared, thus accepting the gage of battle, and enrolling themselves in the forlorn hope. No precaution was neglected. Large and heavy shields four or five feet high were made by lashing together three split logs with the aid of cross-bars. Covering themselves with these mantelets, the chosen band advanced, followed by the motley throng of warriors. In spite of a brisk fire, they reached the palisade, and crouching below the range of shot, hewed furiously with their hatchets to cut their way through. The rest followed close, and swarmed like angry hornets around the little fort, hacking and tearing to get in.

"Daulac had crammed a large musketoon with powder, and plugged up the muzzle. Lighting the fuse inserted in it, he tried to throw it over the barrier, to burst like a grenade among the crowd of savages without; but it struck the ragged top of one of the palisades, fell among the Frenchmen and exploded, killing and wounding several of them and nearly blinding others. In the confusion that followed, the Iroquois got possession of the loopholes, and, thrusting in their guns, fired on those within. In a moment more they had torn a breach in the palisade; but nerved with the energy of desperation, Daulac and his followers sprang to defend it. Another breach was made, and then another. Daulac was struck dead, but the survivors kept up the fight. With a sword or a hatchet in one hand

and a knife in the other, they threw themselves against the throng of enemies, striking and stabbing with the fury of madmen; till the Iroquois, despairing of taking them alive, fired volley after volley and shot them down. All was over, and a burst of triumphant yells proclaimed the dear-bought victory."

And thus fell Adam Daulac, the dauntless hero of the Long Sault, on the 21st of May, 1660, at the age of twenty-five years, after achieving a feat of arms that deserves to be immortalized. The glorious death of this youthful Catholic Pioneer and his brave companions saved Canada, and taught the Iroquois a terrible lesson, as fully one-third of their number lay dead and dying around the ruined fort.

JAMES MARQUETTE, S. J.,

THE DISCOVERER OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI, AND APOSTLE OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

Died A. D. 1675.

NEVER were the words of the Holy Book, that "the humble shall be exalted," more truly fulfilled than in the illustrious subject of this sketch. He fled from fame. He despised the fleeting glory of earth. Yet both sought him—followed him like his own shadow!

James Marquette was born at the ancient seat of his family, in the city of Laon, France, in the year 1637. The Marquettes were a noble stock, of high antiquity and martial spirit, whose members have constantly figured in the wars of France. Our own Republic is not without its obligations to the valor of the Marquettes, three of whom died here in the French army during the Revolutionary war. The father of the future discoverer of the Mississippi was a worthy representative of his ancient house; while his mother, Rose de la Salle, was a lady of distinguished piety, and a near relative of the Venerable John Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

James received an excellent education, his pious mother developing in his character one of its most beautiful traits—childlike and sublime devotion to the Immaculate Virgin. In his seventeenth year he entered the Society of Jesus. Fourteen years of character-building—of retreat, study, and teaching—passed away, and he was invested with the sacred dignity of the priesthood. Taking St. Francis Xavier as his patron and model, he ardently sought a foreign mission to some heathen people. Soon his wish was gratified.

Father Marquette landed at Quebec on September 20th, 1666. At Three Rivers, eighteen months glided by in the study of the Algonquin and Huron languages. He was appointed to the Lake Superior missions, and began that long and painful journey, of many hundred miles, over rivers, lakes, and wilderness, which led to his destination. In 1668, he founded the famous mission of Sault Ste. Marie, "and planting his cabin at the foot of the rapids, on the American side, he began his missionary career." He instructed, labored, and soon built a church—the first sanctuary of the faith raised at that cradle of Christianity in the West. But a missionary was urgently needed for Lapointe, and to that ungrateful field Marquette with joy bent his steps. Here indeed, it was up-hill work. The Ottawas and Hurons, among whom he was now stationed, were fearfully corrupt. As he himself testifies, they were

"far from the kingdom of God, being above all other nations addicted to lewdness, sacrifices, and juggleries."

In the letter just quoted (dated 1669), Father Marquette for the first time mentions the Mississippi: "When the Illinois[1] come to Lapointe," he writes to the Superior, "they pass a large river, almost a league wide. It runs north and south, and so far that the Illinois, who do not know what canoes are, have never yet heard of its mouth. . . . This great river can hardly empty in Virginia, and we rather believe that its mouth is in California. If the Indians who promise to make me a canoe do not fail to keep their word, we shall go into this river as soon as we can with a Frenchman and this young man[2] given me, who knows some of the languages; we shall visit the nations which inhabit it, in order to open the way to so many of our Fathers who have long awaited this happiness. This discovery will also give us a complete knowledge of the southern and western sea."

The clouds of war, however, were gloomily overshadowing Lapointe. Provoked by the Hurons and Ottawas, the fierce Sioux swooped down on their villages and obliged them to fly. Father Marquette followed his fleeing Hurons to Mackinaw, founded the mission of St. Ignatius there, and built

[1] An Indian tribe from whom the State of Illinois derives its name.
[2] A young Ottawa Indian.

a chapel in 1671. This rude log church "was the first sylvan shrine raised to the Catholic Religion at Mackinaw."

The star of hope which lit up his fancied pathway to the "Father of Waters," now grew dim, and at last faded almost out of view. Still he hoped against hope, labored among his Indians, and fervently prayed to the Most Blessed Virgin to obtain for him the privilege of discovering the great river, and of spreading the light of the Gospel among the dusky inhabitants of its banks.

Two years passed away; and one day late in the fall of 1673, a canoe approached Mackinaw, and landed. It contained Louis Joliet, a French Canadian gentleman of learning and experience, who had orders from the Count de Frontenac, Governor of Canada, to go on the discovery of the Mississippi, taking Father Marquette as his companion and guide. "The day of the Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin," writes the missionary in his *Journal*, "whom I had always invoked since I came to this Ottawa country, to obtain of God the grace to be able to visit the nations on the Mississippi, was the very day on which Mr. Joliet arrived." Father Marquette was enraptured at the good news. The whole winter was spent in making the necessary preparations. A rude map of the river was drawn up from information received from the Indians, and all facts of any value were care-

fully made in note-books. The discovery was dangerous, but it was not to be rash; all was the result of calm, cool investigation, and never was chance less concerned than in the discovery of the Mississippi. "We took all possible precautions," says Father Marquette, "that, if our enterprise was hazardous, it should not be foolhardy."

On the 17th of May, 1673, two canoes, with Marquette, Joliet, and five men, set out, and their nimble paddles cut the bright surface of Lake Michigan. They soon reached Green Bay Here, the priest tells us: "I put our voyage under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, promising her that if she did us the grace to discover the great river, I would give it the name of Conception." They proceeded up Fox River, crossed by a portage to the Wisconsin, sailed down that stream, and reached the mouth of the long-desired Mississippi, which, says Marquette, "we safely entered on the 17th of June, with a joy that I cannot express."

The Jesuit was a close observer, and attentively remarked all the peculiarities of the renowned river—birds, beasts, fishes, plants, trees, Indians—nothing escaped his keen, scientific eye. His acuteness of observation was only equalled by his descriptive power. His own narrative of the exploring voyage is a charming piece of composition. Quickly their light canoes fled down the mighty stream, "proceeding on their way amid a solitude frightful by its

utter absence of man." At length, on the 25th of June, they saw footprints on the shore, and a beaten path leading to a beautiful prairie. Here they landed, and leaving their men to take care of the canoes, Marquette and Joliet directed their steps inland to an Illinois village, where they were well received with a great many savage ceremonies.

Joliet told the Indians that he represented the Governor of Canada, the renowned white chief, and that Marquette was the ambassador of the Great Spirit. After the usual greetings, the grand Sachem arose and said: "I thank the black-gown and the Frenchman for taking so much pains to come and visit us, never has the earth been so beautiful, nor the sun so bright as to-day! . . . I pray you take pity on me and all my nation. You know the Great Spirit who has made us all, ask him to give me life and health, and come and dwell with us that we may know Him." He then made them presents, among others a valuable, but all-mysterious calumet.

"This council," says Marquette, "was followed by a great feast that consisted of four courses, which we had to take with all their ways. The first course was a great wooden dish of saganimity—Indian meal boiled in water and seasoned with grease. The master of ceremonies, with a spoonful of saganimity, presented it three or four times to my mouth, as we would do with a little child. He did the same to Mr. Joliet.

"For a second course he brought in a second dish containing three fish; he took some pains to remove the bones, and having blown upon it to cool it, put it in my mouth, as we would food to a bird. For the third course, they produced a large dog which they had just killed, but learning that we did not eat it, it was withdrawn. Finally, the fourth course was a piece of wild ox, the fattest portions of which were put into our mouths." Then came the parting, amid numerous ceremonies. Nearly six hundred Indians escorted the priest and his companion to their canoes, and saw them embark.

After passing through many adventures and dangers—too numerous to relate—they reached the mouth of the Arkansas. Here they halted, and after much deliberation, resolved to return. Marquette and his companions learned all they wished to know—"that the Mississippi undoubtedly had its mouth in the Gulf of Mexico." By proceeding further they might fall into the hands of the Spaniards, then at war with the French.

On the 17th of July, the hardy voyagers turned the prows of their canoes about, and began the painful and laborious work of ascending and stemming the currents of the majestic river. Green Bay was reached four months after their departure from it. The distance travelled over was about two thousand six hundred miles.

"Had all the voyage," says Father Marquette,

"caused but the salvation of a single soul, I should deem all my fatigue well repaid; and this I have reason to think, for, when I was returning, I passed by the Indians of Peoria, who brought me to the water's edge a dying child, which I baptized a little before it expired." The apostolic Jesuit regarded the salvation of one soul as a matter of greater importance than all his discoveries.

Joliet proceeded to Canada to publish the news of the great discovery to the world, while the humble Marquette remained at Green Bry to recruit his declining health before renewing his labors among the Indians. "He sought no laurels," says Shea, "he aspired to no tinsel praise." By an accident in shooting one of the St. Lawrence rapids, Joliet lost his map and papers—a circumstance that gave a double value to Father Marquette's map. The latter was afterwards published by the Superior at Paris. A good copy of it may be seen in Shea's "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi," a valuable work of much learning and research.

The remaining portion of the story of Marquette's heroic life is short, but touching and beautiful. His superhuman labors had broken down his once vigorous constitution. During the winter of 1674, he lay on a sick couch, the victim of a complication of diseases. When the summer of the same year arrived, and his good health had partly returned, he received the necessary orders to establish a mission

among the Illinois—in fulfilment of his promise when descending the Mississippi.

On the 25th of October, he set out for Kaskaskia. Leaving Green Bay, with two men and a number of Indians, he coasted along the western shore of Lake Michigan, reaching the Chicago River in December. Weak in health, with a severe winter staring him in the face, Father Marquette could not think of making the overland journey to Kaskaskia. He determined to winter where he was, his two faithful French companions remaining with him. A log hut was built—the first human habitation erected on the site of the since great city of Chicago. The priest playfully told them that this was his last voyage, that his end was near.

Hearing of his illness, the Illinois in great grief sent a deputation to visit their black-gown. He received the Indians with extreme kindness, promising to make every effort to reach their village, were it but for a few days. "On this," says Marquette, "they bid me take heart and stay and die in their country, as I had promised to remain a long time." The red men then returned to their winter camps.

His sickness did not prevent him from spending that long winter in prayer, meditation, and retreat. Feeling his weakness daily increase, and fearing he would not be able to fulfil his promise to the Illinois, he and his companions had recourse to the Most Blessed Virgin by a novena. Their prayer was

heard. As spring returned, so did a portion of the good priest's strength.

On the 8th of April, he reached Kaskaskia, and was received as an angel from Heaven. On the Monday of Holy Week he began his instructions. Soon a rustic altar, adorned with pictures of the Most Holy Virgin, was erected, and Mass celebrated for the first time in his new mission. Chiefs and warriors, young and old, gathered around their beloved black-gown; and there, at least, the seeds of the Gospel fell on good ground.

Easter was past, and his Illinois mission established, when the painful malady returned with renewed force. Well aware that he had reached the boundary line of life, the indomitable Jesuit set out for Mackinaw, hoping to die among his fellow-missionaries. He passed by the mouth of the St. Joseph River, proceeding to the north along the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. As the two canoemen urged the frail craft over the lonely waters, the sight and strength of the priest gradually failed, "and he was at length so weak that he had to be lifted in and out of his canoe when they landed each night."

"On the eve of his death," writes Father Dablon, "he told them, all radiant with joy, that it would take place on the morrow. During the whole day, he conversed with them about the manner of his burial, the way in which he should be laid out, the

place to be selected for his interment, how they should arrange his hands and face, and raise a cross over his grave.

"He even went so far as to enjoin them, only three hours before he expired, to take his chapel-bell, as soon as he was dead, and ring it while they carried him to the grave. Of all this he conversed so calmly and collectedly that you would have thought he spoke of the death and burial of another, and not of his own.

"Thus did he speak to them as he sailed along the lake, till perceiving the mouth of a river, with an eminence on the bank which he thought suited for his burial, he told them that it was the place of his last repose. They wished, however, to pass on, as the weather permitted it and the day was not far advanced, but God raised a contrary wind, which obliged them to return and enter the river which the Father had designated.

"They then carried him ashore, kindled a little fire, and raised a poor bark cabin for his use, laying him in it with as little discomfort as they could, but they were so depressed by sadness that, as they afterwards said, they did not know what they were doing.

"The Father being thus stretched on the shore like St. Francis Xavier, as he had always so ardently desired, and left alone amid those forests—for his companions were engaged in unloading—he had

leisure to repeat all the acts in which he had employed himself during the preceding days.

"When his dear companions afterwards came up, all dejected, he consoled them, and gave them hopes that God would take care of them after his death in those new and unknown countries; he gave them his last instructions, thanked them for all the charity they had shown him during the voyage, begged their pardon for the trouble he had given them, directed them also to ask pardon in his name of all our Fathers and Brothers in the Ottawa country, and then disposed them to receive the Sacrament of Penance, which he administered to them for the last time.

"He also gave them a paper on which he had written all his faults since his last confession, to be given to his Superior, to oblige him to pray to God more earnestly for him. In short, he promised not to forget them in Heaven, and as he was very kind-hearted, and knew them to be worn out with the toil of the preceding days, he bade them go and take a little rest, assuring them that his hour was not yet so near but that he would wake them when it was time—as, in fact, he did two or three hours after, calling them when about to enter into his agony.

"When they came near, he embraced them again for the last time, while they melted in tears at his feet. He then asked for the holy water and his reliquary, and, taking off his crucifix, which he always

wore hanging from his neck, he placed it in the hands of one of his companions, asking him to hold it constantly opposite him, raised before his eyes.

"Feeling that he had but a little while to live, he made a last effort, clasped his hands, and, with his eyes fixed sweetly on his crucifix, he pronounced aloud his profession of faith, and thanked the Divine Majesty for the immense favor He bestowed upon him in allowing him to die in the Society of Jesus, to die in it as a missionary of Jesus Christ, and above all, to die in it, as he had always asked, in a wretched cabin, amid the forests, destitute of all human aid." His last words were, *Mater Dei, memento mei*— "Mother of God, remember me." And thus, on the lone, wild shores of Lake Michigan, died, at the age of thirty-eight, on Saturday, the 18th of May, 1675, Father James Marquette, the first explorer of the Mississippi and the Apostle of the Illinois.[1]

Among the Catholic Pioneers of the New World, his name is one of the purest and brightest. It shines with dazzling splendor. It combines virtue, genius, and heroism. This noble priest was full of joy and sunshine, and the wildest savage paid him the homage of respect. In his letters we see the devoted missionary, and the keen, polished scholar He was the first to give a theory of the lake tides, and modern science has not added to his discovery

[1] "The river where he died," writes Parkman, "is a small stream in the west of Michigan, some distance south of the promontory called the *Sleeping Bear*. It long bore his name, which is now borne by a larger neighboring stream."

and explanation. If the great Society of Jesus had produced but Father James Marquette, it would be forever entitled to the gratitude of all Americans.

ROBERT CAVELIER DE LA SALLE,

THE DISCOVERER OF THE OHIO RIVER, AND EXPLORER OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

Died A. D. 1687.

THE angel of death had scarcely called away the beautiful spirit of Father Marquette, when another intrepid Catholic Pioneer, who was maturing in his mind a vast scheme of settlement and exploration, prepared to sail down the Father of Waters and to develop the exhaustless riches of the great Mississippi Valley. It was Robert Cavelier, more commonly known as La Salle.[1]

He belonged to a wealthy and honorable family, was born in the city of Rouen, France, in the year 1643. It is said that in early youth he entered the Society of Jesus, in which he remained for several years, studying and teaching. He had a great love for the exact sciences, especially mathematics, in

[1] The family name was Cavelier. "La Salle," writes Parkman, "was the name of an estate near Rouen, belonging to the Caveliers. The wealthy French burghers often distinguished the various members of their families by designations borrowed from landed estates."

which he attained remarkable proficiency. La Salle left the seminary of the Jesuits, bearing with him the respect of his superiors for purity of character and rare energy. On account, however, of having entered the religious state, he was, by an unjust provision of the French law, deprived of his fortune.

He at once commenced a new career, and sailed for Canada in the spring of 1666. From the priests of St. Sulpice he obtained the grant of a large tract of land near Montreal, at a place named La Chine. Commencing the study of the native languages, his great abilities enabled him, in two or three years, to master Iroquois, Algonquin, and five or six other Indian dialects.

In the winter of 1670, La Salle organized an expedition which included some Sulpitians, and proceeded towards the southwest. Our accounts of it are somewhat vague. He discovered the Ohio, however, which he sailed down as far as the present site of Louisville. His men leaving him, he returned alone to Canada.

We next find him commander of the newly established Fort Frontenac—now Kingston. He held this position when the tidings of Marquette's discovery of the Mississippi reached him. This was a new and welcome idea. La Salle at once identified "the great river of Marquette with the great river of De Soto." His schemes of exploration received a fresh impulse.

Three thoughts, rapidly developing in his mind, were mastering La Salle, and engendering an invincible purpose: (1.) He would achieve that which Champlain vainly attempted, and of which our own generation has but seen the accomplishment—the opening of a passage to India and China across the American Continent. (2.) He would occupy the Great West, develop its commercial resources, and anticipate the Spaniards and English in the possession of it. (3.) For he soon became convinced that the Mississippi discharged itself into the Gulf of Mexico—he would establish a fortified post at its mouth, thus securing an outlet for the trade of the interior, checking the progress of the Spaniards, and forming a base whence in time of war their northern provinces could be invaded and conquered. Such were the great projects conceived and nursed in the fertile brain of this heroic, but penniless young Frenchman.[1]

The better to carry out his vast enterprises, La Salle returned to France in 1675, obtained from Louis XIV. a grant of Fort Frontenac, a monopoly of the lake trade, and a patent of nobility. He then sailed for Canada. Some time after, he again returned to his native country, and received a commission to continue the exploration of the "great river." As his lieutenant he chose Tonti, a one-armed Italian veteran, whose "energy and address

[1] Parkman.

made him equal to anything." He also enlisted thirty mechanics and mariners for the expedition, which was accompanied by several Franciscan Fathers.

In 1678, he reached Fort Frontenac for a third time; and at once dispatched Tonti and a number of his men to build a ship at the head of the Niagara River, on Lake Erie. La Salle himself immediately followed. He laid the keel with his own hands, and drove the first bolt. The vessel, which carried about forty-five tons, was soon finished, and named *The Griffin*, in honor of the arms of the Count de Frontenac, Governor of Canada. On August 7th, 1679, she was launched with great ceremony, amid an admiring crowd of Indians, who gathered around the French. This was the first vessel heavier than a canoe that ever cut the sparkling waters of the great American lakes. Amid the sounds of many voices, chanting the *Te Deum*, the good ship left her moorings; rode the waves of Erie; passed to the north through a little lake, which La Salle called St. Clair, in honor of the holy virgin of that name; sped over Huron and a portion of Michigan; was nearly lost in a violent storm, and finally landed at Green Bay, on the 2d of September. Many of the brave La Salle's previous plans having failed, he found himself deeply in debt; and to satisfy his creditors, he loaded the *Griffin* with a cargo of rich furs and sent her back.

La Salle and his men now directed their course

towards the south. On reaching Lake Peoria, on the Illinois River, he began the construction of a fort, which he called *Crèvecœur*,[1] on account of the unhappy news which here reached him. The *Griffin* had perished in the waters of Michigan! His supplies were exhausted. He depended on the return of his vessel for more. Far from being discouraged by the frowns of fortune, the indomitable commander, with fearless energy, set out on foot through the wilderness for Fort Frontenac—a distance of over 1,200 miles. He reached it only to learn of fresh disasters. "This was," says Margry, "the most arduous march ever made by Frenchmen in America."

The difficulties of correspondence in such a position are thus hinted at by La Salle in a letter to a friend. "I have written it," he says, "at twenty different times and in twenty different places, and am more than one hundred and fifty leagues from where I began it. I close it now more from want of paper than of matter, for I have still a hundred things to tell you, but I must send off this canoe if I want my letter to reach you. It will not be easy for it to reach Quebec before the vessels sail, having more than three hundred leagues to make in a month." Sometimes a letter took over a year in reaching France. The express train and ocean steamer were conveniences then unknown.

[1] The broken-hearted. "This was the *first* civilized occupation of the region which now forms the State of Illinois. The spot may still be seen a little below Peoria."—*Parkman.*

While La Salle was gone, Father Hennepin, by his orders, left Crèvecœur, and explored the upper Mississippi as far as the Falls of St Anthony, a name given it by the Franciscan, in honor of the famous St. Anthony of Padua.

Ever "up and doing, with a heart for any fate," La Salle, in a canoe, again set out for Fort Crèvecœur, which he reached and found abandoned by Tonti and his men. Continuing the search for his lieutenant, he found him at Mackinaw, whither want had driven the whole party. Their canoes were once more directed to Fort Frontenac. Here vigorous preparations were resumed to begin the expedition anew.

Winter had scarcely relaxed his icy clasp on the great rivers of the West when the indefatigable explorer, with a few Franciscan priests, twenty-three Frenchmen, and eighteen Indians—all inured to war—directed their course towards the Mississippi. Floating down the Illinois River, they reached the "Father of Waters" in February, 1682. Without delay, they began the descent of the mighty stream. As they pressed on, they frequently came in contact with the Indians, whom La Salle won by his eloquence and engaging manners. We are told that after the Indian mode, he was "the greatest orator in North America." The missionaries also announced the words of truth to the savages. "As the great explorer pursued his course down the Mississippi,"

writes Bancroft, "his sagacious eye discerned the magnificent resources of the country." At every point where they landed, La Salle planted a cross, for he "was most zealous for the Faith." Finally the mouth of the majestic river was reached, and they beheld—

> "The sea! the sea! the open sea,
> The blue, the fresh, the ever free."

On the 9th of April, La Salle took possession of the country in the name of Louis XIV. For this purpose he had a cross erected, while the whole party chanted the *Vexilla Regis:*

> "Forth comes the standard of the King—
> All hail, thou mystery adored!
> Blessed Cross on which He died Himself,
> And by death our lives restored."

The impressive ceremony was finished with the *Te Deum*, and the raising of a column with the following inscription: "Louis the Great, King of France and Navarre, reigns. the 9th of April, 1682." Then, "amid a volley from all our muskets," writes Father Membré, "a leaden plate, inscribed with the arms of France and the names of those who had just made the discovery, was deposited in the earth."

By his energy and enterprise La Salle had now explored from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico. In honor of his sovereign he named all

the territory along the great river, Louisiana—a name, at present, restricted to one State

Turning, he ascended the Mississippi and sailed for France, in order to secure the assistance of Louis XIV., and the coöperation of his countrymen in colonizing the great valley, and in developing its immense natural resources. Success seemed to smile on his plans. The government provided him with four ships, and a large number of persons was soon enlisted in his enterprise.

In July, 1684, he bade adieu for the last time to the shores of sunny France; and with his ships and 280 persons, including three Franciscan Fathers and three secular priests, well supplied with all the necessaries to plant a colony at the mouth of the Mississippi, he directed his course across the Atlantic. But the entrance of the Father of Waters was hard to find. La Salle missed it, went westward, and early in 1685 landed his colony at Matagorda Bay, in Texas, where he built Fort St. Louis. In the choice of his men, he soon found that he had made a fatal mistake. They were a mixed party, largely composed of vagabonds picked up on the streets of Rochelle, and their conduct was in keeping with their character, as events unfortunately proved.

After several vain attempts to reach the mouth of the Mississippi by sea, La Salle resolved to strike out for it by land. Father Douay, O. S. F., his chaplain, has left us a minute account of their ad-

venturous course over plains, forests, rocks, and rivers. After six months' fruitless wanderings, however, they were obliged to return to Fort St. Louis. Here La Salle heard that his last vessel was wrecked. "With the giant energy of an indomitable will," says Bancroft, "having lost his hopes of fortune, his hopes of fame, he resolved to travel on foot to his countrymen at the North, and return from Canada to renew his colony in Texas."

With a few priests and twenty men, he set out on this immense journey early in 1687. For nearly two months and a half, the intrepid travellers boldly forced their way, despite the hardships to be endured from a winter climate, and the countless obstacles offered by a savage country But mutiny began to manifest itself. Some of the party nursed dark designs. It is best to give the last scene of the sad narrative in the language of an eye-witness.

"Asking me to accompany him," writes Father Douay, "La Salle took two Indians and set out. All the way he conversed with me in relation to matters of piety, grace, and predestination, expatiating on all his obligations to God for having saved him from so many dangers during the last twenty years that he had traversed America. He seemed to me particularly penetrated with a sense of God's benefits to him.

"Suddenly I saw him plunged into a deep melancholy, for which he himself could not account. He

was so troubled that I did not know him any longer. As this was far from his usual state, I roused him from his lethargy.

"Two leagues after, we found the bloody cravat of his lackey. He perceived two eagles flying over his head, and at the same time saw some of his people on the edge of the river, which he approached, asking them what had become of his nephew.[1]

"They answered us in broken words, showing us where we should find him. We proceeded some steps along the bank[2] to the fatal spot where two of these murderers were hidden in the grass, one on each side, with guns cocked. One missed La Salle, the other at the same moment shot him in the head. He breathed his last an hour after, on the 19th of March, 1687. He had confessed and fulfilled all his devotions just before we started that day. . . During his last moments he elicited all the acts of a good Christian. . . Thus died our wise commander, constant in adversity, intrepid, generous, skilful, capable of everything."

La Salle "is the worthy compeer of De Soto and Marquette; he stood sword in hand under the banner of the Cross, the tutelary genius of those great States which stretch away from Lake Ontario to the Rio Grande. Every league of that region he trod on foot, and every league of its water he

[1] Who had been murdered.

[2] The crime was committed on a southern branch of the River Trinity.

navigated in frail canoes or crazy schooners. Above his tomb the Northern pine should tower; around it the Michigan rose and the Southern myrtle should mingle their hues and unite their perfumes."

"Never," exclaims Parkman, "under the impenetrable mail of paladin or crusader, beat a heart of more intrepid mettle than within the stoic panoply that armed the breast of La Salle. To estimate aright the marvels of his patient fortitude, one must follow on his track through the vast scene of his interminable journeyings, those thousands of weary miles of forest, marsh, and river, where, again and again, in the bitterness of baffled striving, the untiring pilgrim pushed onward towards the goal which he was never to attain. America owes him an enduring memory; for in this masculine figure, cast in iron, she sees the heroic pioneer who guided her to the possession of her richest heritage."

MARY MAGDALEN DE LA PELTRIE,

FOUNDRESS OF THE URSULINE CONVENT, QUEBEC.

Died A. D. 1671.

AMONG the noble pioneers whose memories are embalmed in the early history of Canada is that of the pious, heroic, and beautiful Madam de la Peltrie. She was born of a wealthy and noble family at Alençon, France, in 1603: and, at the age of seventeen, in compliance with her father's wishes, she married Charles de la Peltrie, a gentleman of rank and character. Five years later, her husband died, and she found herself a widow and childless.

A perusal of the first Jesuit *Relations* attracted her attention to Canada. "Alas!" wrote Father Le Jeune, "is there no charitable and virtuous lady who will come to this country to gather up the blood of Christ by teaching His word to the little Indian girls?"

This appeal found an immediate echo in the tender, religious breast of Madam de la Peltrie. There was no school for girls in the wilderness of Canada, and she nobly determined to spend her life

and fortune in founding such an institution. But it was only after overcoming a host of obstacles that she found herself free to devote herself to the good work.

From Father Poncet, S. J., Madam de la Peltrie learned of a remarkable Ursuline nun—Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation,—and subsequently, on a visit to Tours, made her acquaintance. She decided to found an Ursuline convent at Quebec.

On a bright day, in the summer of 1639, a small vessel glided up the St. Lawrence, and neared the little capital of Canada. The cannon roared welcome. All labor ceased. Dusky, battle-scarred Hurons and Algonquins hastened down to the river. The Governor, some Jesuit Fathers, and a file of soldiers were ranged at the landing. A party of religious ladies stepped ashore, and, as they did so, prostrated themselves, and kissed the soil of the New World. It was Madam de la Peltrie, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, two other Ursulines, and some Hospital Sisters. The *Te Deum* was sung, and the gentle newcomers received a warm welcome.

When Madam de la Peltrie visited an Indian village near by, she pressed every little dusky girl she met to her bosom, "and kissed her with a mother's fondness, unmindful of much that might have created disgust." Canada was now to have its pioneer school for the instruction of girls—humble at first, but destined to grow in fame and usefulness.

"Madam de la Peltrie, who had never desired to be rich," says the historian of New France, "and who had so cheerfully become poor for Christ's sake, could not refrain from saying that she wished to have at her disposal enough to draw all the tribes of Canada to a knowledge of the true God; and she took a firm resolution, which she observed her whole life, to spare herself in nothing where the salvation of souls was to be effected. Her zeal led her even to till the soil with her own hands, to have wherewith to relieve the poor neophytes. In a few days she had stripped herself of all she had retained for her own use, so as to reduce herself to want of actual necessaries, in order to clothe the children brought to her almost naked; and her whole life was but a series of acts of the most heroic charity."[1]

Within the walls of the Ursuline Convent at Quebec both French and Indian girls received a solid, refined, and religious education. From time to time, when the little dusky pupils were permitted to have one of their pantomimic dances, they invited Madam de la Peltrie to join in the sport, and the charming, kind-hearted lady, who knew how to be all to all, did so "with the best grace in the world."

She was present at the foundation of Montreal, and helped to decorate its first rustic altar. When Governor De Maisonneuve erected a large cross on Mont Royal, and Mass was said, Madam de la Peltrie

[1] Charlevoix.

received Holy Communion "on the mountain-top, a spectacle to the virgin world out-stretched below."

The joy of the pupils at the Convent of Quebec was unbounded, when the foundress returned to leave them no more. To them she devoted her life. She shared the labors of the nuns, washing, dressing, and teaching the little Indian girls committed to their care; and the whole colony mourned her loss, when, at the age of sixty-eight, the angel of death called her to receive the reward of the faithful Christian, on the 18th of November, 1671.

This pious, high-born lady gave Canada its first female academy; and for thirty-two years, devoted her time, and gifts, and wealth to its progress and prosperity. It must be understood that she was not an Ursuline Nun, under vows; but simply a religious woman, who chose to live in a poor little cottage at the convent she had founded. She often heard the war-whoops of the Iroquois thirsting for scalps. To the last she preserved her gay amiability, and handsome countenance, spiritualized by a beautiful life. "No one ever thought she was growing old," writes an Ursuline.

VENERABLE MARY GUYARD

FIRST SUPERIORESS OF THE URSULINE CONVENT, QUEBEC.

Died A. D. 1672

MARY GUYARD, better known in the history of the New World as Mother Mary of the Incarnation, was born on the 28th of October, 1599, at the city of Tours, France. Her parents were persons of virtue, in modest circumstances.

"The good education which I received from my parents, who were most pious Christians," wrote this great woman, "laid an excellent foundation in my soul; and I cannot but bless the Father of goodness for His gracious kindness to me in this connection. It is a happy step in the way of virtue, and a precious preparation for a high degree of piety, to fall into hands which carefully mould the first years of our existence."

Mary Guyard gave her hand in marriage—more through obedience to her father and mother, than love or inclination—to a young man, a silk manufacturer, named Martin. He died two years later, leaving his young widow at the age of twenty, with an infant son, and scant means of support.

After twelve years of sorrow and suffering, however, she confided the boy[1] to her sister's care, and entered the Ursuline Convent of Tours. She became a professed nun in 1633.

Hitherto the life of Mother Mary of the Incarnation had been passed in a rude but useful training school. There lay ahead a great work—buried, it is true, in the bosom of the mysterious future. God was preparing her for it. "I now see," she wrote near the end of her days, "that all the states of life, trials and labors through which I have passed, have had but one object—to form me for the work to be done in Canada."

While a novice she had a remarkable dream—a glimpse at her future career. She seemed to be walking cautiously along a dark and dangerous pathway with an unknown lady. A venerable personage directed the travellers to a vast pile of buildings. On one side was a chapel, and the Holy Virgin and her Infant Son appeared to occupy a throne on its summit, looking intently at a distant, desolate country covered with gloom and fogs and traversed by mountains. A little church was visible in the wilderness. Mother Mary pressed forward, and the Queen of Heaven smiled graciously and kissed the forehead of the devoted traveller. She then whispered some message to

[1] Who afterwards entered the Order of St. Benedict, and became a learned priest.

the Divine Child. It concerned the salvation of souls. Though Mother Mary heard not the words, she caught their meaning, and on awaking, her glowing heart burned more than ever for the conversion of pagan nations.

When Madam de la Peltrie, whose life I have sketched in another place, appeared in the Ursuline Convent at Tours, Mother Mary of the Incarnation at once recognized in her the beautiful unknown companion of her dream. The Archbishop of Tours was the venerable figure that pointed out the way. When presenting Mother Mary of the Incarnation and Mother St. Joseph to Madam de la Peltrie, he said:

"These are the two foundation-stones of the temple which you are about to erect in the New World for the glory of God. I entrust them to you for this end, and according to your request. On the model of the Jerusalem above, may they be two precious stones in the foundation. May this edifice be a mansion of peace and grace and celestial blessings, more abundant than the ancient temple of Solomon. May the efforts of hell never prevail against it, any more than against the Holy Church."

Mother Mary of the Incarnation, Madam de la Peltrie, and two Ursulines landed at Quebec on the 1st of August, 1639; and, after kissing the ground, they were escorted by the Governor, Jesuit Fathers, and a body of troops, to the little chapel, which had

been built by Champlain. Mass was celebrated, the *Te Deum* chanted, and, after dining at the fort, the gentle ladies began their heroic labors.

The first convent was a little building, consisting of two rooms. The smaller was transformed into a class-room; the larger served as bed-room, choir, parlor, kitchen, and refectory. An additional wing was added and became the chapel. But the scourge of small-pox soon changed the little convent, for a time, into a hospital.

The work of instruction progressed rapidly. Mother Mary and her nuns bent themselves to the study of the Huron and Algonquin languages; and soon the little Indian girls enjoyed the same advantages as their French sisters.

The parlor was often visited by Indian warriors, who received not only the food of instruction, but other food demanded by the laws of Indian hospitality. Among those untutored sons of the wilderness it was considered an affront to send away a guest without inviting him to eat. The "pot of sagamite" had to be constantly on the fire.

From time to time, a more "splendid banquet" was prepared for sixty or eighty dusky visitors. On such occasions it required "a bushel of black plums, twenty four pounds of bread, a due quantity of Indian meal or ground peas, a dozen of tallow candles melted, and two or three pounds of fat pork"—all well boiled together. "It would be a

pity," writes Mother Mary of the Incarnation, "to deprive these poor people of such a feast, since it requires no more to content even their sachems and war-chiefs."

Mother Mary's first Huron pupil was the niece of a famous war-chief, who brought his little Teresa to be trained in the "House of Jesus," as the Indians called the convent. She was a very gifted girl, and her progress in virtue and knowledge was remarkable. When battle-scarred warriors came down from the Huron country, they heard her with astonishment. "Teresa has more sense," said a veteran of the wilderness, "than any one who has ever appeared in our country. Her teacher must be the greatest genius among the French."

Teresa studied at the convent for two years, and many a tear rolled down her dusky cheeks on the day of departure. From Three Rivers she wrote to Mother Mary of the Incarnation:

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—

"I am going to my distant home. We are ready to start. I thank you for all the care you have bestowed upon me. I thank you for having taught me to serve God. Is it for a thing of small value that I offer you my thanks? Never shall I forget you. TERESA."

The educational programme of this pioneer female academy of Canada was most sensible, practical, and

Christian. It was in the seventeenth century, we must remember, and there were fewer subjects taught than at present. But what was done, was done thoroughly. The pupils were taught reading, grammar, the Christian Religion, sacred history, practical arithmetic, penmanship, and needlework. We hear no mention of a piano, and the formidable *'ologies* were omitted; but it remained for our day to try the ridiculous experiment of studying everything—a sure road to the mastery of nothing.[1]

The Ursulines entered their new convent in 1642; but eight years later it was wholly destroyed by fire. Then Venerable Mother Mary's energy and Madam de la Peltrie's purse were taxed to the utmost. A new and more substantial residence was the result. It stands to this day.

After thirty-three years of ceaseless toil at Quebec, the life of the Venerable Mother Mary drew to a close. Her sorrowing daughters asked her to pray that such a precious life might be prolonged. Nor did she refuse. "My God," she exclaimed in feeble accents, "if I can yet be of service to this little community, I refuse neither labor nor fatigue. Thy will be done."

"No, my good Mother," urged her confessor, Father Lallement, S. J., "you must join our petitions and ask to recover." The saintly lady did as commanded; but in a few weeks more the last Sacra-

[1] *Lives of the Catholic Heroes and Heroines.*

ments were administered, and Mother Mary of the Incarnation died on the 30th of April, 1672, at the age of seventy-two years.

This pioneer educator of Canadian women was, to the last day of her beautiful life, the great teacher, guide, model, and mother of her community. She had rare executive ability. Nothing escaped her attention; and her capacity for labor seemed limitless. She wrote a prodigious number of letters, and everything from her pen is marked by beauty of style and solidity of judgment. She prepared for the use of her nuns and pupils a sacred history, catechism, dictionary, and collection of prayers in Algonquin; a catechism and dictionary in Iroquois; a catechism in Huron; and several works in French. She excelled in all kinds of needlework and embroidery, as well as in gilding and painting. She sanctified those accomplishments by contributing the fruit of her own hands to the decoration of chapels, churches, and altars, in every part of the country. She even possessed remarkable skill in sculpture and architecture; but what crowned all those gifts with glory, was the heroic practice of virtue on which the Catholic Church placed her unerring seal of approval by declaring Mother Mary of the Incarnation *Venerable*, on the 15th of September, 1877.

JANE MANCE,

FOUNDRESS OF THE HOTEL DIEU, MONTREAL.

Died A. D. 1673.

JANE MANCE, the noble woman who gave Montreal its first hospital, was born, in 1606, of a distinguished family in France. While a mere child, she made a vow of chastity. An excellent education served to develop natural gifts of the first order, and she became a refined, graceful, and accomplished lady.

On the death of her parents, Miss Mance decided to devote her life to the service of God and His creatures in the wilderness of Canada. She was among the band of pious colonists that sailed with the knightly De Maisonneuve to found a town in honor of the Most Holy Virgin on the Island of Montreal.

Madam de la Peltrie accompanied the pioneers from Quebec, and aided Miss Mance to decorate the first altar at Montreal on the 17th of May, 1642. It was the birthday of a great city.

Miss Mance, with the money furnished by a wealthy and charitable lady, built a hospital, which

she managed herself. As the town grew, and the bloodthirsty Iroquois began to prowl around, so did the work increase. But for seventeen years this heroic lady bore the burden and heat of the day, and with the aid of four or five charitable women, daily met the countless and repulsive duties of her little Hotel Dieu. A fall on the ice, however, in the winter of 1657, so injured her right arm, that it began to wither away; but on a visit to France she applied a relic of Olier to the shrivelled limb, and from that hour its health and vigor were restored.

It was during this visit to her native land, that Miss Mance secured the services of three Hospital Nuns of St. Joseph[1] for the Hotel Dieu at Montreal—then a little place consisting of a rude fort and about forty houses. The good lady and her religious friends were warmly welcomed, but their quarters were anything but comfortable.

The chamber of the nuns, "which they occupied for many years, being hastily built of ill-seasoned planks, let in the piercing cold of the Canadian winter though countless cracks and chinks; and the driving snow sifted through in such quantities that they were sometimes obliged, the morning after a storm, to remove it with shovels. Their food would freeze on the table before them, and their coarse brown bread had to be thawed on the hearth before they could cut it."

[1] Sisters Judith de Brésoles, Catherine Macé, and Mary Maillet.

But toil, cold, hardship, and poverty were not the only difficulties to be encountered by Miss Mance and her nuns. There was another enemy seldom absent—the terrible Iroquois.

"More than once," writes the author of the *Old Regime in Canada*, "one of these prowling savages was known to have crouched all night in a rank growth of wild mustard in the garden of the nuns, vainly hoping that one of them would come out within reach of his tomahawk. During summer, a month rarely passed without a fight, sometimes within sight of their windows.

"A burst of yells from the ambushed marksmen, followed by a clatter of musketry, would announce the opening of the fray, and promise the nuns an addition to their list of patients. On these occasions they bore themselves according to their several natures. Sister Morin, who had joined their number three years after their arrival, relates that Sister Brésoles and she used to run to the belfry and ring the tocsin to call the inhabitants together."

"From our high station," she writes, "we could sometimes see the combat, which terrified us extremely, so that we came down again as soon as we could, trembling with fright, and thinking that our last hour was come. When the toscin sounded, Sister Maillet would become faint with excess of fear; and Sister Macé, as long as the alarm continued, would remain speechless, in a state pitiable

to see. They would both get into a corner of the rood-loft before the Blessed Sacrament, so as to be prepared for death; or else go into their cells.

"As soon as I heard that the Iroquois were gone, I went to tell them, which comforted them, and seemed to restore them to life. Sister Brésoles was stronger and more courageous; her terror, which she could not help, did not prevent her from attending the sick, and receiving the dead and wounded who were brought in."

Miss Mance toiled at Montreal for thirty-one years to establish the Hotel Dieu on a firm foundation; and passed to a better world in June, 1673, at the age of sixty-seven, leaving behind the golden record of a beautiful life. She was a holy heroine—a glorious Catholic Pioneer.

PAUL C. DE MAISONNEUVE,[1]

THE FOUNDER OF MONTREAL.

Died A. D. 1676.

WHILE Champlain was laying the corner-stone of a nation in the wilderness watered by the St. Lawrence, Paul de Maisonneuve was born in France.

He entered the army at the age of thirteen; and in a time of libertinism and heresy, kept his brave heart pure and his Catholic faith intact. Years rolled on. The young soldier distinguished himself on many a hard-contested field; and after long pondering the matter, he made up his mind to serve God in his profession by consecrating his sword to the Church in some religious enterprise.

Nor was the opportunity long wanting. An association of pious persons in France had purchased the Island of Montreal, where it was their design to build a town which should be at once a home for the missions, a defence against the Iroquois, a centre of commerce for the future colonists, and which should be dedicated to the Most Holy Virgin under the name of *Ville Marie*, or the town of Mary.

[1] The full name was Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve.

A wise and valiant leader was wanted for this undertaking. One of the associates heard of De Maisonneuve, and sought an interview. He was delighted. He had found the rare man destined by Providence for the achievement of such a great work. "I have no interested motives," said De Maisonneuve at the close of the conversation, "my income is sufficient for all my wants; and I would gladly devote my purse and life to this noble enterprise." He was appointed Governor of Montreal, and the expedition was soon on its way across the Atlantic.

In the fall of 1641, De Maisonneuve, forty men, Miss Mance, and a few women, sailed into the harbor of Quebec. It was too late in the season, however, to ascend the river, and the party wintered as well as they could at the poor little capital. Governor Montmagny tried to persuade De Maisonneuve not to proceed to Montreal; but rather to fix his colony in the Island of Orleans, near Quebec, where there would be less danger from the hostile savages. "I have not come here," said the brave leader, "to deliberate, but to act. It is my duty and my honor to found a colony at Montreal; and I would go, if every tree were an Iroquois!"

On the 18th of May, 1642, four boats approached the Island of Montreal. It was Maisonneuve and his hardy colonists. The commander sprang ashore, fell on his knees, and all followed. An altar was

erected, and decorated by Miss Mance and Madam de la Peltrie. Mass was celebrated by Father Vimont, S. J., and at its close, he said to the devout little congregation that knelt around:

"You are a grain of mustard-seed, that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land."

It was the birthday of Ville Marie, or Montreal. The terse words of the Jesuit were prophetic. De Maisonneuve cut down the first tree. A clearing was made. Rude habitations arose, and the colony began to take root. The first enemy that appeared was an inundation. Winter had scarcely set in when the St. Lawrence arose, and threatened to drown the settlement. De Maisonneuve, pious as he was brave, placed a cross in front of the approaching flood, and vowed to carry a large cross on his shoulders to the top of Mont Royal, and erect it on the summit, if the waters would subside. His prayer was heard, and his vow carefully fulfilled. On the 6th of January, 1643, a large cross could be seen on the mountain-top, where, for years after, the sacred symbol "remained an object of pilgrimage to the pious colonists of Ville Marie."

Under the wise guidance of Governor De Maisonneuve, the town grew and prospered. Religion flourished, and even the garrison was noted for

piety. From among his best soldiers, De Maisonneuve chose a band of sixty-three volunteers, all specially vowed to defend the Town of Mary. This number was suggested by the years which the Holy Virgin lived on earth; and those hardy veterans, in the spirit of crusaders, formed in the forests of Canada a kind of military confraternity. They said the beads every day, wore the medal of their order as a decoration, and often approached the sacraments.

The soldiers, and every one else, had plenty to do as soon as the Iroquois discovered the settlement. Numbers of those lynx-eyed savages would hang around the neighboring forests, skulking behind trees or logs; and the heedless colonist often paid the penalty of negligence with his life and scalp. A number of trained dogs—and among them one named *Pilot*—proved very useful as sentinels. The following vivid pen-picture is descriptive of a characteristic event in the every-day life of the heroic founder of Montreal.

"De Maisonneuve," writes the non-Catholic author of *The Jesuits in North America*, "was as brave a knight of the Cross as ever fought in Palestine for the sepulchre of Christ; but he could temper his valor with discretion. He knew that he and his soldiers were but indifferent woodsmen; that their crafty foe had no equal in ambuscades and surprises; and that, while a defeat might ruin the French, it

would only exasperate an enemy whose resources in men were incomparably greater. Therefore, when the dogs sounded the alarm, he kept his followers close, and stood patiently on the defensive. They chafed under this Fabian policy, and at length imputed it to cowardice. Their murmurings grew louder, till they reached the ear of De Maisonneuve.

"The religion which animated him had not destroyed the soldierly pride which takes root so readily and so strongly in a manly nature; and an imputation of cowardice from his own soldiers stung him to the quick. He saw, too, that such an opinion of him must needs weaken his authority, and impair the discipline essential to the safety of the colony.

"On the morning of the 30th of March, 1644, *Pilot* was heard barking with unusual fury in the forest eastward from the fort; and in a few moments they saw her running over the clearing, where the snow was still deep, followed by her brood, all giving tongue together. The excited Frenchmen flocked about their commander.

"'*Monsieur, les ennemis sont dans le bois; ne les irons-nous jamais voir?*'[1]

"De Maisonneuve, habitually composed and calm, answered sharply—

"'Yes, you shall see the enemy. Get yourselves ready at once, and take care that you are as brave as you profess to be. I shall lead you myself.'

[1] "The enemy are in the woods, sir; are we never going to see them?"

All was bustle in the fort. Guns were loaded, pouches filled, and snow-shoes tied on by those who had them and knew how to use them. There were not enough, however, and many were forced to go without them. When all was ready, De Maisonneuve sallied forth at the head of thirty men, leaving D'Ailleboust, with the remainder, to hold the fort. They crossed the snow clearing and entered the forest, where all was silent as the grave. They pushed on, wading through the deep snow, with the countless pitfalls hidden beneath it, when suddenly they were greeted with the screeches of eighty Iroquois, who sprang up from their lurking-places, and showered bullets and arrows upon the advancing French.

"The emergency called, not for chivalry, but for wood-craft; and De Maisonneuve ordered his men to take shelter, like their assailants, behind trees. They stood their ground resolutely for a long time; but the Iroquois pressed them close, three of their number were killed, others were wounded, and their ammunition began to fail. Their only alternatives were destruction or retreat; and to retreat was not easy. The order was given. Though steady at first, the men soon became confused, and over-eager to escape the galling fire which the Iroquois sent after them.

"De Maisonneuve directed them towards a sledge-track, which had been used in dragging timber for

building the hospital, and where the snow was firm beneath the foot. He himself remained to the last, encouraging his followers and aiding the wounded to escape. The French, as they struggled through the snow, faced about from time to time, and fired back to check the pursuit; but no sooner had they reached the sledge-track than they gave way to their terror, and ran in a body for the fort. Those within, seeing this confused rush of men from the distance, mistook them for the enemy; and an over-zealous soldier touched the match to a cannon which had been pointed to rake the sledge-track. Had not the piece missed fire, from dampness of the priming, he would have done more execution at one shot than the Iroquois in all the fight of that morning.

"De Maisonneuve was left alone, retreating backwards down the track, and holding his pursuers in check, with a pistol in each hand. They might easily have shot him; but, recognizing him as the commander of the French, they were bent on taking him alive. Their chief coveted this honor for himself, and his followers held aloof to give him the opportunity. He pressed close upon De Maisonneuve, who snapped a pistol at him, which missed fire. The Iroquois, who had ducked to avoid the shot, rose erect, and sprang forward to seize him, when De Maisonneuve with his remaining pistol shot him dead. Then ensued a curious spectacle, not infrequent in Indian battles. The Iroquois seemed to forget their enemy, in their

anxiety to secure and carry off the body of their chief; and the French commander continued his retreat unmolested, till he was safe under the cannon of the fort. From that day he was a hero in the eyes of his men."[1]

De Maisonneuve went to France in 1652 to further the interests of the colony, and returned with a body of settlers, and the heroic Margaret Bourgeois, the future foundress of the Congregation de Notre Dame. When the Priests of St. Sulpice became the proprietors of the Island of Montreal, he retained his office of governor, and his rare merits were fitly recognized. In 1665, however, to the intense grief of all at Ville Marie, De Maisonneuve was unjustly removed and sent to France by the Marquis de Tracy, the Governor General. It was a base trick of politics, but De Maisonneuve bore the affront with the patience and humility of a true Christian. He died piously at Paris on the 9th of September, 1676.

This intrepid Catholic Pioneer, whose manly figure is one of the grandest in the history of the New World, spent twenty-two years in laying the foundation and guarding the infancy of what is now the commercial metropolis of Canada. To the valor of a soldier he joined the fervent zeal of a missionary. He had the spirit of Godfrey de Bouillon.

[1] It is the opinion of the learned Abbé Faillon, that this exploit was achieved on the spot where the great Church of Notre Dame now stands.

He was the soul of pure disinterestedness, and so little did he love the world and its ways, that, soon after his arrival on the banks of the St. Lawrence, he made a vow of perpetual chastity.

> "How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
> Thou more than soldier and not less than sage?"

"Quebec and Montreal," writes the historian Parkman, "are happy in their founders. Samuel de Champlain and Chomedey de Maisonneuve are among the names that shine with a fair and honest lustre on the infancy of nations."

VENERABLE MARGARET BOURGEOIS,

FOUNDRESS OF THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF OUR LADY.

Died A. D. 1700.

THE bright name of Margaret Bourgeois shines among the Catholic Pioneers of America in the seventeenth century; and her holy and useful influence has been felt in the New World for over two hundred years.

She was born at Troyes, France, on Good Friday, the 17th of April, 1620. Her parents were in respectable circumstances, and were noted for virtue

and good sense. While yet a child, she had the misfortune to lose her mother. Margaret was distinguished among her little companions by a love of labor, pious dispositions, quickness in learning to read and write, and a singular maturity of judgment.

At an early age she exhibited marked traits of character. Even in her tenth year, though she had never seen a religious community, the dear little girl was often observed assembling children, and instilling into their infant minds a sense of duty. When somewhat older, her worthy father placed her at the head of his household.

It was, however, when she reached womanhood that Miss Bourgois made rapid progress in the path of religious perfection. In Father Jandret, a learned and virtuous priest, she found a wise director. She wished to consecrate herself to God by a vow of virginity. This her confessor forbade her to do before the age of thirty ; but, admiring her wonderful virtue, he, after a time, permitted her to pronounce this sacred vow in her twenty-third year. About this period, Father Jandret was engaged in forming the plan of a new religious community, which, after the example of the Blessed Virgin, would unite in their lives the active and contemplative virtues.

The rule was given to Miss Bourgeois and two other young ladies to be observed; and the three novices for that purpose retired to a spacious apartment given them by a sister of De Maisonneuve,

that gallant gentleman being then Governor of Montreal, in Canada. One of the ladies died, a second withdrew, and finally Father Jandret gave up the design as a fruitless attempt. But, from this short experience, Sister Bourgeois derived lasting advantages. The unsuccessful efforts she made at that time, under the directions of an enlightened priest, served as a rule to guide her in the great work she was one day to accomplish in the wilds of Canada, on the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence.

Several singular circumstances convinced Sister Bourgeois that it was the will of her Almighty Master to begin her labors in the New World, and without delay she presented herself to De Maisonneuve, who was then on a visit to his friends at Troyes, offering to pass under his protection to the Canadian forests. But she was alone, guided by naught save the bright star of confidence in God.

Father Jandret warmly approved her design, and gave her his blessing. Yet some questioned the prudence of the undertaking. In her own mind difficulties arose. Her modesty and Christian prudence became alarmed. While thus in suspense, a vision appeared to her one morning while alone. A beautiful lady stood before her and said, "Go, I will never forsake you," instantly disappearing. It was a visit from the Blessed Virgin herself. The courageous woman felt strengthened and comforted.

In her thirty-third year, Sister Bourgeois dis-

tributed all her possessions in alms, and under the guidance and protection of Governor De Maisonneuve she sailed for Canada. In the fall of 1653, she set her foot for the first time on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The Island of Montreal was then nothing more than a picturesque wilderness, the site of one little struggling outpost of civilization, whose exposed inhabitants ran nightly risk of being scalped by prowling parties of hostile Mohawks. There was not even a chapel in which to celebrate Mass. A rude tent was the only temple of God, and a gigantic tree of the forest the only steeple.

Sister Bourgeois now began the work of her sublime mission. With equal care and charity she instructed the little Indians and the children of the settlers; she watched and served the sick; and even the dead received from her benevolent hands the last sad services. The benefactress of the poor soldier, she washed and mended his garments. Her zeal, like the sphere of her usefulness, was boundless. Thus did this heroic lady spend her first five years in Montreal. But she was alone as a teacher—all alone in her labors.

It was now that she formed the idea of establishing a community of Sisters. In search of youthful and devoted hearts to share her holy toils, she made a voyage to her native France. She was successful, and on her return brought four young ladies. In a stable she opened her new community, giving it the

name of *Congregation de Notre Dame.*[1] For the more permanent establishment of her Institution, Mother Bourgeois received letters patent from Louis XIV., and the necessary confirmation from Bishop Laval of Quebec. To her religious daughters she proposed two chief objects:

(1) Their own sanctification.

(2) That of their neighbor. Her Sisterhood is entirely devoted to female instruction. This was, I believe, the first religious society founded in the New World.

When it was firmly established, Sister Bourgeois resigned the position of Superioress, and the remaining seven years of her life were spent in special preparation for death. On the last night of 1699, one of the Sisters fell dangerously ill. No sooner was the saintly foundress informed of it than she exclaimed: "My God! accept the sacrifice of my life rather than deprive the community of that dear and excellent child."

Her prayer was instantly heard. The sick religious got well, and Sister Bourgeois was seized with the same mortal disease. With a holy joy she bore her sufferings for twelve days, and on the 12th of January, 1700, expired in her eightieth year. Thus died, amid the scene of her toils, the famous and saintly Margaret Bourgeois, one of the immortal women of America.

[1] Congregation of Our Lady.

Her virtues were of the most heroic cast. On one occasion, learning that a poor soldier had no bed, she sent her own to him. His fellow-in-arms came to ask her aid. She gave him the blankets. On another occasion, for the purpose of opening a school for poor children, she walked on foot amid snow and ice from Montreal to Quebec, a distance of about one hundred and eighty miles. She always lay on a bed of straw, and a piece of wood served for her pillow. Is it any wonder that the Catholic Church declared Margaret Bourgeois *Venerable* in 1879?

"Her portrait," writes Francis Parkman, "has come down to us, and her face is a mirror of frankness, loyalty, and womanly tenderness. Her qualities were those of good sense, conscientiousness, and a warm heart. To this day, in the crowded school-rooms of Montreal and Quebec, fit monuments of her unobtrusive virtues, her successors instruct the children of the poor, and embalm the beautiful memory of Margaret Bourgeois."

FRANCIS XAVIER DE LAVAL, D. D.,

FIRST BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

Died A. D. 1708

FRANCIS XAVIER DE LAVAL,[1] a member of one of the most ancient and noble houses in Europe, was born at Laval, France, on the 30th of April, 1623. He was educated by the Jesuit Fathers, and after his elevation to the priesthood, he spent years in study, prayer, the practice of virtue, and the instruction of the poor.

Just half a century after Champlain had founded Quebec, Bishop Laval was appointed Vicar-Apostolic of Canada. He landed at Quebec on the 16th of June, 1659. The little town exhibited great joy. The French and the Indians vied with each other in showing respect to the illustrious newcomer. The Hurons called him *Hariwawagni*, or "the man of great affairs."

For some time Bishop Laval was obliged to lodge in the class rooms of Madam de la Peltrie's house. "He is a man," writes Mother Mary of the Incarnation, "of superior merit and singular virtue, and

[1] Often written Laval-Montmorency.

possesses abilities of the highest order. He is above human respect, zealous for the spread of religion, and for every good work. All admire his exemplary life—in short, he is a man chosen by Heaven, an apostle worthy of all possible consideration. We shall certainly be incommoded to find place in our class-rooms for the pupils, but we shall gladly suffer the inconvenience on such an occasion. He will have the enjoyment of a fine garden."

The period of Bishop Laval's rule was long and full of troubles. The Iroquois, on the look-out for scalps, were not the only source of annoyance. The first difficulty was to establish his authority, which was threatened by the claims of the Archbishop of Rouen and his representative at Montreal. When, however, this affair was settled, the suppression of the scandalous traffic in brandy called for all his zeal, courage, and energy.

It was a temperance question in the interest of the Indians. "Their inordinate passion for brandy had long been the source of excessive disorders. They drank expressly to get drunk, and when drunk they were like wild beasts. Crime and violence of all sorts ensued; the priests saw their teachings despised and their flocks ruined."

Bishop Laval excommunicated all who engaged in this horrid traffic; but he soon found himself in collision with the civil authorities. Though hatred and persecution dogged his steps, he ceased not to

make war on iniquity; and his struggles with Governors Avaugour De Mézy, and Frontenac will ever be famous.

The See of Quebec was established in 1674, and the apostolic Laval was now in title, as well as in fact, Bishop of the capital of Canada. His flock were scattered at widely-distant points in the wilderness, which he often visited in a sleigh or on snow-shoes. He established the Seminary of Quebec, a normal school, a model farm, and a school of arts and trades, thus giving a new and powerful impulse to the spiritual and temporal growth of the colony.

The pioneer prelate resigned his see in 1688, and died at the Seminary of Quebec on the 6th of May, 1708, at the ripe age of eighty-five years.

The venerable Bishop Laval exercised a commanding influence on the destinies of Canada. He moulded its moral life, and gave a right direction to its Christian civilization; and to this day the educational and religious institutions on the banks of the St. Lawrence bear witness to his lofty labors. He finds a worthy monument in that splendid Catholic seat of learning at Quebec—Laval University.

THOMAS DONGAN,[1]

FIRST CATHOLIC GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

Died A. D. 1715.

THE name of Thomas Dongan justly holds the place of honor in the list of the colonial Governors of New York. He belonged to an ancient and noble Irish family, and was born in 1634, in the County of Kildare, Ireland, His father was Sir John Dongan, of Castletown; and one of his uncles, on the maternal side, was the famons Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnell, who figured so conspicuously in the reign of James II., and who, at one time, aimed at securing the complete independence of Ireland.

Young Dongan, after receiving an excellent education, and being well grounded in the religion of his fathers, embraced the profession of arms. He entered the service of France. By his bravery and ability, he soon reached the rank of Colonel, and commanded a regiment under Louis XIV.

In obedience, however, to a decree of the English Parliament, Colonel Dongan returned to his native

[1] The Irish form of the name is *O Dunagain*, which has been variously spelled in English, Dongan, Dungan, and Donegan.

country; and by Charles II. was appointed a general officer in the English army, with an annual pension of £500, settled on him for life.

At this time, the American province of New York was under the proprietory government of James, Duke of York. But the administration of affairs by his deputy produced great discontent; and the Duke resolved to place the reins of government in some wise and skilful hand. Colonel Dongan was selected as the new ruler. His commission bears date of September 30th, 1682. By this document he was ordered to hold a general assembly, which was not to exceed eighteen members, in New York City. Among other instructions, he was commanded to repress "drunkenness and debauchery, swearing and blasphemy," and to appoint none to office who may be given to such vices. He was also to encourage commerce.

Governor Dongan arrived at New York in August, 1683. His duties were rendered most delicate and embarrassing by the previous bad government, and by the fact that he himself was a professed and zealous Catholic, while the community whose destinies he was commissioned to guide were almost without exception Protestants, and, at that time, peculiarly inclined to look with distrust and hatred upon all followers of the Ancient Faith. But difficulties vanished before the enlightened policy and winning manners of Governor Dongan.

He first organized his Council, which was composed of gentlemen of the Dutch Reformed and English Churches. Catholics, however, were no longer excluded from office, or from the practice of their religion. The Governor had a chapel in which himself, his suite, his servants, and all the Catholics of the province could attend divine service. A Jesuit Father, who accompanied him from England, was his chaplain.

On the 17th of October, 1683, Governor Dongan convoked the first General Assembly of New York; and the first act of that body was a charter of liberties declaring that "no person or persons, who profess faith in God by Jesus Christ, shall at any time be any ways molested, punished, or disquieted; but that all and every such person or persons may, from time to time, and at all times, freely have and fully enjoy his or their judgments or consciences in matters of religion, throughout all the province."

This was the first memorable enactment passed by the first Legislative Assembly, which was presided over by the first Catholic Governor of New York; and that at a time when toleration was unknown in the Protestant colonies—at a time when a Catholic would be hunted like a wild beast in Virginia or Massachusetts!

Besides this, wise laws were enacted for the good government of New York City, then the capital and seat of government. On the 8th of December, 1683,

the City was divided into six wards, each of which was entitled to elect an Alderman and a Councilman annually, to represent them in the municipal government. The Mayor was appointed by the Governor and Common Council.

In 1686, Dongan received a new commission from James II., who had recently ascended the English throne. The Governor, in this year, signalized his administration by granting, in the name and by the authority of his sovereign, the celebrated instrument known as the *Dongan Charter*. This document constitutes to this day the basis and foundation of the municipal laws, rights, privileges, and franchises of New York City. Albany also received its first charter from Governor Dongan.

The Governor's residence was at the English fort, the site of which was near where Trinity Church now stands. Many improvements were made in his time. The city wall, erected in 1653, was removed, and the city enlarged. On the site of the old wall, the Governor had a new street laid out and built. It was fittingly named Wall Street—now well known as the great financial centre of America.

In Indian affairs he took a deep interest. The name of "Dongan, the white father," was remembered in the lodges of the Iroquois long after it had grown indifferent to his countrymen at Manhattan. Indeed, his master-stroke of Indian policy was in gaining the alliance of the Five Nations, securing their

submission to the English Government in preference to that of the French, and carrying our northern frontier to the great lakes.

The project of colonizing New York State with his countrymen from Ireland, was a favorite scheme with Governor Dongan, but his term of office was too brief to afford him the pleasure of seeing it carried out. By his vigor in the prosecution of various excellent measures, he incurred the disapprobation of James II., who relieved him from office about April, 1688. "He fell into the King's displeasure," says the historian Smith, "through his zeal for the true interest of the province." The King afterwards offered him a commission as major-general in the British army, but he declined it.

Dongan now retired to his estate on Staten Island. After the revolution in England, he was daily harassed by the religious bigots of the time. On learning that the New York Assembly of 1691 had repealed his own wise and liberal enactments in relation to freedom of conscience, and that fanatical laws were passed against Catholics, he returned in disgust to England. On the death of his brother in Ireland, he succeeded to the latter's titles and estates, which he held for about fifteen years. He was never again in the service of England. He died at London. The following is the inscription on his tomb-stone in the churchyard of St. Pancras, Middlesex:

"The Right Honorable Thomas Dongan,
Earl of Limerick,
Died Dec. 14th, aged eighty-one years,
1715.
Requiescat in pace. Amen."

Governor Dongan was a man of marked administrative ability, clear-headed, virtuous, liberal, progressive—rare qualities in the English colonial rulers of that age. If to-day the State of New York is bounded on the north by Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence, it cannot be denied but this is due to her first Catholic Governor. He was a soldier of unsullied honor. He was one of the most unselfish of men. He was liberal in an age of intolerance. During his brief rule, a Catholic college was opened in New York.

SEBASTIAN RALE, S. J.,

THE MARTYR-MISSIONARY OF THE ABNAKIS.

Died A. D. 1724.

SEBASTIAN RALE, the famous missionary and Indian scholar, was born in 1658, of a respectable family in France. He entered the Society of Jesus, and was sent to labor in the New World soon after his ordination, landing at Quebec on the 13th of October, 1689. He was first stationed in the Abnaki mission village which had been formed at a beautiful cataract on the Chaudière River, a stream that falls into the St. Lawrence, near Quebec.

Father Rale, it seems, met his first trial in eating with his dusky flock. "What I saw," he says, "certainly did not whet my appetite. The Indians took notice of my dislike to their food, and said, 'Why do you not eat?' I replied, that I was not used to taking my food thus without any bread. 'You must overcome your scruples,' said they; 'and is this so hard for a Father who understands the prayer[1] perfectly? We, on our part, have difficul-

[1] The Indians used the word *prayer* in the same sense that we use the word *religion*.

ties to get over in order to have faith in what we cannot see.' Then I could hesitate no longer. It became necessary to accommodate myself to their manners and usages, that I might win their confidence, and gather them into the fold of Christ."

He describes the Indian warrior of his day as "a large man, strong, active, of a swarthy complexion, beardless, and with teeth whiter than ivory."

In 1691, Father Rale set out for the Illinois Indians, in the wilderness of the far West, among whom he toiled with zeal and energy. "There would have been less difficulty in converting the Illinois," he remarks, "if religion had permitted polygamy amongst them." He remained there for two years.

From the year 1695, we find him among his beloved Abnakis at Norridgewalk, Maine. "The site of his mission," writes Shea, "now called Indian Old Point, is a sequestered spot on the Kennebec, where nature, in all her charms, still arrests the attention of the traveller. Rale is not the apostle of the Kennebec. At his arrival the Abnakis were almost, if not quite, all converted, and had a small but well-built church."

> "The traveller knew it was a place of prayer,
> For the holy sign of the cross was there.'

"For a part of the year, the missionary and his flock remained at the village; but when the crops

had been sown, they repaired to the seacoast to fish—a travelling tent, like Israel's tabernacle, being their chapel on the way, and a bark cabin receiving it on the shore. In like manner, the winter was spent in hunting, either on the coast or in the mountains."

The war between France and England, in the early years of the eighteenth century, extended its desolating influence to their American Colonies The Abnakis sided with the French ; and in 1705, a party of New-Englanders burned the church and village of Norridgewalk. It was shortly after this that an unhappy accident befell Father Rale on a journey. A severe fall broke both his legs. And, as if to add to his merits and sufferings, the English offered a reward for his head ; but, guarded by his faithful Indians, he was safe for the present from bribe and bullet.

When the treaty of Utrecht restored peace in 1713, the Abnakis set about building a new church at Norridgewalk. A number of chiefs went to Boston to engage skilled workmen. Governor Dudley, as a bribe, offered to pay the expenses of rebuilding, if the Indians would put away their venerable black-gown, and take a Protestant minister in his place. The proposal was rejected with indignation.

"When you first came here," replied the Abnaki chief, "you saw me long before the French Governors ; but neither you nor your ministers spoke

to me of prayer, or the Great Spirit. You saw my furs, my beaver and moose skins, and of these only did you think. When I had much, you were my friends, and only then.

"But when the French black-robe came, though I was loaded with furs, he disdained to look at them. He spoke to me of the Great Spirit, of Heaven, of Hell, of the prayer which is the only way to reach Heaven. I heard him, and was delighted with his words. At last, the prayer pleased me. I asked to be instructed, and was finally baptized.

"Thus have the French acted. Had you spoken to me of the prayer as soon as we met, I should now be so unhappy as to pray like you; for I could not have told whether your prayer was good or bad. Now I hold to the prayer of the French. I agree to it. I shall be faithful to it, even until the earth is destroyed. Keep your men, and your gold, and your minister I will go to my French father!" The church was rebuilt by the French.

Father Rale's wonderful influence over the Abnakis, together with the fact that a price was placed on his snow-white head, made him an object of extreme hatred to the English; and in 1722, a party of soldiers left Boston with instructions to seize him. The aged Jesuit, maimed as he was, had just time to hide in the woods, when the Boston ruffians swooped down on the village, rifled the church, and carried off all his books and manuscripts, in

cluding that of his celebrated Abnaki *Dictionary*.[1]

Two years later, unhappily, a more successful attempt was made on the precious life of the missionary. A force of English and Mohawk warriors suddenly surrounded the village, shouting like fiends, and opened a deadly volley of musketry. "Father Rale," writes Francis, "apprised of the peril of his people, by the shouts and the tumult, hastened forth fearlessly to present his person to the assailants, in the hope of attracting their attention to himself, and thus securing his flock at the risk of his own life. His expectation was not disappointed. Scarcely had he appeared, when the English uttered a great shout, which was followed by a shower of musket shot. He fell dead near the cross which he had planted in the middle of the village. Seven Indians, who gathered about him to make their bodies his protection, were slain by his side. Thus died this affectionate pastor, giving his life for the sheep, after a mission of thirty-seven years, full of suffering." The brutal wretches hacked and mangled his body, cut his head open, broke his legs; and after profaning the adorable Host, they fired the little church.

[1] It is still preserved in the library of Harvard University.

CASIMIR PULASKI,

ONE OF THE HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.

Died A. D. 1779.

COUNT CASIMIR PULASKI was one of the bravest and most skilful generals of the Revolution. The son of a patriotic nobleman, he was born in Poland, in 1747. After receiving an excellent education, Pulaski acquired great military experience in the long and unfortunate war for the liberation of his country. His deeds of daring, his bold and rapid movements against the overwhelming forces of Russia, have been the themes of many an able pen. But his unhappy country was finally torn in pieces. Austria, Russia, and Prussia, like a pack of wolves, joined together, and prostrate Poland was divided amongst them. Resistance now became hopeless.

Count Pulaski, who had lost his brave father and brothers in the war, made his way to Turkey, and afterwards went to France, where he offered his services to Doctor Franklin in aid of American liberty.

"Count Pulaski, of Poland," wrote Franklin to

General Washington, "an officer famous throughout Europe for his bravery and conduct in defence of the liberties of his country against the three great invading powers of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, will have the honor of delivering this into your hands."

The accomplished soldier arrived at Philadelphia in the summer of 1777. At first, he served in the army as a volunteer, but four days after the battle of Brandywine, in which he greatly distinguished himself, he was appointed by Congress commander of the cavalry, with the rank of Brigadier-General. After five months, he resigned this command, and entered the main army at Valley Forge in March, 1778. Here, with the consent of Congress, he organized an independent corps of cavalry and light infantry—the first of its kind in the American army. This corps was known as *Pulaski's Legion.*

At the head of it, in 1779, he marched to South Carolina, reached Charleston in May, and vigorously opposed the project of surrendering the place to the British army, then before the city. With his Legion, he made a bold attack on the English advance guard, but was repulsed with considerable loss, he himself escaping with difficulty to the American lines. On the arrival of the French fleet in October of the same year, it was determined to carry the town by assault. Pulaski was placed in command of the French and American cavalry. In

the heat of the engagement, the noble Pole received a mortal wound, of which he died after lingering two days; and thus "closed the life of this extraordinary warrior at the early age of thirty-two." His loss was deplored by the whole army.

Count Pulaski, the chivalrous soldier and hero of liberty, was also a true son of the Church. It is related that he was in the habit of saying his beads every day. The memory of his deeds, his dauntless courage, and lofty character should be cherished by every American. Congress voted him a monument, but it is a suggestive reflection on human ingratitude to add that it was never erected. The citizens of Georgia, however, raised one to his honor at Savannah. The name of Pulaski is now given to seven counties in the United States.

FRANCIS JUNIPER SERRA, O. S. F.,

FOUNDER OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND APOSTLE OF CALIFORNIA.

Died A. D. 1784.

CENTURIES before the greedy gold-hunter directed his steps towards California, its lofty hills and lovely valleys were traversed by the Jesuit and the Franciscan—devoted pioneers of the Catholic Religion—who were on a widely different mission. One of them has written his name in shining letters on the first page of its history. It is the Apostle of the State—Father Francis Juniper Serra.

He was born of poor but pious parents on the 24th of November, 1713, in the island of Majorca. The bright boy was educated by the Franciscan Fathers, and at the age of sixteen he became a member of that Order. Young Serra's gifts did not mar his virtue. He was honored with the degree of Doctor of Theology, filled a professor's chair, and found his happiness in study, teaching, prayer, and the practice of virtue.

But Father Serra had the missionary spirit, and he discovered his true field of exertion in the New World. After a stormy passage, he landed in

Mexico, and penetrated on foot to the capital, in company with a number of his brother Franciscans. The Apostolic band reached the city of Montezuma on New-Year's Day, 1750.

Father Serra was now sent to labor among the wandering tribes of the Sierra Gorda, and he toiled for years to gain these poor souls to Christ. He was a true spiritual guide.

> "He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

It is said that in order to give his simple, dusky flock a good example, he made it a custom to go to confession in the presence of the people.

When the Spanish Government unjustly closed the Jesuit missions in Lower California, the Franciscans were ordered to continue the work; and Father Serra was appointed Superior of the band of priests sent to that province. As soon as the missionaries were properly stationed, he proceeded to carry out the great labor of his life—the establishment of missions in Upper California, or what is now the State of California.

The Spanish missionaries usually accompanied a military expedition, and it was so in this instance. Father Serra and three Franciscans joined the expedition commanded by Galvez in 1769. "The first object of this expedition," wrote the commander, in his instructions, "is to establish the

Catholic Religion among a numerous heathen people, submerged in the darkness of paganism, and to extend the dominion of our sovereign, the King of Spain." The expedition left La Paz, in Lower California, and after some sailing and forty-six days' travelling by land, it reached the port of the present city of San Diego. Here Father Serra began his first mission.

The establishment of a mission may be thus briefly sketched. The place was taken possession of by the military authorities. A tent was erected as a temporary chapel. Father Serra and the other priests then went in procession, and blessed the chapel, on whose front a crucifix or simple wooden cross was raised. Mass was celebrated, and a sermon preached on the coming and power of the Holy Ghost. The *Veni Creator* was sung, and a Father was charged with the direction and responsibility of the mission.

The Indians were attracted by little presents. To the men and women were given small pieces of cloth, or food, and to the children bits of sugar. They would soon gather around the missionaries, when they found how good and kind they were; and the priests were not slow in picking up the language. They became the fathers and instructors of the poor, ignorant Indians, catechized them in the mysteries of the faith, collected them into villages around the mission church, and taught them

to plough and cultivate the lands, to sow wheat, to grind corn, to bake. They introduced the olive, the vine, and the apple, and taught the savages how to yoke the oxen for work, how to spin and weave their clothing, to prepare leather from the hides, and instructed them in the rudiments of commerce.

The outposts of religion grew rapidly in numbers and extent. So busy was Father Serra in the wilderness of California, that he had almost lost sight of the outside world. "As it is a whole year since I received any letter from a Christian country," he writes to a friend in 1771, "your reverence may imagine in what want of news we are; but, for all that, I only ask you, when you can get an opportunity, to inform me what the most holy Father, the reigning Pope, is called, that I may put his name in the Canon of the Mass."

"Tell me, also," he adds, "if it is true that the Indians have killed Father Joseph Saler in Sonora, and how it happened; and if there are any other departed friends, so that I may commend them to God, with anything else that you may think fit to communicate to a few poor hermits, who are separated from human society. To-morrow, we shall celebrate the feast and make the procession of Corpus Christi—though in a very poor manner—in order to scare away whatever little devils there may possibly be in this land." Twelve priests joined in this sacred procession, and the wild but lovely

valleys of Monterey resounded as they had never done before.

The Indians embraced the faith in thousands. The only want was more missionaries. "Let those who come here," wrote Father Serra, "come well provided with patience and charity, and let them have a stock of good-humor, for they may become rich—I mean in troubles. But where will the laboring ox go that he must not draw the plough? And if he do not draw the plough, how can there be a harvest?"

At the very time when the Fathers of this Republic were drafting the Declaration of Independence, a mission was founded at San Francisco by order of the saintly Serra. It was on the 27th of June, 1776. "San Francisco," says a western writer, "has this, at least, to boast of—that the first building erected within it, was dedicated to God's worship under the patronage of Saint Francis."

Though age was rapidly stealing over Father Serra, he continued, as Prefect Apostolic and Superior of the missions in California, to push on the good work with the zeal and energy of a young apostle. He was granted power to administer the sacrament of Confirmation. One of the missionaries was murdered by the savages. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, "that field is watered." "Ten missions were already established, and about ten thousand Indians had been baptized," when the angel of

death came. The great priest with trembling steps went to the church, and received the Holy Communion on his knees. He ordered the carpenter of the mission to make his coffin. He was assisted back to his bed, and soon after the solemn tolling of the church bells at Monterey and the firing of salutes by the war vessels in the harbor, with the flags at half-mast, announced to the world that the venerable Father Serra was no more. He died on the 29th of August, 1784, at the age of seventy-one years.

JOHN BARRY,[1]

THE FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

Died A. D. 1803.

COMMODORE JOHN BARRY, "the father and founder of the American Navy," was one of the real heroes of the Revolution. He was born in 1745, in the County of Wexford Ireland. His father was a well-to-do farmer, whose cottage was so near the beach that he had but to step out of his own door, to stand beside the sea—

> "The sea! the sea! the open sea,
> The blue, the fresh the ever free."

[1] The Irish form of the name is *O'Baire.*

The boy was brought up in virtue and simplicity, and the purest principles of the Catholic Religion were impressed on his mind and heart. As his keen eye daily swept the boundless Atlantic, its foaming billows came to have the charm of an attraction, and he conceived a great fondness for the ocean. His father, a man of good sense, noticing the direction of his son's inclinations, placed him on board of a merchantman ; and, at about fourteen years of age, John Barry began to sail regularly between Philadelphia and the British ports.

By self-culture and fidelity to duty, he rose rapidly in his chosen profession. At the age of twenty-five, he was Captain of the *Black Prince*, one of the best packet vessels of that day. The owner of this ship was Meredith, of Philadelphia, at whose house Washington was an occasional visitor. Here he first met the young sailor, "and marked the future Commodore."

Captain Barry was already an American citizen. When the Revolutionary War began, he espoused the cause of the oppressed Colonies with great enthusiasm, and embarked his all in the struggles of his adopted country. He gave up, to use his own language, "the finest ship and the first employ in America, and entered into the service of his country."

Congress, towards the close of 1776, purchased several merchant vessels with the view of having

them hastily fitted out as ships of war. To Captain Barry was committed the superintendence of the equipment of this first American fleet. When all was finished, he was appointed to the command of the *Lexington.* This was the first ship to hoist the Stars and Stripes. Captain Barry without delay proceeded to sea in search of the enemy's cruisers. In the midst of a superior hostile force, he had a wide and dangerous field for the display of his genius and patriotism. Under the very eyes of an English squadron, he made short work of several of the enemy's small cruisers, and on the 17th of April, 1776, fell in with the armed tender *Edwards,* which, after a spirited contest, he captured. This affair is worthy of note as the first capture of any vessel of war by a regular American cruiser in battle.

Captain Barry was next appointed to the *Effingham,* but as the rigorous winter prevented the ship from proceeding to sea, he joined the army, and by his dashing bravery and cool judgment, won the admiration of all. After the British army under Lord Howe had obtained possession of Philadelphia, Captain Barry continued in command of the *Effingham,* which was still ice-bound in the Delaware, a few miles from the city, and in a position which the English General saw could be rendered of great service to the British, if the vessel and her commander could be gained over to the royalist cause. Lord Howe accordingly made an offer of fifteen

thousand guineas—equal to about one hundred thousand dollars—and the command of a British ship of the line to Captain Barry, if he would deliver up his vessel to the English. With a noble indignation, this heroic Catholic replied that "he had devoted himself to the cause of his country, and not the value or command of the whole British fleet could seduce him from it."

While the English held the Delaware, he gave them constant annoyance by boat expeditions, cutting off their supplies and smaller craft. On one occasion, with only twenty-eight men in four small boats, Captain Barry captured two British ships and a schooner. "The courage that inspired this small and heroic band," says the *National Portrait Gallery*, "is not alone sufficient to account for his wonderful success, but it must be ascribed to a combination of daring bravery and consummate skill by which the diminutive power under his command was directed with unerring rapidity and irresistible force."

"I congratulate you," wrote Washington to Barry, "on the success which has crowned your gallantry and address in the late attack upon the enemy's ships. Although circumstauces have prevented you from reaping the full benefits of your conquest, yet there is ample consolation in the degree of glory which you have acquired. You will be pleased to accept of my thanks for the good things which you were so polite as to send me, with my own wishes

that a suitable recompense may always attend your bravery."

Getting at last to sea, in command of the *Raleigh* of thirty-two guns, Captain Barry kept three British ships at bay, and after disabling one, he succeeded in running his ship ashore, and saving most of his men. He received the title of *Commodore*, being the second American officer upon whom it was conferred. In the famous frigate *Alliance*, he made many captures, and after a terrible engagement, in which he was severely wounded, took the English sloop of war *Atlanta* and her consort, the brig *Trepassy*.

In the spring of 1782, he performed a most brilliant action. Returning from Havana with a large amount of specie and supplies, he encountered a British squadron, in the very sight of which he attacked and disabled the sloop *Sibyl*. When hailed by the squadron as to the name of the ship, the captain, etc., the Commodore gave this spirited reply: "The United States ship *Alliance*, saucy Jack Barry, half-Irishman, half-Yankee—who are you?"

After the Revolution, Commodore Barry, as the senior officer, continued at the head of the Navy till the day of his death. During the misunderstanding with the French Government in 1798, which occasioned a brief naval war, he rendered eminent service in protecting our commerce, and inflicting

severe punishment on the French. He died at Philadelphia on the 13th of September, 1803, and was interred in St. Mary's burying-ground, where his monument may be seen. The Commodore died without children, and left as his chief legatee the Catholic Orphan Asylum of Philadelphia.

In person Commodore Barry was tall, graceful, and commanding. His manners were simple and courteous, but very dignified. His fine, manly countenance showed the kindness of his heart no less than the firmness of his character. Through life he was a sincere, practical Catholic, remarkable for his strict and noble observance of the duties of religion. He was unsurpassed in all the qualities which constitute a great naval commander.

"There are gallant hearts whose glory
Columbia loves to name,
Whose deeds shall live in story
And everlasting fame.
But never yet one braver,
Our starry banner bore,
Than saucy old Jack Barry,
The Irish Commodore."

JOHN BAPTIST DE ROCHAMBEAU,

COMMANDER OF THE FRENCH ARMY THAT AIDED THE UNITED STATES TO ACHIEVE THEIR INDEPENDENCE.

Died A. D. 1807.

ON the 1st of July, 1725—seven years before the birth of George Washington—there was born in an ancient chateau, at Vendôme, France, a child that was destined to have a large and honorable share in securing the independence of this Republic. It was John Baptist de Vimeur, Count de Rochambeau. He entered the army at the age of seventeen, distinguished himself in many a well-contested campaign, and, at length, rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

In 1780, Count de Rochambeau was placed in command of the French army sent to America. The expedition sailed from Brest. "On the 12th of July," writes the commander, "we entered the port of Rhode Island, after a passage of seventy days. We were closely followed by the squadron of Admiral Graves,[1] which arrived at New York the day following."

[1] English.

The French forces, amounting to about 6,000 men, disembarked at Newport, where everything was put in an excellent state of defence. The superiority of the English fleet, however, enabled them to blockade Newport. While this served to divide the strength of the British "dogs of war," it kept the French for a time in a state of inactivity It thus became necessary to await land and naval reinforcements from France.

The vigor and activity of the enemy called for a perfect understanding on all points of action between Washington and Rochambeau. This could not be achieved by slow correspondence. The French commander asked for an interview, but it seems this wise suggestion did not at first meet with the warm approval of either Washington or Lafayette.

"It is always right, my dear Marquis," wrote Rochambeau to Lafayette, on the 27th of August, 1780, "to believe that Frenchmen are invincible; but I, after an experience of forty years, am going to confide a great secret to you; there are no men more easily beaten when they have lost confidence in their chiefs, and they lose it instantly when their lives have been compromised, owing to any private or personal ambition. If I have been so fortunate as to have retained their confidence until the present moment, I may declare, upon the most scrupulous examination of my own conscience, that I owe it entirely to this fact, that, of about fifteen thousand

men who have been killed or wounded under my command, of various ranks, and in the most bloody actions, I have not to reproach myself with having caused the death of a single man for my own personal advantage.

"You wrote to the Chevalier de Chastellux, my dear Marquis, that the interview I requested of our General[1] has embarrassed him, because it only becomes necessary after the arrival of the second division, when there will be quite time enough to act. But you must surely have forgotten that I have unceasingly requested that interview immediately, and that it is absolutely necessary that he, the Admiral,[2] and I, should concert together all our projects and details, that in case one of the three chances should occur and enable us to act offensively, our movements may be prompt and decisive. In either of these three cases, my dear Marquis, you will find in your old, prudent father some remnants of vigor and activity. Be ever convinced of my sincere affection, and that if I pointed out to you very gently what displeased me in your last dispatch, I felt at the time convinced that the warmth of your heart had somewhat impaired the coolness of your judgment. Retain that latter quality in the council-room, and reserve all the former for the hour of action. It is always the aged father, Rochambeau,

[1] Washington.
[2] De Terney.

who is addressing his dear son Lafayette, whom he loves, and will ever love and esteem until his latest breath."

It was finally agreed that the conference should take place at Hartford on the 20th of September, and on that day Rochambeau, in company with Admiral de Terney, met Washington and Lafayette. Besides the happy interchange of views and personal acquaintance brought about by this interview, it had another wonderful and wholly unexpected result—the discovery of Arnold's treachery It was on his return to the American Army, by way of West Point, that Washington learned, just at the right moment, of the base conspiracy to deliver up to the British the keys of that important fortress—the great depôt of American stores and ammunition on the Hudson.[1]

When Rochambeau heard of the horrible plot and its discovery, he wrote to Lafayette: "Providence has declared itself for us, my dear Marquis; and that important interview, which I have so long wished for, and which has given me so much pleasure, has been crowned by a peculiar mark of the favor of Heaven."

In those days even veteran Generals could not take express trains, and the gallant French Commander tells an anecdote in relation to his journey to Hartford which is well worth recounting. "The

[1] See the life of Lafayette.

carriage," writes Rochambeau, "in which I proceeded to the conference, in company with Admiral de Terney, who, by the way, was very infirm, broke down. I dispatched my first aide-de-camp, Fersen, to bring a wheelwright, who lived about a mile from the spot where the accident occurred He soon, however, returned to us, saying that he had found the man sick with the ague, and that he had positively declared to him that not for a hat full of guineas would he work at night. I persuaded the Admiral to accompany me to the man's shop, and we went there. We told him that General Washington would arrive at Hartford the same evening, to confer with us on the following day, and that unless he could repair our carriage, we should be too late to meet him.

"'You are no liars at any rate,' he replied; 'for I read in the Connecticut paper that Washington was to be there to confer with you; as it is for the public service, I will take care that your carriage shall be ready for you at six in the morning' He kept his word, and we proceeded on at the promised time.

"As we returned another wheel broke, and we were once more obliged to have recourse to our old friend. 'Well! said he, 'so you want me to work again for you at night?' 'Yes, indeed, we do,' I replied. 'Admiral Rodney has arrived to reinforce threefold the naval forces against which we

are contending, and it is of the highest importance that we should return without delay to Rhode Island to oppose him.' 'But what can you do,' he continued, 'with your six ships, against the twenty English ones?' 'It will be the most glorious day of our lives if they attempt to break our line.' 'Come, come,' said he, 'you are good, honest fellows; your carriage shall be put in repair by to-morrow morning at five o'clock. But tell me, before I set to work, although I do not wish to enquire into your secrets—how did you like Washington, and how did he like you?'

"We assured him that we had been delighted with Washington; and his patriotism was satisfied, and he kept his word. I do not mean to compare all Americans to this good man; but almost all the inland cultivators and all the land-owners of Connecticut are animated with that patriotic spirit which many other people would do well to imitate."

It is proper to glance aside at the gloomy state of affairs among the Americans in the North at that time. Such a glance shows the immense value of French assistance. "At the North," writes Hassard, "the whole number of soldiers under Washington's command was not as large as the number of Tories alone in the service of the British. Food was very scarce. It was almost impossible to obtain recruits, the States being nearly exhausted. The French army was still at Newport, kept inac-

tive by the presence of the British fleet. The difficulties about money became more and more serious. The Continental bills fell rapidly. A dollar in that currency was soon worth only one cent; finally it took a thousand dollars in paper to equal one dollar in silver, and before the end of the year (1781) Continental bills, of which there were more than $100,000,000 in circulation, were worth nothing at all.

"In this extremity the States were relieved by their good allies, the French. When Robert Morris had exhausted all his own means and credit, he obtained a little timely aid from Count Rochambeau, and soon afterwards money, clothing, arms, and ammunition arrived from France." [1]

The chief credit of capturing Cornwallis—which was the death-blow to English power in this Republic—belongs to Count Rochambeau. The idea of such an expedition originated with him, and he contributed more to its success than any other man. The correspondence of the time proves this; but most historians pass over the matter in silence. It is well known that General Washington, during the summer of 1781, considered the taking of New York as the first great object to which the combined French and American armies should direct their attention. He regarded any movement against "Cornwallis, as quite a secondary object." [2]

[1] *History of the United States of America.* [2] Rochambeau.

When the French Admiral de Grasse arrived in American waters, with a powerful naval armament, Count Rochambeau counselled him to sail for Chesapeake Bay, where he gained an advantage over the English Admiral Graves. "I suggested as my own opinion," writes Rochambeau in his *Memoirs*, "the propriety of attempting an expedition to Chesapeake, against the army of Lord Cornwallis." De Grasse remained in the Chesapeake, and Washington entered into the views of Rochambeau. It was the doom of Cornwallis.

The American forces began to move towards Virginia. The French troops under Rochambeau left Newport, and marched for the same point. "In the course of this summer," writes the historian Ramsay, "they passed through all the extensive settlements which lie between Newport and Yorktown. It seldom, if ever, happened before, that an army led through a foreign country, at so great a distance from their own, among a people of different principles, customs, language, and religion, behaved with so much regularity. In their march to Yorktown, they passed through 500 miles of a country abounding in fruit, and at a time when the most delicious productions of nature, growing on and near the public highways, presented both opportunity and temptation to gratify their appetites. Yet so complete was their discipline, that in this long march, scarcely an instance could be produced of a peach

or an apple being taken, without the consent of the inhabitants."

Rochambeau invested Yorktown with 8,400 French soldiers. Washington had 5,500 American troops and about 3,000 militia. In the bay near by was the French fleet, under De Grasse, consisting of twenty-four ships of the line, carrying 1,700 guns and 19,000 seamen. Cornwallis was thus cornered like a rat, and he had to surrender.

"At length," says Rochambeau in his *Memoirs*, "on the 17th, the enemy offered to parley; and a capitulation was signed by which Lord Cornwallis and his army surrendered as prisoners of war.[1] The French and the Americans took possession of the two bastions at noon. Two hours afterwards the garrison filed off, in battle array, between the two armies, and afterwards stacked their arms in piles, together with a few colors.

"Lord Cornwallis being sick, General O'Hara filed off at the head of the garrison. As he came up to where I was standing, he presented his sword to me. I pointed to General Washington, who stood opposite to me, at the head of the American army, and told him that the French army being only an auxiliary on this continent, it devolved on the American commander to tender him his orders."

When the British minister, Lord North, heard of

[1] On the 19th of October, 1781.

the surrender of Cornwallis, he exclaimed wildly "It is all over!" and so it was.

"As a proof of the wonderful discipline of our troops," says Count Rochambeau, "it will be sufficient to say, that, in the course of three campaigns, there was not a single duel or quarrel recorded between our soldiers and the Americans."

Before the brave General sailed for France he was the recipient of scores of addresses from a free, grateful, warm-hearted people. Congress presented him with an address and two pieces of cannon captured from the English.

The good Quakers of Philadelphia, however, made him smile. "A deputation of the ancient Society of Friends of Philadelphia accosted me," he writes, "clad in their simple costume. 'General,' exclaimed the eldest of the party, 'it is not on account of thy military qualities that we have come to present thee our homage. We care nought for thy achievements; but thou art the friend of mankind, and thy army liveth in perfect order and discipline. Wherefore have we come to pay our respects to thee."

When Rochambeau returned to France in 1783, he was received with high honor by the King, and made Governor of Picardy and Artois. He was raised to the rank of Marshal in 1791. He commanded an army in the year following, but soon resigned. After narrowly escaping the guillotine during the awful reign of terror, and receiving honors

and a pension from Bonaparte, this distinguished soldier died on the 10th of May, 1807, at the advanced age of eighty-two years.

General Rochambeau was certainly the ablest and most experienced commander in the War of the Revolution. Before landing on our shores, this prudent and accomplished veteran had seen forty years' service in the best disciplined army in Europe. While amongst us, his own conduct and that of the troops under him were beyond all praise. To him, mainly, belongs the glory of capturing Cornwallis; and as a Catholic Pioneer, it is not easy to over-estimate his services in breaking down the barriers of religious bigotry.

STEPHEN MOYLAN,

CAVALRY COMMANDER IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

Died A. D. 1811.

STEPHEN MOYLAN was born about the middle of the last century, at Cork, Ireland. He was a brother of the Right Rev. Dr. Moylan, Catholic Bishop of his native city. Coming to America, he threw himself, heart and soul, into the struggle for Independence. His bravery and excellent judgment soon secured the confidence of Washington, by whom he was made aide-de-camp and commissary general. He was finally transferred to the command of a division of cavalry; and in many a hard-contested action of the war we meet with the dashing Moylan's *Dragoons.*

"Moylan, the Murat of the Revolutionary army," says a recent writer, "served in every battle in which Washington was engaged from Boston to Virginia. He was Colonel of a troop of horse in the Irish Brigade, or 'Pennsylvania Liners', and on many an occasion by a dashing and desperate charge plucked victory from the flag of the Briton, and hurled upon his ranks disaster and defeat. He

was never captured, though leader of a hundred raids and forays, and participator in a score of pitched battles. He lived to see the flag of his adopted country wave in triumph over the enemies of his race."

At the close of the war he ranked a full Brigadier-General, and in subsequent years of his life he was always called General Moylan. One of the founders of the Society of the Cincinnati, he was also the first and last President of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, Philadelphia. Besides the Bishop of Cork, General Moylan had three other brothers, all of whom took an active part in es tablishing the independence of this Republic. The General died at Philadelphia, on the 11th of April, 1811, and was interred in the burial-ground of St. Mary's Church.

As a man, a patriot, a soldier, and a Catholic, General Moylan was equally worthy of our admiration. To Poland and to Ireland the American Revolution was indebted for its two most brilliant cavalry commanders. The memories of the gallant Pulaski and the brave Moylan will be kept green as long as the thrilling story of the Revolution forms a chapter in the world's history.

> "In the land they loved they have sunk to rest,
> And their fame burns bright in each freeman's breast."

JOHN CARROLL, D. D., LL. D.,

FIRST BISHOP AND FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

Died A. D. 1815.

"MOTHER," said one of her pupils to the celebrated Mother Seton, during an instruction in Christian doctrine, "I met the word *benignity*, in my catechism, and I don't know exactly the meaning of it." "My dearest one," replied the good lady, with a smile, "I can give you no better answer to your question than to say: 'Look at Archbishop Carroll, and you will see the meaning of that word on his countenance, as well as in his manners.'"

There is a volume in this suggestive remark, and it brings us at once to an extraordinary man. John Carroll was born in Maryland, on the 8th of January, 1735. His father, Daniel Carroll, belonged to a distinguished Irish family;[1] while his mother, Eleanor Darnall, was a native of Maryland, and the daughter of a wealthy Catholic gentleman. The boy received his first education at a private boarding-school, kept by the Jesuits of the province, where himself and

[1] The Irish form of the name is *O'Cearbhoil.*

his illustrious cousin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, were entered as scholars, in 1747. In the following year they were sent to Europe to continue their studies at the Jesuit College of St. Omers, France. Piety, close application, brilliant talents, and amiable deportment were the most marked characteristics of young Carroll during his college career.

He entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus in 1753, made his course of philosophy and divinity at Liege, and was elevated to the priesthood in his twenty-fifth year. Nobly taking the cross as his portion, he made over his patrimony to his brothers and sisters in America. For several years Father Carroll filled the professor's chair in various colleges; and, in 1771, was received as a professed Father in the Society.

By the brief, *Dominus ac Redemptor*, the Society of Jesus was suppressed in 1773. Father Carroll deplored the blow, but, in common with the other members of his illustrious Order, he submitted as only a Christian could do—with sublime resignation. In a letter to his brother, Daniel Carroll,[1] after expressing his grief of heart, he says: "God's holy will be done, and may His name be blessed forever and forever." He now proceeded to England, where he received the appointment of chaplain to Lord

[1] Daniel Carroll was one of the authors of the *Constitution of the United States*, and one of the three delegates from Maryland whose names are subscribed thereto. It is said that the national Capitol now stands on what was once his farm by the Potomac.

Arundel, and took up his residence at Wardour Castle. When the quarrel between Great Britain and America began to approach a crisis, Father Carroll at once took sides with his own country.

Bidding adieu to his friends and companions, he sailed from England, and reached his native land in June, 1774. His first impulse was to visit his venerable mother and devoted sisters, with the former of whom he took up his residence at Rock Creek. Here, at first, a room in the family dwelling, and subsequently a wooden chapel, were the scenes of the holy priest's ministerial offices. The wooden chapel has since been superseded by a neat brick church, which is now well known under the revered name of *Carroll's Chapel.*

At the time of Father Carroll's arrival in America there was not one public Catholic church in Maryland. Under the family roof only could the holy sacrifice be offered up to the Almighty. This explains why the old Catholic chapels of Maryland contain large hearths and fireplaces within them, and massive brick chimneys projecting through the roofs. In the once beautifully named "Land of the Sanctuary" there were then only nineteen Catholic clergymen—all ex-Jesuits, and nearly all natives of Maryland.

Father Carroll continued to reside at Rock Creek. He did not wish to leave his aged mother, to whose declining years he was anxious to minister. The

scene of his missionary labors was mainly in the neighboring country. He always travelled on horseback, making long and frequent journeys to distant Catholic families and settlements, riding frequently thirty miles or more on sick calls, and paying monthly visits to a small congregation of Catholics in Stafford County, Virginia, which was distant fifty or sixty miles from his home.

After about eighteen months thus spent in the active duties of the holy ministry, the call of his country summoned Father Carroll to her service. Open war raged between England and the thirteen colonies. The hopes of a settlement had vanished, and for the first time was heard the magic sound of the word *Independence*. To gain the active assistance of the Canadians, or at least to secure their neutrality, was of the highest importance.

It is well known that the embassy sent by Congress, in 1776, to accomplish the object, was composed of Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Father John Carroll was earnestly requested to accompany them, "it being supposed that from his religious sentiments, character, and knowledge of the French language, his presence and counsels might be useful in promoting the objects of the mission with the Canadians." He acceded to the request of Congress. While on the way, Franklin fell sick, and his reverend companion nursed him with true devotedness.

Indeed, the priest and the philosopher contracted a sincere friendship, as we find from the grateful letters of Franklin. "As to myself," he wrote, "I grew daily more feeble, and I think I could hardly have got along so far but for Mr. Carroll's friendly assistance and tender care of me." Franklin did not forget the patriotic Jesuit, when a Catholic Bishop was wanted for the United States. The embassy, however, was not a success.

On returning to Rock Creek, Father Carroll resumed the duties of the sacred ministry, which he continued to perform uninterruptedly during the entire Revolutionary War.

Throughout the great struggle he warmly sympathized with the cause of Independence. In his correspondence he explained and defended its principles. His fervent prayers were for its success; and no citizen of the Republic saw with greater joy the glorious consummation of the contest.

In 1784, his powers as a controversialist were summoned into service. The Rev. Mr. Wharton, his former friend and fellow-member of the Society of Jesus, had apostatized from the Catholic faith, and wrote a public letter attacking its principles. Carroll's reply is noted for its clearness, strength, and calm, triumphant logic.

He was appointed Prefect Apostolic towards the close of 1784, and first Bishop of Baltimore in 1789.

His diocese was the United States, containing, at that time, about thirty thousand Catholics, and some thirty or forty priests. This small flock was scattered at widely distant points from Maryland to Michigan, and along the Mississippi Valley.

Bishop Carroll, arming himself with courage, patience, and prudence, surveyed this immense field, and toiled with the zeal of an apostle. Catholic education received his earnest attention. Georgetown College was opened in 1791, and the first student to enter his name on its books was William Gaston,[1] in after years a famous judge.

On visiting Boston, the new Bishop was well received. "It is wonderful," he writes, "to tell what great civilities have been done to me in Boston, where, a few years ago, a 'Popish' priest was thought to be the greatest monster in creation. Many here, even of their principal people, have acknowledged to me that they would have crossed to the opposite side of the street rather than meet a Catholic some time ago. The horror which was associated with the idea of a 'Papist' is incredible; and the scandalous misrepresentation by their ministers increased the horror every Sunday." How times have changed since then!

The horrors of the French Revolution drove a large number of learned and worthy priests to this Republic, and nothing could have been more timely

[1] See his life.

and welcome than their arrival. These brave soldiers of the Cross were a great addition to the feeble spiritual army that acknowledged the leadership of Dr. Carroll.

The Catholic Church of the United States grew rapidly in numbers, on account of the vast stream of immigration. In 1808, the Holy Father raised Dr. Carroll to the dignity of Archbishop, and new sees were established at Bardstown, Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. Schools and colleges were founded. The Religious Orders were planting themselves in all directions; and in the midst of these happy circumstances, God called away his faithful servant. Archbishop Carroll died at the age of eighty-one, on the 3d of December, 1815.

Our first Bishop was equally illustrious as a man, a priest, and a patriot. "The nearer we approach Dr. Carroll in our conduct," remarked Prince Gallitzin, "the nearer we approach perfection." He was a ripe and finished scholar. He spoke Latin, French, and Italian with rare fluency. He was unanimously selected by Congress to pronounce the panegyric on Washington on February 22d, 1800. This he did in St. Peter's Catholic Church, Philadelphia; and the discourse is a real master-piece.

I have already pointed out in another work,[1] that "between the early history of the American Republic and the American Catholic Church, there are

[1] *History of the Catholic Church in the United States.*

many interesting points of resemblance. They arose together. They grew together. Their chiefs were men illustrious in their day—beacon-lights of the past. They were born about the same time, the one in Maryland, the other in Virginia. Washington carried the Republic through its first years of struggle and fiery conflict. Carroll guided the frail ship of the Church over the stormy billows that broke across its early course. In 1789, George Washington was elected first President of this Republic. During the same year, the Holy See appointed John Carroll first Bishop of the Catholic Church in this Republic. The greatness and wisdom of Washington are equally conspicuous in his life and his writings. He was truly the father of his country. In the character of Carroll may be found the most splendid virtues that can adorn humanity. The wisdom of his words and his acts throws a halo of glory around his illustrious career. He was the Patriarch of the American Church. In both we recognize incomparable patriots. Washington's patriotism was enhanced and beautified by his lofty morality, and his profoundly religious instincts. The venerated Carroll did not love his country less because he loved his faith more."

ELIZABETH ANN SETON.

FOUNDRESS OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Died A. D. 1821.

ELIZABETH ANN BAYLEY, better known as Mother Seton, was born on the 28th of August, 1774, in the city of New York. Her father, Dr. Richard Bayley, was an eminent American physician. At an early age, death deprived her of her mother. She was brought up in the doctrines and practices of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to which her parents and all her friends belonged. Miss Bayley received the best education the times could afford, and even while a mere girl she was noted for a solid, truth-loving mind, and simple nobility of character. It is related that she wore on her person a small crucifix, and was often heard to express her astonishment that this custom was not more general among persons of her own religious belief.

In her twentieth year, she married William Seton, a respectable merchant of New York. A voyage undertaken for the good of her husband's health led to her conversion. In 1803, taking with her her eldest daughter, Anna, she accompanied Mr.

Seton to Italy, whither he went by the advice of his physicians. It was, however, too late. Soon after reaching Pisa, he expired, leaving his widow in a strange land to provide for five young children.

In her misfortune and isolation in a foreign country, Mrs. Seton found true friends in the distinguished family of the brothers Philip and Anthony Filicci. They took a deep interest in her happiness. Not satisfied with welcoming her to their roof, these worthy and accomplished Catholic gentlemen were more sensible to the wants of her soul than the grief of her heart, and the virtues of the desolate widow inspired an ardent desire to behold her a member of the true Church.

Mrs. Seton's dispositions were hopeful, for whether at Pisa or Florence she was ever attracted to the churches, which she delighted to visit. "How happy we should be," she writes to a friend, "if we believed what these dear souls believe—that they possess God in the Sacrament, and that He remains in their churches, and is carried to them when they are sick! When they carry the Blessed Sacrament under my window, while I feel the full loneliness and sadness of my case, I cannot stop my tears at the thought."

She began to pray to the Blessed Virgin, and learned to make the Sign of the Cross. "I was cold," she says, "with the awful impression the first making of it gave me. The Sign of the Cross

of Christ on me!" With a zeal and charity beyond all praise, the two brothers undertook the good lady's instruction. Their collection of letters and controversial compositions, written to clear the doubts of Mrs. Seton, give the very highest idea of the learning, prudence, and excellent judgment of these wealthy and honorable merchants of Florence. And when she was desirous to return to her children at New York, Anthony Filicci, who wished to visit America, was devoted enough to embark with Mrs. Seton to continue the work of so desirable a conversion.

On her arrival in her native city she frankly avowed her design to her family, but met with a formidable opposition. They appealed to her interest, affection, and self-love to shame her of a creed professed at New York, as they said, only by low and ignorant foreigners. Nor was this all. They placed near her Rev. Dr. Hobart, one of the ablest men of his Church, and afterwards Protestant Bishop of New York. Various ministers undertook to show her the errors of the Catholic religion. "I was assailed," she writes, "on the subject of religion by the clergy, who talked of Antichrist, idolatry, and urged objections in torrents; which, though not capable of changing the opinions I had adopted, have terrified me enough to keep me in a state of hesitation."

Quakers, Anabaptists, and Methodists joined in

the chorus of persuasion ; but "all that will not do for me," writes Mrs. Seton. "One faith, one hope, one baptism, I look for, wherever it is ; and I often think my sins, my miseries, hide the light ; yet I will cling and hold to my God to the last gasp, begging for the light, and never change until I find it."

On the other hand, by the advice of the Messrs. Fillicci, she sought the wise counsels of Bishop Carroll, Father Cheverus, Dr. Matignon, and Father Hurley, a learned Augustinian. She also carefully, and often with tears in her eyes, read both sides of the religious controversy. At first, the result was confusion, darkness, anguish of mind, sorrow of heart. In these unhappy moments, she would drop on her knees, call on God, and in the words of the poet, exclaim :

> "If I am *right*, Thy grace impart,
> Still in the right to stay ;
> If I am *wrong*, oh ! teach my heart
> To find the better way !"

The careful study of the *Following of Christ*, *Sermons of Bourdaloue*, and *Life of St. Francis of Sales*, had a powerful influence on her mind. Speaking of the first-named work, she says in a letter to Father Cheverus : "The book has been my consolation through the severest struggles of my life, and indeed one of my first convictions of the truth arose

from reflecting on the account a Protestant writer gives of Kempis, as having been remarkable for his study and knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and fervent zeal in the service of God. I remember falling on my knees, and with many tears inquired of God, if he who knew His Scriptures well, and so ardently loved Him, could have been mistaken in the true Faith."

At length, however, the brilliant light of faith broke on her soul—darkness vanished. On Ash Wednesday, 1805, she went to old St. Peter's Church—then the only Catholic place of worship in the city of New York; and was received into the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church by a venerable Irish priest, Rev. Matthew O'Brien, in the presence of the congregation, and of her devoted friend, Mr. Anthony Filicci. "Light at heart and cool of head," as she terms it, Mrs. Seton returned to her home to prepare for her first confession.

When it was over, she wrote: "It is done—easy enough. The kindest and most respectable confessor is this Mr. O'Brien—with the compassion, and yet firmness, in this work of mercy which I would have expected from my Lord Himself. Our Lord Himself I saw alone in him, both in his and my part of this venerable Sacrament; for oh! how awful those words of unloosing after a thirty years bondage I felt as if my chains fell, like those of St. Peter, at the touch of the Divine messenger. She made her

First Communion with sentiments of awe and love; and was soon after confirmed by Bishop Carroll.

The noble step which this courageous lady took in embracing the Catholic Religion placed her under the ban of her family. By her wealthy friends and relatives she was immediately abandoned. To shield her children from want, Mrs. Seton opened a school at New York. But she found kind, unwavering friends in the Messrs. Filicci. As long as she lived, she received from these generous, warm-hearted Italian gentlemen, an annual pension of about six hundred dollars, not including more considerable donations whenever she asked anything for her orphans and patients.

In 1808, Rev. Mr. Dubourg, President of St. Mary's College, Baltimore, and afterwards Bishop of New Orleans, having made the acquaintance of Mrs. Seton, induced her to go to Baltimore, and open a school for girls. This occupation, however, did not satisfy the lady's earnest zeal. She longed to assist the poor, and to consecrate her life to God. But whence were the resources to come for the foundations of a religious establishment? At this very time, Mr. Cooper, a young convert, left $8,000 to Father Dubourg for charitable purposes. The result is well known.

The Sisters of Charity were instituted at Emmittsburg, Maryland, on the 1st of January, 1809, when Mother Seton, as she was henceforth to be called,

and four associates, took the religious habit. The humble community increased. Branch houses were soon established at Philadelphia and New York; and before the pious foundress passed away, the Sisters of Charity had taken firm root in the soil of America.

During her last days, when asked by her confessor what she considered the greatest blessing ever bestowed upon her by Heaven, Mother Seton replied, "that of being brought into the Catholic Church." She died amid the tears and lamentations of the community, on the 4th of January, 1821, murmuring, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph!" She went to that "happy home," where, in her own words,

> "From every eye He wipes the tear,
> All sighs and sorrows cease;
> No more alternate hope and fear,
> But everlasting peace."

CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON,

ONE OF THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Died A. D. 1832.

CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON, whose name shines so brightly in the history of this Republic, was born on the 20th of September, 1737, at Annapolis, Maryland. When a youth, it is said, he endeavored to trace his lineage back to that noble Irish Carroll "who was chief of the name, and was defeated at the battle of Knock-Lee by Gerald, Earl of Kildare, in the year 1516."

At the date of the future Signer's birth, the Catholics were severely oppressed by those odious enactments known as penal laws. They were even forbidden to have schools. The Jesuit Fathers, however, succeeded, without attracting the attention of the authorities, in quietly opening a grammar school at Bohemia, on the eastern shore of Maryland. Here Charles Carroll of Carrollton received the first rudiments of knowledge.

When about eleven years of age, he was sent, with his first cousin, John Carroll, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore, to the college of the English

Jesuits at St. Omers, France, where he pursued the study of the classics for six years. He then spent a year at the college of the French Jesuits, Rheims, and two years at the College of Louis le Grand, Paris. At Bourges, he passed another year in the study of civil law; and in 1757, proceeded to London to the Inner Temple, and earnestly pursued the study of common law for about seven years. An accomplished gentleman, with a cultivated and mature mind, Charles Carroll returned to Maryland in 1764. But in the very land of his birth he found himself almost a helot on account of his Faith.

Still, with his natural abilities, moral worth, superior education, and large fortune, he started on the road of life well prepared to fight its stern battles. Despite many obstacles, he soon took his stand as a man of mark. In 1768, he married Miss Mary Darnell, a worthy and accomplished young lady.

Two years later, we find him engaged in one of the most noted political questions of that day. Under the signature of "First Citizen," he boldly upheld the rights of the people in opposition to the arbitrary action of Governor Eden, of Maryland. One of the ablest lawyers in the province became his antagonist. The result was an exciting newspaper controversy. Unusual learning and ability were displayed on both sides. But Carroll, by his close logic, his bold and fearless views, gained a

triumphant victory for the popular cause. From all quarters he received congratulations. His fellow-citizens of Annapolis turned out in a body to thank him. If his opponents, however, were unable to meet his reasons, they could cheaply insult him. "Papist," "Romanist," "Jesuit," and other equally refined epithets were freely thrown at the advocate of the people's rights. The Catholic Religion was yet in contempt. Hence, neither the position, wealth, nor education of Charles Carroll could save him from the vile vocabulary of religious fanaticism.

The happy result of this controversy raised him in the eyes of his countrymen. He had gained an enviable reputation as a man of much learning, sound principles, liberal views, and fearless integrity. In 1773–4–5, he performed an active and prominent part in the measures of opposition and resistance on the part of Maryland to the aggressive colonial policy of Great Britain during those years. Catholic by conviction as well as by education, Mr. Carroll, in common with the Catholic body of the country, had been taught to revere the great principles of liberty. They were familiar with the fact that Cardinal Langton and the Catholic Barons had forced the tyrant John to recognize and affirm the *Magna Charta*. They had been taught to respect the act of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Zachery, in denouncing the tyranny of *taxation*

without representation, centuries before the Declaration of Independence was penned. They cherished the same great principle because it was promulgated in that glorious charter which the Catholic Peer, Lord Baltimore, had prepared for the infant colony of Maryland. The established recognition of the great principles of the American Revolution by the highest Catholic authorities for ages will account for the historical fact, that the Catholic body of the country, in 1776, *ardently* and *unanimously* espoused the cause of freedom and popular rights. In the day of trial, the Catholic Religion proved the grandeur of its principles. It produced no Tories—no traitors—no oppressors of their country![1]

From the very beginning, Carroll grasped the principles involved in the contest, and advocated complete independence. We are told that, as early as 1771, when conversing, on one occasion, with Samuel Chase, the latter remarked: "Carroll, we have the better of our opponents—we have completely written them down." "Do you think," returned Carroll, "that writing will settle the question between us?" "To be sure," replied the other. "What else can we resort to?" "The bayonet," was the answer; "our arguments will only raise the feelings of the people to that pitch when open war will be looked upon as the arbiter of dispute."

[1] Dr. R. H. Clarke.

Charles Carroll took an active part in the repeal of the odious penal laws against Catholics. These enactments still disgraced the statute-book. In 1775, he was appointed a member of the Maryland "committee to prepare a declaration of rights and a form of government for this State." The result was that the great principle of civil and religious liberty, established by Lord Baltimore, was again restored "in the Land of the Sanctuary."

By the Continental Congress he was sent, with Franklin and Chase, to win over Canada to the cause. As is well known, Rev. John Carroll accompanied the party. If the embassy failed, it was from no want of zeal or ability in the envoys. Charles Carroll left behind him a valuable journal of this voyage.

Having returned home, he used the whole weight of his influence to induce Maryland to join the other colonies in declaring for complete independence. He was entirely successful. In 1776, he had the honor of being chosen to represent his native State in the Continental Congress. As he wrote *Charles Carroll* in a clear, bold hand on the Declaration of Independence, a colleague remarked, "There go millions." [1] "No," replied another, "there are several Charles Carrolls, and he cannot be identified." Carroll, hearing this, immediately

[1] An inventory of Carroll's property, made by himself in 1764, shows that he then owned, among other things, forty thousand acres of land, twenty houses in Annapolis, and two country seats.

added to his signature "*of Carrollton,*" the name of the estate on which he resided, remarking as he did so: "*They cannot mistake me now!*"

He was elected a member of the Board of War. He also continued an active and influential member of the Continental Congress till 1778, when the treaty with France quieted all his fears for the success of American Independence; and feeling that his duty as a State Senator summoned him to Annapolis, he resigned his seat in Congress, and resumed that in the Maryland Senate. In 1788, he was elected United States Senator from Maryland, under the new Federal Constitution. He was again elected to the Maryland Senate in 1791, remaining a member till 1801. In that year, upon the defeat of the Federal party, to which he belonged, Carroll retired into private life. He was then in the sixty-third year of his age.

He was an earnest Catholic, and had an elegant chapel erected at his family residence. "He was so faithful in assisting at the divine office," says Miss Boyle, "that it was his great pleasure to serve the priest during the offering of the Holy Mass. In the monthly visits of the missionary priest, Mr. Carroll was the first person on his knees in the confessional. He was a monthly communicant for many years before his death; and so earnest was his desire to repair any wrong impressions caused in earlier days, that he selected the

High Mass at eleven o'clock on Easter Sunday to receive Communion."

While the whole nation was celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence, on the 4th of July, 1826, "the year of Jubilee," there remained but three surviving signers of the Declaration of Independence—Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, and Charles Carroll of Carrrollton. These three names were mingled with the songs of national joy, and saluted with peals of artillery. But two of the illustrious trio saw not another sun. Adams and Jefferson passed from the scenes of earth that same day. Charles Carroll alone remained—sole survivor of the fifty-six patriots of 1776.

The undivided homage of the United States was now reserved for the last of that glorious band. In the words of Lossing, "the good and the great made pilgrimages to his dwelling, to behold with their own eyes the venerable political patriarch of America; and from the rich storehouse of his intellect he freely contributed to the deficiencies of others." In 1829, the assembled Bishops of the First Council of Baltimore proceeded in a body to pay their respects to the great patriot. He received them with graceful dignity, and was deeply affected at such a high compliment.

In his last days he uttered these remarkable words: "I have lived to my ninety-sixth year; I

have enjoyed continued health ; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things which the world can bestow—public approbation, esteem, applause : but what I now look back on with the greatest satisfaction to myself, is that *I have practised the duties of my religion.*"

The end came peacefully—shining with the light of immortality. It was an impressive scene. The illustrious old man, fasting, sat in an arm-chair in his bedroom ; for he well knew that he was about to receive Holy Communion for the last time in this world. A crucifix stood on the table. The blessed candles were lighted. The priest was there in his rich robes. Children, grandchildren, and old negro servants, with tears in their eyes, were kneeling devoutly around. When the solemn religious ceremonies were over, he was lifted back to bed : and on the 14th of November, 1832, the sad news flashed over the country that Charles Carroll of Carrollton was no more.

"During thirty years passed in public life," says Latrobe, "embracing the most eventful period in the history of the United States, Mr. Carroll, as a politician, was quick to decide and prompt to execute. His measures were open and energetic. He was more inclined to exceed than fall below the end which he proposed. As a speaker, he was concise and animated ; the advantages of travel and society made him graceful · books, habits of study, and acute

observation, made him impressive and instructive. As a writer, he was remarkably dignified; his arrangement was regular; his style was full without being diffuse, and though highly argumentative, was prevented from being dull by the vein of polite learning which was visible throughout."

He had a well-selected but old-fashioned library. He cared little for modern works. Among the valued books referred to in his letters, we notice Bossuet's famous *History of the Variations of the Protestant Churches*, and the Abbé McGeoghegan's *History of Ireland*. Milner's *End of Controversy* was one of his favorites. In his last years he also passed considerable time with Cicero's *De Senectute*, which he grew to love so much as to write to a friend, "After the Bible, read Cicero."

GILBERT MOTIER DE LAFAYETTE,

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND AND BRAVE COMPANION OF WASHINGTON DURING THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

Died A. D. 1834.

GILBERT MOTIER DE LAFAYETTE[1] was born of an ancient and noble family, in the castle of Chavagnac, France, on the 6th of September, 1757; and a few months later his brave father fell at the battle of Minden. His education was suited to his rank. While yet a mere youth, he married a daughter of the princely house of Noailles, and adopted the profession of arms.

The young Marquis, while stationed on military duty at Metz—that famous fortress which has since witnessed such gigantic conflicts and even changed masters—heard of the Declaration of Independence, and the bold struggle for freedom in America. It was an event that seized his fancy and his heart. He resolved to offer his sword to the sacred cause of human liberty. Among the few to whom he told his design, was the Count de Broglie, who tried in vain to persuade him to remain in France. "I have

[1] The full name was Mary Paul Joseph Roch Yois Gilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette.

seen your uncle die in the wars of Italy," he said. "I witnessed your father's death at the battle of Minden, and I will not be accessory to the ruin of the only remaining branch of the family."

The Government put difficulties in the way of Lafayette: but he secretly purchased a ship at Bordeaux, and after a long and exciting voyage landed, in 1777, at a port in South Carolina. He was well received. A dinner was given in his honor at Charleston. "We drank each other's health," he writes, "and endeavored to talk in English, which I am beginning to speak a little."

After riding nearly nine hundred miles to Philadelphia, the young French nobleman—then barely twenty years of age—delivered his letters to Congress, but at first met with a cold reception. Strangers were in more than abundance. Lafayette, seeing the state of affairs, at once penned the following note to Congress:

"After the sacrifices I have made, I have a right to exact two favors—one is, to serve at my own expense; the other, to serve as a volunteer." This simple, manly appeal had its effect. Congress granted him the rank of Major-General in the army of the United States.

The American army was then in the neighborhood of Phildelphia, and Washington met Lafayette during a visit to that city. After a warm greeting, he invited the young stranger to make headquarters

his home. "I cannot promise you the luxuries of a court," said Washington; "but as you have become an American soldier, you will doubtless accommodate yourself to the fare of an American army."

A review of the troops was going on, when Lafayette arrived at the camp. He describes them as "about 11,000 men, ill armed, and still worse clothed. Many soldiers were almost naked. The best-clad wore hunting-shirts—large gray linen coats which were much used in Carolina."

"We must feel embarrassed," remarked Washington, "to exhibit ourselves before an officer who has just quitted French troops."

"It is to learn, and not to teach, that I came here," replied the brave Lafayette.

Lafayette first heard the crash of arms at the battle of Brandywine, where, in rallying his troops, a ball passed through his leg. "Take care of him," said Washington to the surgeon, "as if he were my son, for I love him the same."

It is impossible in this brief sketch to follow Lafayette closely in his distinguished American career, from the day when he shed his first blood on the field of Brandywine, through many eventful campaigns, till, at length, he had the extreme pleasure of seeing Washington receiving the sword of Cornwallis at Yorktown—five years later. The value of his services to our cause was immense. It was during a visit to his native land, in 1778, that he

obtained the promise of a French army to aid the cause of Independence.

He had been enjoined not to ask for French auxiliary troops for the United States, because the popular feeling of jealousy against foreigners, and especially against Frenchmen, not only rendered Congress itself averse to this project, but made that body believe it would excite general anxiety and discontent. Lafayette foresaw, however, that before the succor could be ready, the United States would feel its necessity, and that it might arrive, as did actually occur, in a decisive moment for the safety of the cause. He boldly took upon himself the responsibility of soliciting in the name of Congress what he had been positively forbidden to ask—a succor of auxiliary troops sent to a port of the United States, and he made choice of Newport, Rhode Island, which, having been evacuated by the English, and being in an island suitable for defence, was more likely than any other to obviate all kinds of difficulties. As is well known, an army under the noble and experienced Count de Rochambeau was sent out in 1780.[2]

It was while Washington and Lafayette were returning from the conference with Rochambeau and De Terney, at Hartford, that Arnold's treachery was happily discovered—just in time. In a letter to the French Ambassador, dated *Robinson House, op-*

[2] See life of Rochambeau.

posite West Point, Sept. 26th, 1780, Lafayette says; "When I parted from you yesterday, to come and breakfast here with General Arnold, we were far from foreseeing the event which I am now going to relate to you. You will shudder at the danger to which we have been exposed. You will admire the miraculous chain of unexpected events and singular chances that have saved us; but you will be still more astonished when you learn by what instruments this conspiracy has been formed. West Point was sold—and sold by Arnold—the same man who formerly acquired glory by rendering such immense services to his country. He had lately entered into a horrible compact with the enemy, and but for the accident that brought us here at a certain hour, but for the combination of chances that threw the Adjutant-General[1] of the English army in the hands of some peasants, beyond the limits of our stations, West Point and the North River, we should both at present, in all probability, be in possession of the enemy.

"When we set out yesterday for Fishkill, we were preceded by one of my aides-de-camp, and one of General Knox's, who found General Arnold and his wife at breakfast, and sat down at table with them. Whilst they were together, two letters were given to Arnold, which apprised him of the arrestration of the spy. He ordered a horse to be

[1] Andre.

saddled, went into his wife's room to tell her he was ruined, and desired his aide-de-camp to inform General Washington that he was going to West Point and would return in the course of an hour.

"On our arrival here, we crossed the river and went to examine the works. You may conceive our astonishment when we learnt, on our return, that the arrested spy was Major Andre, Adjutant-General of the English army; and when amongst his papers were discovered the copy of an important council of war, the state of the garrison and works, and observations upon various means of attack and defence, the whole in Arnold's own handwriting.

"The Adjutant-General wrote also to the General, avowing his name and situation. Orders were sent to arrest Arnold; but he escaped in a boat, got on board the English frigate the *Vulture*, and as no person suspected his flight, he was not stopped at any post. Colonel Hamilton, who had gone in pursuit of him, received soon after, by a flag of truce, a letter from Arnold to the General, in which he entered into no details to justify his treachery, and a letter from the English commander, Robertson, who, in a very insolent manner, demanded that the Adjutant-General should be delivered up to them, as he had only acted with the permission of General Arnold.

"The first care of the General[1] has been to as-

[1] Washington.

semble, at West Point, the troops that, under various pretences, Arnold had dispersed. We remain here to watch over the safety of a fort, that the English may respect less as they become better acquainted with it. Continental troops have been summoned here, and as Arnold's advice may determine Clinton to make a sudden movement, the army has received orders to be prepared to march at a moment's warning."

Lafayette was in France when England acknowledged the independence of the United States by solemn treaty, and he was the first to inform Congress of the joyful event. In 1784, he visited this Republic, and was so warmly received that his tour was a continual triumph.

The prominent share which Lafayette took in the unhappy events that preceded and followed the Revolution in France need not be dwelt upon here. It belongs to history. His visit to the United States in the summer of 1824 was full of touching memories. The American people paid him their homage, and gave expression to their gateful enthusiasm. This brave, generous-hearted old soldier died on the 28th of May, 1834, at the age of seventy-seven years. He has been called "the hero of two hemispheres."

JOHN LOUIS DE CHEVERUS,

FIRST BISHOP OF BOSTON, AND AFTERWARDS CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP OF BORDEAUX.

Died A. D. 1836.

JOHN LOUIS DE CHEVERUS was born at Mayenne, France, in 1768. His mother was a lady of great piety and prudence. "My son," she would often repeat, after the example of Queen Blanche, "God is my witness how much I love you; but rather would I see you dead before me than that you should commit a single mortal sin."

During play-time he was known as "the merriest lad at school," and in hours of study he was the best student. On the day of his First Communion, he dedicated himself to God one day to become His minister. After finishing a brilliant course of studies at the College of Louis le Grand, the Sorbonne, and other institutions, he was ordained in 1790, and two years later became parish priest of Mayenne.

Calamities were now hastening upon happy France. The followers of religion heard the fierce

storms of the Revolution roar around them. All was danger. Society appeared to have gone mad. Among the exiles who fled in disguise from Paris to England was Father de Cheverus. There he learned our language, and supported himself by becoming a teacher of French and mathematics.

In 1795, he received a letter from his old friend and countryman, Father Matignon, then Catholic pastor at Boston, inviting him to come to that city and share his labors in a new and fruitful vineyard. He at once made over his patrimony to his brother and sisters, and embarked for New England, arriving at Boston in the spring of 1796.

It will easily be understood that these two Catholic missionaries encountered a large share of prejudice in the capital of New England. But their learning, humility, simplicity, and graceful manners soon produced a marked change. Bigotry was disarmed. In the persons of its ministers, the Catholic Religion became respected and honored where before it had only been a reproach. Never did virtue and learning gain a more decided victory over prejudice and intolerance.

After some time, Father Cheverus began to preach in public. His discourses, remarkable for their simple, earnest vigor, attracted Protestants in crowds to hear him. When he paid his first visit to the Indians of Maine, they were delighted. The children of Father Rale warmly welcomed the gentle

black-gown, who continued ever after to visit them once a year.

When Boston was ravaged with yellow fever, his heroism made the whole city his friends. In such high esteem was the excellent priest held, that when President John Adams visited Boston, and was honored by a public banquet, the two highest seats at table were assigned to the President and Father Cheverus. The Legislature of Massachusetts invited him to revise the oath to be taken by all citizens before elections, fearing that there might be something in it offensive to Catholics. When the good missionary prepared his own formula, and in person submitted it to the Legislature, it was at once enacted into a law. He opened a subscription list for a new church ; at the head of it stands the name of President Adams. Indeed, Protestants vied with Catholics in their contributions for the erection of the Church of the Holy Cross.

In 1810, Dr. Cheverus was consecrated Bishop of Boston. But his change of rank made no change in his humble mode of life, or in his simple, modest, and generous bearing towards his old friends. To the end, he treated the venerable Father Matignon as his superior in wisdom and merit.

On several occasions he sustained public controversies with Protestant ministers, in which his ripe scholarship, mental keenness, and courteous and amiable temper always gave him great advantage.

He was so revered that it was the custom of mothers to call their children John in his honor. Once a child was brought to him for baptism. "Its name?" inquired Dr. Cheverus. "*John Cheverus Bishop,*" he was told. "Poor child," he replied, "God preserve you from ever becoming such."

In 1816, he accomplished his long-cherished design—the establishment of the Ursuline Convent near Boston for the education of young ladies. He was in his native France when, in after years, he heard of its destruction at the hands of a mob of fanatical ruffians. When the good Father Matignon died, the Bishop was plunged into profound grief. The remains of the honored dead were borne in procession through the streets of Boston, followed by Dr. Cheverus, wearing his mitre, and accompanied by the clergy and the whole congregation; both press and people testified their profound respect.

Before the daily wear and tear of a most active and laborious life, the health of Bishop Cheverus began to give way. His physicians warned him that if he remained in that stern climate he could not expect to live much longer. For three years he hesitated, however, about returning to his native France, for, as he expresses it, "his heart was torn in pieces" at the thought of leaving his dear diocese.

The French monarch urged him to return, and he was offered the vacant see of Montauban. He ac-

cepted. From every side generosity brought him gifts, proving the esteem in which he was held by all creeds and classes. Among others, a worthy grocer brought him six thousand francs—his whole fortune—and laid it at the Bishop's feet. The kind but firm refusal to receive it, brought only tears to the good man's eyes. Adieus came to him from all parts of the Union. "Although placed at a great distance from me," writes the Archbishop of Baltimore, "you were, next to God, my firmest support. Will it be possible for me to govern my province after your departure?"

On leaving Boston, he was escorted by over three hundred vehicles, which accompanied him many miles on the road to New York. He embarked for France in the fall of 1823, and on his arrival, took possession of the see of Montauban. Full of years and honors, he died Cardinal-Archbishop of Bordeaux in 1836. Two nations mourned his loss.

Cardinal Cheverus had a finely-tempered mind and heart. He was a true gentleman, and a model Christian. On one occasion, while walking outside the gates of Bordeaux, he was accosted by a beggar. The Cardinal, who could never refuse an alms, put his hand into his pocket and gave the man a franc. "Monseigneur," said one of his attendants, "I think you have made a mistake. The man you have just given money to is a Jew." "Thank you," replied the Cardinal, "it is true I did not know it."

Then, recalling the beggar, he put a five-franc piece into his hand, adding, "*There are so few who would give him anything.*"

MATTHEW CAREY,

JOURNALIST, AUTHOR, PUBLISHER, PATRIOT, AND PHILANTHROPIST.

Died A. D. 1839.

MATTHEW CAREY, one of the most gifted men of modern times, was born at Dublin, Ireland, on the 28th of January, 1760. He became a printer at the age of fifteen. While still a mere youth, he published *A Letter to the Catholics of Ireland*, in which the galling oppressions of the Penal Code were lashed with virtuous indignation. For this he was prosecuted, and had to fly to Paris, where he was befriended by Dr. Franklin.

After a year's exile, the brave young Irishman returned to Dublin, and edited the *Freeman's Journal*. In October, 1783, with the aid of his father—a wealthy baker—he started the *Volunteer's Journal*, which did good service for his native land. Carey, however, was a bold writer, and on account of an attack on the British ministry, he was arrested, and imprisoned for a time in Newgate.

Finding it impossible for him to live with safety under the English Government, he directed his steps to the United States, and arrived at Philadelphia on the 15th of November, 1784. Two months later he started the *Pennsylvania Herald*, "the first newspaper in America that furnished accurate reports of the legislative debates." Carey was his own reporter.

Washington was a subscriber. "I purposed," he wrote to Carey, on the 15th of March, 1785, "so soon as I understood you intended to become the publisher of a newspaper in Philadelphia, to request a copy of your weekly production might be sent to me. I was the more pleased with this determination, when, by a letter from my friend the Marquis de Lafayette, I found he has so interested himself in your behalf."

In 1786, Carey published a very able satire entitled *The Plagi-scurriliad; a Hudibrastic Poem.* Even then, there was a bad feeling against foreigners among a certain class of American snobs, and none took more occasions to exhibit it than a rival editor, Colonel Oswald, of *The Gazetteer*; "Oswald," says Father Finotti, "may be considered the *first* Know-Nothing in America."

Carey was not pleased, and the result was a poem and a duel. "Our disputes," he writes in the preface to the satire, "originated from some illiberal remarks written in his paper against newcomers.

As a newcomer, I thought myself called upon to answer them, which I did on November 9th, 1785, under the signature of *A Citizen of the World.*" A duel was fought. Carey was shot through the thigh-bone, and laid up for over a year.

In 1787, this ever-active Pioneer published *The American Museum*, the first well-conducted magazine issued in this Republic. George Washington heads the list of subscribers. Though it lived for six years, the perodical was not a financial success.

Carey issued the first Catholic Bible printed in the United States, in 1790, and at one time he was the largest bookseller in the country. In 1793, he founded the Hibernian Society in behalf of Irish immigrants.

Nor was his pen ever idle. He wrote on yellow fever, politics, banking, railroads, agriculture, religion, political economy, history,—in short, on everything. His chief historical work is *Vindiciæ Hibernicæ ;* or *Ireland Vindicated.* It is "an attempt to develop and expose a few of the many errors and misrepresentations respecting Ireland in the *Histories* of May, Temple, Whitelock, Borlase, Rushworth, Clarendon, Cox, Carte, Leland, Warner, Macaulay, Hume, and others, particularly in the legendary tales of the pretended conspiracy and massacre of 1641." This excellent work, which appeared in 1819, was the fulfilment of a long-cherished design to aid

the cause of Catholic emancipation in Ireland. It met with flattering success.

From this time he devoted himself almost entirely to politics and commerce. Between 1819 and 1833 he published no less than fifty-nine separate pamphlets on the subject of the protective tariff alone, and some passed through many editions.[1] He stood in the front rank as a writer on political economy. This eminent man died at Philadelphia on the 16th of September, 1839, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was attended in his last moments by his intimate friend, the Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, O. S. A., and the Right Rev. Dr. Gartland.

Matthew Carey wielded a powerful pen, and touched no topic that he did not handle with clearness and ability. His mind was keen, logical, and comprehensive. Few were his equals in discussion, and none surpassed him. "He came in collision," writes Father Finotti, "with the famous hybrid, William Cobbett, but conquered him."

"He has given more time, money, and labor to the public," remarks Joseph Reed, "than any man I am acquainted with, and in truth, he founded in Philadelphia a school of public spirit."

This bold and enterprising Catholic Pioneer—the first to report the proceedings of Congress and to establish a well-conducted magazine in the United States—was a man upright, sincere, and charitable;

[1] Finotti.

and with him time was not money, but merit.[1] "For a long series of years," says Hunt, "he had a charity list on which were enrolled the names of hundreds to whom he regularly gave, once each fortnight, a donation of groceries and other necessaries of life."

DEMETRIUS AUGUSTINE GALLITZIN,

THE RUSSIAN PRINCE, AND APOSTLE OF WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Died A. D. 1841.

ONE of the best illustrations that truth is stranger and more beautiful than fiction, is to be found in the life of Prince Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin. He was born on the 22d of December, 1770, at the Hague, his father, Prince Gallitzin, being at the time Ambassador to Holland from the Court of Russia. The name of Gallitzin is one of the most ancient and distinguished in the history of Russia. The mother of the future prince-priest belonged to a noble German family. She was the daughter of Field-Marshal Count de Schmettau, one of the favorite heroes of Frederick the Great.

His worldly and ambitious father wished to see

[1] Finotti.

Demetrius a famous soldier; and, of course, his whole education was of the most complete military cast. He scarcely ever heard of religion. Indeed, in his boyhood he was more familiar with the names of Voltaire and Diderot than with the sacred names of Jesus and Mary. His father was an unbeliever. An infidel education had darkened, if not destroyed, the sublime faith that lighted up his mother's early years. She was, however, in the highest sense, a gifted lady, whose great personal attractions were only surpassed by her beauties of mind and heart; and God in His own good time mercifully led her back to His Holy Church. In 1786, after a severe sickness, a light broke upon her soul—she again became a Catholic. A year later, her only son received the grace of conversion, entered the Church of ages, and took the name of Augustine. The Princess was happy. Ever after this the good lady and her son lived as if they had "but one heart and one soul."

"An intimacy which existed between our family and a certain celebrated French philosopher," writes Father Gallitzin, in referring to his own conversion, "had produced a contempt for religion. Raised in prejudice against revelation, I felt every disposition to ridicule those very principles and practices which I have since adopted. . . . During those unfortunate years of my infidelity, particular care was taken not to permit any clergymen to come near me. Thanks to

the God of infinite mercy, the clouds of unbelief were dispersed, and revelation adopted in our family.

"I soon felt convinced of the necessity of investigating the different religious systems, in order to find the true one. Although I was born a member of the Greek Church, and although all my male relatives, without any exception, were either Greeks or Protestants, yet did I resolve to embrace that religion only which upon impartial inquiry should appear to me to be the pure religion of Jesus Christ. My choice fell upon the Catholic Church, and at the age of about seventeen I became a member of that Church."

This conversion did not divert the young Prince from the military career which his father wished him to embrace. In 1792, he was aide de-camp to the Austrian General Van Lilien, who commanded an army in Brabant, at the opening of the first campaign against France. But the sudden death of the Emperor Leopold and the assassination of the King of Sweden, acts considered as the work of the Jacobins, induced Austria and Prussia to dismiss all foreigners from their armies. Young Gallitzin being thus deprived of his military position, his father advised him to travel to finish his education.

He arrived in the United States in the fall of 1792, accompanied by a young German missionary, Rev. Mr. Brosius, his tutor. The sight of the spiritual

destitution which the Catholics of our country suffered, aroused in his soul a sacred desire for the priesthood. In November, 1792, Prince Gallitzin, in his twenty-second year, entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, recently founded at Baltimore. Here he edified all by his modesty and virtue. Yet the goodness of his heart received increased lustre from the solidity, originality, and brilliancy of his mind. He was elevated by Bishop Carroll to the priesthood on the 18th of March, 1795.

Prince Gallitzin, though the second priest ordained in the United States, can be truly considered the first-born of the American Church. Father Stephen Theodore Badin, ordained some time previously, had been made a deacon before leaving his native France; and the United States gave him only the final consecration and commission. But Father Gallitzin was all our own. Ours from the first page of his theology to the moment he arose from the consecrating hands of the Bishop, forever and forever to bear the seal of the Lord's anointed.[1]

The young priest desired to remain in the happy seclusion of the Seminary, and obtained admission as a member of the priests of St. Sulpice. Bishop Carroll, however, could not dispense with his services. For four years he labored on various missions. He set about the grand work of establishing a purely Catholic colony, in 1799, and selected for

[1] Brownson

his domain the uninhabited and uncultivated regions of the Alleghanies, in what is now Cambria County, Pennsylvania. Here he found a small number of Catholics scattered amid the rocks and woods.

Out of the clearings of these untrodden forests rose up two buildings, constructed out of the trunks of roughly-hewn trees; of these one was intended for a church—the other a presbytery for their pastor. On Christmas Eve there was not a winking eye in the little colony. And well there might not be! The new church, decked with pine, and laurel, and ivy leaves, and blazing with such lights as the scant means of the faithful could afford, was awaiting its consecration to the worship of God!

There Gallitzin offered up the first Mass, to the great edification of his flock, that, although made up of Catholics, had never witnessed such a solemnity; and to the great astonishment of a few Indians, who had never in their lives dreamed of such a wonderful ceremony. Thus it was, that on a spot in which, scarcely a year previous, silence had reigned over vast solitudes, a Prince, thenceforward cut off from every other country, had opened a new one to pilgrims from all nations, and that from the wastes which echoed no sounds but the howlings of the wild beasts, there went up the divine song, *Gloria in Excelsis Deo.* Thus began that glorious Catholic settlement in Western Pennsylvania, which was destined to grow and flourish like a beautiful

mountain-flower in the midst of the wilderness!

In February, 1800, Father Gallitzin, in a letter to Bishop Carroll, says: "Our church, which was only begun in harvest, got finished fit for service the night before Christmas; it is about forty-five feet long by twenty-five, built of white pine logs, with a very good shingle roof. . . . There is also a house built for me, sixteen feet by fourteen, besides a little kitchen and a stable. I have now, thanks be to God, a little home of my own, for the first time since I came to this country, and God grant that I may be able to keep it. The prospect of forming a lasting establishment for promoting the cause of religion is very great; the country is amazingly fertile, and almost entirely inhabited by Catholics. . . . The congregation consists at present of about forty families, but there is no end to the Catholics in all the settlements round about me; what will become of them, if we do not soon receive a new supply of priests, I do not know. I try as much as I can to persuade them to settle around me."

The whole cost of this spiritual and material colonization was at first individually borne by Father Gallitzin. He lived on the farm which Captain McGuire, a generous Irish Catholic, had given for the service of the church. But, in order to attract emigration around him, he bought vast tracts of land, that he sold in farms at a low rate, or even

gave to the poor, relying on his patrimony to meet his engagements. The wilderness soon put on a new aspect. The settlers followed the impulses of the great missionary, who kept steadfastly in view the improvement of his work. His first care was to get up a grist-mill; then arose numerous out-buildings; additional lands were purchased, and in a short time the colony grew in extent and prosperity.

In carrying out his work, the Prince-priest received material assistance from Europe. At first, sums of money were regularly remitted to him by his mother. With her he kept up a fond correspondence, which his great love for her rendered one of the consolations of his life. But he lost this good and tender parent in 1806.

The Emperor of Russia could not pardon one of his nobles for becoming a Catholic priest; and he decided that Prince Gallitzin could inherit no part of his father's property.

Writing to her brother, however, the Princess Maria said: "You may be perfectly easy. I shall divide with you faithfully, as I am certain you would with me. Such was the will of our deceased father and of our dearest mother; and such also will be the desire of my affectionate love and devotedness towards you, my dearest brother."

On various occasions she sent large sums to the missionary, who employed them in meeting his en-

gagements and in relieving the poor. But on the whole, it amounted to only a small part of the revenues to which he was entitled. When the Princess married the insolvent Prince of Salm, she said no more about remittances. Thus the saintly man lost nearly all his patrimony. But, with the most perfect resignation, he offered the sacrifice to God. He cared not for wealth, except to aid the poor, the unfortunate, or the Church. "If he had possessed a heart of gold," said one who knew him well, "he would have given it to the unfortunate."

It is impossible to describe the energy and enlightened zeal of this apostolic man. We have a graphic picture of his appearance on one of his forest journeys, when he had reached his sixty-fourth year. For it we are indebted to the pen of Rev. Father Lemcke, O. S. B., afterwards his successor. In the summer of 1834, the good Father was sent from Philadelphia to the assistance of the aged missionary. After several days of rough travel, he reached Munster, a village some miles from Loretto. Here Father Lemcke procured an Irish lad to pilot him on his way.

"As we had gone," he says, "a couple of miles through the woods, I caught sight of a sled drawn by a pair of vigorous horses, and in the sled a half-recumbent traveller, on every lineament of whose face could be read a character of distinction. He was outwardly dressed in a threadbare overcoat, and

on his head a peasant's hat so worn and dilapidated that no one would have rescued it from the garbage of the streets. It occurred to me that some accident had happened to the old gentleman, and that he was compelled to resort to this singular mode of conveyance.

"While I was taxing my brain for a satisfactory solution of this problem, Tom, my guide, who was trotting ahead, turned round, and pointing to the old man, said: '*Here comes the priest.*' I immediately coaxed up my nag to the sled. 'Are you really the pastor of Loretto?' said I. 'I am, sir.' 'Prince Gallitzin?' 'At your service, sir,' he said, with a hearty laugh.

"'You are probably astonished,' he continued, after I handed him a letter from the Bishop of Philadelphia, 'at the strangeness of my equipage. But there's no help for it. You have, no doubt, already found out that in these countries you need not dream of a carriage-road. You could not drive ten yards without danger of an overturn. I am prevented, since a fall which I have had, from riding on horseback, and it would be impossible for me now to travel on foot. Besides, I carry along everything required for the celebration of Holy Mass. I am now going to a spot where I have a mission, and where the Holy Sacrifice has been announced for to-day. Go to Loretto and make yourself at home until my return to-night; unless, indeed, you should

prefer to accompany me.'" Father Lemcke was only too happy to bear him company.

For forty-one years this humble man, this truly great and good priest, led upon the mountains of Pennsylvania, a most perfect Christian life. When warned to take more care of himself, he would answer, in his own energetic style: "As the days have gone by when by martyrdom it was possible for us to testify to God's glory upon earth, it becomes our duty, like the toil-worn ox, to remain hitched to the plough in the field of the Lord."

On Easter Sunday, 1841, Father Gallitzin, being seventy-one years of age, had early in the morning taken his seat in the confessional. After discharging these duties, he bravely braced up his remaining strength to ascend the altar for the celebration of Mass. When it was over he took to his bed—the bed from which he was destined never to rise. On the 6th of May, his pure and princely spirit passed to the bosom of God.

The venerable Father Gallitzin's best eulogy is his work. He erected the *first chapel* in what now comprises the dioceses of Pittsburg, Alleghany City, and Erie. His cherished Loretto is the most Catholic village in the United States. Not till the traveller has pressed the soil of Cambria county does he feel that he is in a *truly* Christian land, as he catches the sight of ten Catholic churches and three monasteries—all of which cropped out of

Loretto, under the creative and fostering hands of Gallitizin.[1] What share he had in its material prosperity may be judged from the fact that he spent over $150,000 in its improvement. Though for many years Vicar-General of the Bishop of Philadelphia, he firmly refused all offers of being raised to the episcopal dignity. Having renounced the dignities of the world, he did not aspire to those of the Church.

Few, very few indeed, are the princes of Europe who have earned a place among the Catholic Pioneers of America; but a halo of immortal glory snrrounds the beautiful memory of the apostolic Gallitzin. *In memoria æterna erit justus.*

[1] Lemcke.

WILLIAM JAMES MacNEVEN, M. D.,

THE SCHOLAR, PATRIOT, PHYSICIAN, AND PHILANTHROPIST.

Died A. D. 1841.

WILLIAM JAMES MacNEVEN, whose name must ever hold an honored place in the history of his country, was born at Ballynahowne, County of Galway, Ireland, on the 21st of March, 1763. "My family," he says, "possessed, in fee simple, a small landed estate about a mile south from Aughrim and Kilcommodan Hill. An eventful battle was fought there on the 12th of July, 1691, between the forces of King James II. and King William, and my early intimacy with every inch of the field gave my thoughts, ever after, an invariable direction to the unfortunate relations of Ireland with England.

"My father was descended from one of that national party that stood out for Ireland in the war of Cromwell, and who were ultimately driven by the conqueror into the wilds behind the Shannon—not knowing where else to banish them. There my family lived, like others of the old race, in obscurity and independence, true to their religion,

full of love of Irish nationality, traditionary pride, and aversion to England."

The boy lost his mother while a mere child, and his early training devolved mainly on a good aunt. He tells us that when he was about to leave home, she gave him much excellent advice, and blessed him with a relic of the True Cross, which had remained for generations a sacred heirloom in the family. The penal laws prevented Catholics from receiving an education in Ireland, and at the age of twelve, William James was sent to Germany to his uncle, Baron William O'Kelly MacNeven, one of the medical lights of that day, and physician to the Empress Maria Teresa. The Baron lived at Prague. Young MacNeven spent eight fruitful years with his uncle. He received a thorough classical education, passed through the medical school of Prague, and finished his professional studies at the University of Vienna, where he took the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1784.

Dr. MacNeven now returned to his native land, and began the practice of his profession in Dublin. But his soul burned with just indignation, the more he contemplated the wrongs of unhappy Ireland. He saw at a glance that the penal code against Catholics was a diabolical instrument to enslave the Irish. He was one of the first to raise his voice against that hateful and illiberal Protestant ascendency which robbed his Catholic countrymen

of their rights and their property. He was a delegate at the famous Catholic convention which met at Dublin in 1792, and his speech on that occasion produced a great sensation. At one point he referred to "Protestant ascendency," as it was then called.

"It was this ascendency," exclaimed Dr. MacNeven, "that in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, like a ferocious tiger, devastated the land of our fathers, and after establishing its den on a depopulated waste, surrounded it, in a succeeding age, with the horrors of mental darkness; it was this ascendency that, breaking through the sympathies of nature, and the obligations of eternal justice, established the slow tortures, the recreant prohibitions, the unnatural, unmanly enormities of the penal code."

From this time, MacNeven was admired by the Irish Catholics, and stood forth as one of their most earnest advocates. He joined the Directory of the United Irishmen in 1796, and in the following year he was sent as their representative to France. He was arrested, however, by the English authorities in 1798, and kept a prisoner till 1802. On his liberation, he proceeded to France, and entered an Irish Legion in the Army of Napoleon.

"I accepted of a commision in that corps," he writes to a friend, "for the purpose of learning tactics, and of going with it to Ireland; but while at

Brest, and in its neighborhood, it was evident to me that this same corps was only held up as a scarecrow to frighten England into a peace—and that we were in reality made mere instruments, by Bonaparte, to answer his own selfish views. This was not all; but he sought through this association of Irishmen to agitate their country, and thereby bring England the sooner to his terms. I could not lend myself, after that, to so mischievous a purpose, and I accordingly resigned."

Seeing his hopes for Ireland repeatedly doomed to disappointment, the patriotic physician sailed for America, and landed at New York on the 4th of July, 1805. After spending some weeks with his dear friend Thomas Addis Emmet,[1] he opened an office, and began the practice of his profession. His skill, learning, and exalted personal character won immediate recognition. In 1808, he was called to fill the chair of obstetrics in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, which three years later he changed for that of chemistry and materia medica. He established the first chemical laboratory ever seen in New York. In 1826, he resigned his professorship in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and together with Mott, Francis, Hosack, and others, founded a new medical school on Duane Street, in

[1] I am indebted to this great man's grandson and namesake, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, the distinguished New York physician, for a portrait of Dr. MacNeven and some valuable points of information.

which he lectured on materia medica and therapeutics till 1830.

But while filling the professor's chair and attending to a large practice, Dr. MacNeven took the most earnest and active interest in everything that related to Ireland and the Irish people. He was President of "The Friends of Ireland," and a member of nearly every society in New York City having for its object the honor or interest of his countrymen. He published a pamphlet for immigrants, entitled: *Directions, or Advice to Irishmen Arriving in America.* He established a bureau to obtain positions and to afford protection to Irish servant-girls. To poor Irishmen, indeed, he was a true and generous friend. He aided those who needed relief, and such as were sick he attended without charge. It was well said that "his knowledge and his virtues reflected honor upon his exiled countrymen in America."

"Towards his native land," writes Miss MacNeven, "my father's devoted attachment remained ever the same—neither time nor distance, the cares of life, nor the approach of death could diminish or weaken it. He was ever active in her service, and seized every occasion which offered to promote the great object of her happiness."

This noble Irishman died after a long illness, borne with the patience of a Christian and the fortitude of a philosopher, on the 12th of July, 1841. He was

attended in his last hours by Bishop Hughes, and passed away soothed by all the consolations of the Catholic Religion.

Aside from his many virtues, beautiful character, and great professional attainments, Dr. MacNeven was a man of wide learning and rare accomplishments. "My father," says his daughter, Miss MacNeven, "besides being a good classical scholar, was a proficient in several modern languages. He spoke German and French with the same facility as English, and was well versed in the literature of those countries. He was also a good Italian scholar. He understood Irish, his native tongue, perfectly well, and conversed in it fluently. I have heard him say it was the first he ever spoke." His writings were mainly on medical, scientific, and political subjects, and were commonly in the form of essays and lectures. Among his best-known works were, *Rambles through Switzerland*, *Pieces of Irish History*, and *Exposition of the Atomic Theory in Chemistry*.

JOHN DUBOIS, D. D.,

FOUNDER OF MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, AND BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

Died A. D. 1842.

JOHN DUBOIS was born at Paris, France, in 1764. The careful training given him by his excellent mother made a lasting impression on his character. As a student, he distinguished himself at the College of Louis le Grand, in which Charles Carroll of Carrollton had received a part of his education. One of his fellow-students at that famous institution was Robespierre, afterwards the bloodthirsty ruffian of the Revolution. Even then, young Dubois instinctively read the heart of the budding tyrant. "I shall never forget," he used to say to one of his pupils at Emmittsburg, "the looks and manners of him who afterwards proved such a monster of ferocity. He was unsocial, solitary, gloomy; his head was restless, his eye wandering, and he was a great tyrant towards his younger and weaker companions."

Dubois made his theological course at the Seminary of St. Magloire. He was ordained in 1787, but four years later was obliged to sail for America to

avoid the hatred of the revolutionists. Welcomed by Bishop Carroll, he at once began the exercise of the sacred ministry at Norfolk, Virginia. He carried letters of introduction from Lafayette to James Monroe, Patrick Henry, and other distinguished citizens of the new Republic. He even resided for some time with the future President, and received lessons in English from the great orator. While in Virginia, he contrived to support himself by teaching French, as the Catholics were too few and too poor to contribute to his support. His missionary field was very extensive. At one time he was the only priest between Baltimore and St. Louis.

His vigorous constitution was taxed to the utmost. He could never say his work was finished. There was still more. "On one occasion," says Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, "he had just arrived at Emmittsburg, much fatigued, on a Saturday afternoon, and was going to the confessional, when a distant sick-call came. Before leaving Emmittsburg, he directed the usual preparations to be made for the celebration of Mass on Sunday, saying that he would be back in time. He returned to Frederick, and thence proceeded to Montogomery County, administered the consolations of religion to the dying person, and, after a journey of nearly fifty miles, after twice swimming his horse across the Monocacy—the last time at the risk of his life, for wearied nature caught a nap of sleep while the

noble animal was breasting the angry stream—he was again in the confessional at nine o'clock on Sunday, without having broken his fast, and sang Mass and preached as usual at a late hour in the forenoon, and with so little appearance of fatigue that the majority of the congregation never even suspected that he had stirred abroad in the interval."

Father Dubois founded Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Maryland, in 1809, and among his first scholars were James McSherry, Frederick Chatard, Charles Harper, and Jerome Bonaparte. The early college was simply a log-house. Boys came from all directions. In two years Father Dubois "had forty pupils; in three, sixty; and in five, eighty." The institution grew and flourished, and in time became the *alma mater* of Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop Hughes, Archbishop Purcell, and many other eminent men.

After having borne the heat and burden of the day for thirty-five years, and when past the age of three-score, Father Dubois was appointed Bishop of New York. He entered upon his new duties towards the close of 1826. The trials and difficulties were countless. "I am obliged," he writes to Rome, "to fulfil at the same time the duties of Bishop, parish priest, and catechist."

Nor was this all. Many a church trustee, at that time, considered himself the most important man in the diocese. It was the bull-frog trying to become

an ox. Bishop Dubois, of course, soon found himself in difficulties with the trustees of his cathedral. Their insolence went so far that they threatened to cut off his salary; but they little knew the spirit of the aged prelate. "Gentlemen," he replied, "you may vote me a salary or not. I need little. I can live in a basement or a garret; but whether I come up from my basement, or down from my garret, I shall still be your Bishop."

On the first visitation of his diocese, Dr. Dubois found about seven hundred Catholics at Buffalo. Here he heard many confessions—about two hundred of them by means of an interpreter. His zeal, activity, and enterprise would have accomplished more, had he been properly supported in his measures by the trustees of the various churches. He had likewise to contend with the insane bigotry of the times. A Catholic college, which he was erecting in a beautiful spot near Nyack, on the Hudson, afforded an excellent theme for loud-mouthed fanatics and weak-headed ministers. The pulpits rung with the dangers of "Popery." One morning the college was found a mass of ruins and ashes! During his episcopate eight new churches were erected in New York City alone.

In 1837, his health giving way, he received the assistance of a coadjutor in the person of Dr. Hughes, his former pupil, his illustrious successor, and first Archbishop of New York. Bishop Dubois

died on the 20th of December, 1842, at the ripe age of seventy-eight.

"Need I tell you," says his eloquent eulogist, "that such a life was closed by a tranquil and happy death? The last words that trembled on his lips were the holy names which in infancy a pious mother had taught him to lisp—Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! As the ripe and mellow fruit falls in due season to the ground—as the flower hangs its head, and droops, and dies—as the sun at evening's close sinks calmly into the ocean's bed, leaving tracks of glory behind—so did he quit this earthly scene, without a struggle and without a sigh—with a prayer on his lips, and a sweet hope of heavenly rest in his heart, and a sweet thought of the mercy of Jesus, whom he had loved and served all his life, hovering like an angel over his departing spirit."[1]

[1] Rev. Dr. McCaffrey.

JOHN ENGLAND, D. D.,

FIRST BISHOP OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

Died A. D. 1842.

IT was some years before the steam-engine enabled people to move quicker than "the wings of the wind." There were no railroads. A stage-coach was pushing along the highway in one of the Southern States. It stopped. A young minister entered, took a seat, and glanced around at the passengers. A number of gentleman were engaged in earnest conversation; and he immediately fixed his gaze on one of them—a dignified, remarkable-looking man in the prime of life, whose eye glowed with mental brightness and searching power. The newcomer seemed to be moved by some extraordinary impulse. He was not polite. He every now and then threw out hints about "the Pope," "Anti-Christ," "the Scarlet Woman," and other very mysterious things, endeavoring at each sentence to attract the notice of the remarkable-looking gentleman. "Paul" was continually quoted. It was "Paul" here, and "Paul" there, and how

could people that he called "Romanists" answer "Paul"?

At first, the gentleman addressed appeared to pay no attention to such odd questions; but as the preacher stuck to his points, the annoyance soon became intolerabe. At length, he paused, turned towards the uncourteous bawler of texts, and directing the blaze of his great eyes, which sparkled with fun and fire, upon him, he gave utterance to this strange rebuke: "Young man! if you have not faith and piety sufficient to induce you to call the Apostle '*Saint* Paul,' at least have the good manners to call him '*Mister* Paul;' and do not be perpetually calling him 'Paul,' 'Paul,' as if you considered him no better than a negro." The words, assisted by the comical gravity with which they were uttered and enforced by the roar of laughter with which they were received by the delighted passengers, extinguished the poor preacher, who rapidly hid himself in the town at which the stage arrived. Nor did the affair end here. The story got abroad, and the next Sunday, while he was enlightening an audience, some irreverent wag interrupted him by repeating: "Mister Paul—Mister Paul!" The absurdity of the affair obliged the indiscreet but ambitious minister to leave for parts unknown. He had met Dr. England, and thought he would break a lance with the famous Catholic Bishop.

John England was born at Cork, Ireland, on the

23d of September, 1786. His boyhood was in the days of his country's trial and persecution. The wrongs he saw and suffered made a lasting impression on his mind and character. Indeed, the enthusiastic love of his Faith and his native Isle were ever the cherished affections which dwelt down deepest in his great heart. His first instruction was received in a Protestant school, as there was no other to which he could go. Here the soul of the brave boy was daily pained by insult. Often, to expose him to the contempt of the class, the bigoted teacher would sneeringly call him "*the little Papist.*"

Young England began his career in life by the study of law. Two years spent in the office of an eminent barrister had a beneficial effect in developing his precise and practical mind. His own pious inclinations, and the designs of Providence, however, led him to consecrate his gifts to the Church. His excellent parents encouraged this noble resolution, and he began his theological studies in Carlow College. Here his splendid talents were brought out in all their shining greatness. Before he was ordained, Dr. Moylan, the venerable Bishop of Cork—and brother of General Stephen Moylan—recalled him to his own diocese and appointed the student of theology, President of the Diocesan Seminary at Cork. He was ordained in October, 1808, Dr. Moylan having obtained a dispensation,

as Father England had not reached the canonical age of twenty-five.

His career as a fearless priest and patriot now made him a man of mark—revered and loved by the Irish people—feared and hated by the Government. As the editor and proprietor of the Cork *Chronicle*, he hurled forth articles that fell like thunderbolts among his political and religious enemies. On one occasion he was even fined the round sum of five hundred pounds for his freedom of speech. But though rich in *truth*, he was poor in *money;* and while he continued to give out the former with a lavish hand, he took good care not to pay cash that he did not owe. Father England was on intimate terms with the illustrious O'Connell; and his pen did much to hasten Catholic Emancipation in Ireland.

A few years later, O'Connell said: "If I had Bishop England at my back, I would not fear the whole world."

In 1817, Father England was appointed parish priest of Bandon, a place of such bitter bigotry that over the entrance was placed the famous inscription which warmly welcomed "the Turk, the Atheist, and the Jew," but severely warned "the Papist" to keep away. The fearless priest entered on his duties undeterred even by this inscription. On several occasions his hairbreadth escapes from murder are thrilling enough to have occurred in

border Indian life. But even in these dangerous adventures, God had His designs on the future American prelate. Such training admirably fitted him for the toilsome and thorny road which he was to travel in our own Republic.

In September, 1820, Dr. England was consecrated Bishop of Charleston, S. C., in his native city. Accompanied by his youngest sister, who resolved to share his perils, he embarked from Belfast, and after a dangerous voyage, landed at Charleston, on December 30th, 1820. His new diocese embraced North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia—States in which the Catholic Religion had barely an existence. The people were exceedingly bigoted. In 1775, two Irish Catholics were tarred and feathered, on a false charge of conspiring with the negroes to overthrow the liberties of the country. "The population," writes Rev. Dr. O'Connell, "was composed of but two classess—the whites and the slaves. The former were a bloated, proud, and wealthy people, forming an aristocracy as intolerable and inaccessible as those whom he had left behind; and the slaves, their property, were as closely guarded against all interference as a miser keeps his hoard from the nightly burglar." The difficulties of Dr. England may be imagined rather than portrayed. But his master spirit pointed out the line of duty; and his success was one of the noblest triumphs of the Church in this Republic.

On his arrival he found only two churches open in his large diocese; and his clergy could be numbered on two fingers. But the anointed herald of the Cross came bravely up to his work. Churches began to rise around him. He travelled, preached, taught, confirmed. Wherever he found a few Catholic families in town or city, he assembled them, organized them, and encouraged them to hold together until he could send them a pastor. As for himself, he performed all the labors and endured the hardships of a missionary priest. His journeys were frequently a hundred miles. His noble spirit of self-sacrifice reminds us of the heroic De Brébeuf. Such was his personal poverty that he often walked the burning sands and pavements of Charleston with his bare feet to the ground; the upper leather of his shoes only remaining decent, while the soles were worn away.

As soon as possible, he became an American citizen, and was devotedly attached to his adopted country and its institutions. While the Catholics of his diocese, and indeed of the whole United States, revered the Bishop, people of all denominations admired his happy eloquence, magic pen, and great learning. He was a valued member of the Philosophical Literary Association of Charleston; he founded the Anti-Duelling Association; and he preached in the hall of the House of Representatives in Washington—the first Catholic clergyman ever invited to perform such a wo

The great struggle of Bishop England's life in this Republic was to present the Catholic Church, her doctrines and practices, in their true light before the American people. In his efforts to do this, his labors, perhaps, have never been equalled by any other man. It was with this object in view that he established the *United States Catholic Miscellany*, in 1822. On his arrival in America he found the Catholic Church comparatively defenceless, but he soon rendered it a very responsible task to attack or vilify her. Many who ventured on this mode of warfare were glad to retreat from the field before the crushing weapons of logic, erudition, and eloquence with which he battled for his faith and his people.

Bishop England was a fearless man. He quailed neither before deadly pestilence, the hand of the assassin, or the passions of the rabble. When the yellow fever, with frightful swiftness, desolated Charleston, he could be daily seen calmly moving through the wards of death, cheering those who were on the point of departing for another world. When the anti-Catholic spirit seized on the mob of Charleston, and they threatened to burn the convent, a gallant band of Irishmen rallied to its defence; and Dr. England, coolly and carefully, examined the flints of their rifles, to satisfy himself that there should be no missing fire—no failure of swift and summary justice! But the preparation was

enough. It was a lesson the ruffians never forgot.

Dr. England has been truly styled "the author of the Provincial Councils.' His far-reaching mind saw the imperfect organization of the struggling American Church—its bishops far apart, battling with poverty and difficulties. He wrote to his brother prelates, urging the necessity of assembling and taking counsel for united action. He lived to see this cherished desire of his heart accomplished, and his solid and brilliant mind shed its rays of light and wisdom on the first Councils of Baltimore. His labors in the cause of Catholic education were untiring. It was to meet the wants of his diocese that he introduced the Ursulines and the Sisters of Mercy. In the same interest he visited Europe four times. At Rome, he was consulted on all matters relating to the Catholic Church in the United States. Such was his reptutaion for energy, and the rapidity of his movements, that he was known among the Cardinals as the "Steam Bishop" of America.

Worn out with labor and fatigue, his powerful frame gave way—health vanished. When warned that he was killing himself, he only replied: "I must do my duty, and if I fall at the altar, I only ask that you will bring me home." When his last hour came, he embraced the crucifix, and kissing it, said, "Sweet Jesus!" His address to the clergy, who surrounded his couch of death, was the last sublime

act of his grandly beautiful life. Giving his benediction, he sank on his pillow, and calmly expired, April 11th, 1842, at the age of fifty-six years.

As a Bishop of apostolic zeal and splendid intellect, as a finished scholar, powerful writer, and impressive preacher, the Catholic Church of this Republic has not seen the superior of Dr. England. When he could gain a candid hearing, his influence was really irresistible. Many who heard the marvellous force of his words—the magic thrill of his eloquence—came at once to profess the Catholic Religion.

WILLIAM GASTON, LL.D.,

JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Died A. D. 1844.

WILLIAM GASTON was born at Newbern, North Carolina, while the American Revolution was still an uncertain struggle, and the crash of arms sounded from Maine to Georgia. It was on the 19th of September, 1778. His father, Dr. Alexander Gaston, was a native of Ireland; and his mother, Margaret Sharpe, an English lady—a pious Catholic, who had received an excellent education at a convent in France.

Dr. Gaston was a sterling patriot. But while hurriedly removing his family from Newbern, a detachment of British troops suddenly appeared, and shot down the gallant Irish physician in the very presence of his imploring wife and children.

Mrs. Gaston devoted her chief attention to the education of her son William, who, as he budded into boyhood, revealed a disposition full of promise and consolation. Her means were quite limited, but a rigid economy enabled her to accomplish this fond object of her heart.

An anecdote is told of the boy which will afford an insight to the relations of the mother and son. When young Gaston was about eight years old, even then remarkable for his cleverness, a schoolmate as much noted for his dulness said to him: "William, what's the reason you're always head of the class and I'm always foot?" "There is a reason," replied the boy, "but if I tell you, you must promise to keep it a secret, and do as I do." The promise was given. "Whenever," he continued, "I take up my book to study, I first say a little prayer my mother taught me, that I may be able to learn my lessons." He tried to teach the little petition to the dull boy, who, however, could not remember it. The same night Mrs. Gaston observed William writing behind the door; as she was very strict in permitting nothing her children did to be concealed from her, he was obliged to confess having been writing out the prayer

for little Tommy, that he might be able to get his lessons.

In the fall of 1791, William Gaston was placed at Georgetown College, being the *first* student that entered that oldest of our Catholic seats of learning. But he was not simply first in point of time. He was first in piety and industry. "Your son," wrote Father Plunkett, S. J., to Mrs. Gaston, "is the best scholar and the most exemplary youth we have in Georgetown."

After some time, his mother, desirous of giving him the highest education the country at that period afforded, sent him to Princeton College, N. J., where he entered the junior class. His brilliant talents are among the cherished traditions of that institution. Here, though he lived in the midst of Protestants, who were his constant and only companions, he was never known to fail in his duty as a strict and practical Catholic. He graduated in 1796, carrying away with him the first honors of Princeton. But he could not think of such an important step as graduation without the blessing of Heaven. Hence, on the eve of that event he went to Philadelphia, and received Holy Communion, in order that he might begin the journey of life with the grace of God in his heart.

He was accustomed to say that the proudest moment of his life was when he communicated the news of his graduation to his dear, devoted mother.

She embraced her boy, and laying her hands on his head, as he was kneeling at her feet, she exclaimed: "My God, I thank Thee!"

Entering the office of an eminent lawyer, young Gaston began his legal studies. He was called to the bar in 1798, when he was twenty years of age; and soon gained distinction in the practice of his profession. In August, 1800, he was elected a member of the Senate of his native State.[1] Eight years later he was chosen an Elector for President and Vice-President of the United States. In 1811, he mourned the loss of his excellent mother. She deserves a high position among the heroines of the Revolution. All who speak of Mrs. Gaston invariably name her as the most dignified as well as the most devout woman they had ever seen.

Gaston was elected to Congress in 1813, and two years later he was reëlected for a second term. His Congressional career was one of great activity and unsurpassed brilliancy. Though quite a young man, he did not shrink from encounter with such men as Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Randolph, and other notable statesmen of that day. His independence of spirit, great learning, ready eloquence, and pure, lofty character gave him vast influence with his own party, while it commanded the respect of his political opponents.

[1] And this though the Constitution of North Carolina at that time contained a clause excluding Catholics from office.

On retiring from Congress in 1817, he resumed the practice of the law. Gaston's clear, condensed, and vigorous eloquence was remarkable. Who that has seen, can ever forget that noble form, as he arose to address the jury in some case of life and death? The head slightly inclined—the calm gray eye—the expansive, jutting brow, overloaded with thought. At first, the words come slowly, like raindrops before the storm. Then, the manner becomes more animated. The words sally forth like disciplined troops, and fall into line—each so apt and expressive. Now and then, one concentrates such a world of meaning that it seems to fly and bury itself in your heart. Those manly, expressive eyes kindle, look on you, and you behold in their bright, mysterious depths something unutterable. The thought that convulses the orator takes possession of your soul, and you yield yourself to the power of a master mind.[1]

Gaston was almost from necessity a public man; and his splendid gifts were always at the service of his country and oppressed humanity. His heart went out in warm sympathy to the Catholics of Ireland, who were then struggling for emancipation. In a letter dated Newbern, September 30th, 1828, and addressed to Dr. William James MacNeven, he says: "I had the honor to receive, by the last mail, your interesting letter of the 20th inst., on the subject of

[1] Iredell.

the Association recently formed by *The Friends of Ireland*, in New York. The cause of civil and religious liberty, wherever it may be advocated, cannot fail to engage my warmest wishes for its success. But when it is in contestation in the land of my fathers, among a people only less dear to me than those of my own country, it excites an interest, the strength and ardor of which I find it difficult to express. May God speed it to a glorious and happy issue. As an earnest of my zeal in its behalf, I send the enclosed mite[1] to be applied to the objects of the Association."

It was especially, however, in the Legislature of North Carolina that his personal influence was felt. The expunging of the clause which discriminated against Catholics in the Constitution of that State was due to his able efforts. "The most brilliant era of his legislative career," says a Protestant writer, "was the Convention of 1835. The hour of the repeal of the constitutional disfranchisement of Catholics was probably the proudest of his life. His speech on that occasion was one of the rarest and most admirable specimens of eloquence which ancient or modern times have produced. His whole soul was poured into the task. He felt that it must be achieved by *him*, or not at all. His effort was successful. And to him is due the gratitude of the wise and tolerant of every land."

[1] Twenty-five dollars.

In 1833, William Gaston was elevated to the bench of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, a post which he continued to adorn for the remainder of his life. To the discharge of the duties of his high office, Judge Gaston brought all the rich treasures of his well-stored mind, and the sterling qualities of his upright heart. Never was the ermine worn with more unsullied purity; never was justice more ably or impartially administered. But it would be impossible in brief space to convey to the mind of the reader a just idea of his grand judicial career.

To him, *home* was one of the sweetest words in the language—truly "home, sweet home." In the domestic circle his warm, genial nature shed a cheerfulness all around. He was several times married, but the early death of his last wife left his children motherless; yet he was everything to them by his tenderness and thoughtful solicitude. Their education was the object of his greatest care, and he regarded their religious instruction as the most important part of their education. Writing to his eldest daughter, then married in Connecticut, and who had charge of the schooling of her young sisters, the wise Judge said: "Save them from the greatest of all moral evils—*the unsettling of their Faith.*"

Judge Gaston was a man of earnest faith and deep religious feeling. Before the church was

erected at Newbern, he used to read the prayers of Mass for all the Catholics that could be collected together. The humility and devotion with which he would do this, in the absence of the priest, was the edification of all present. He kept up a friendly correspondence with Dr. England; and the letters of the great prelate to him breathe the warmest sentiments of esteem and affection. This pious and distinguished man died at Raleigh, N. C, in 1844, at the age of sixty-six. The last words he uttered were: "We must believe and feel that there is a God, all-wise and almighty." After Judge Gaston's death, his confessor declared that he regarded him as a Catholic of such pure life, that he had never committed a mortal sin!

TERESA LALOR,

FOUNDRESS OF THE VISITATION NUNS IN AMERICA.

Died A. D. 1846.

IT was long after Mother Mary of the Incarnation and Sister Margaret Bourgeois had passed to their reward, leaving enduring monuments of their well-directed zeal on the banks of the St. Lawrence, that another noble woman became the Catholic pioneer of female education in this Republic.

Teresa Lalor—she was baptized Alice, but took the name of Teresa on entering the religious state—was born in Queen's County, Ireland, about the year 1766. She was brought up, however, at Kilkenny, and became a girl of rare promise. When only sixteen years of age, she consulted Bishop Lanigan about making a vow of chastity. The prelate, after some delay, permitted the young lady to follow her design.

Miss Lalor continued to live piously in her family till Dr. Lanigan, desirous of forming a religious community at Kilkenny, invited her to join it. She was more than willing. Her parents, however,

opposed the step. They intended to emigrate to America, and would not part with their darling daughter. Accordingly, in 1797, she sailed with her father and mother for the United States, having promised the Bishop to return to Ireland in two years to embrace the religious state.

She settled with her family, at Philadelphia, and confided her projects to Father Leonard Neale, whom she took as her spiritual director. This good priest had long wished to found a religious community at Philadelphia; but he was yet undecided as to what Order would best suit the wants of the country. He showed Miss Lalor that America needed her services far more than Ireland. And as her confessor, invested with the necessary powers, he released her from her promise to return. Obedient to his counsels, she joined two other young women animated by a similar desire for the religious state. She left her family, to begin, under Father Neale's direction, a house for the education of girls. Scarcely, however, had the new institution opened, when the yellow fever commenced to ravage Philadelphia. Many people fled from the scourge; among others, the parents of Miss Lalor. They conjured her to accompany them, but she remained unshaken at her post, and beheld her two companions carried off by the pestilence, without being discouraged in her resolution of devoting her life to Heaven.

Father Neale, in the meantime, was appointed President of Georgetown College, D. C. He invited Miss Lalor and a devoted lady friend to open a school at Georgetown in 1799; and this was the beginning of what is to-day the oldest Catholic female academy within the limits of the original Thirteen States.

The rising institute soon received a very desirable accession in another lady, who brought with her a small fortune—something not to be despised, as they were extremely poor. This money was employed partly in the purchase of a wooden house, the site of which is still embraced in the convent grounds. Father Neale, on becoming coadjutor to Bishop Carroll, in 1800, continued to reside at Georgetown, where he bestowed on his spiritual daughters the most active solicitude. The prelate often offered his prayers to God to know to what Rule it was most suitable to bind the new society. He had a great liking for the Visitation, founded by St. Francis de Sales; and a circumstance strengthened the conviction of both himself and Miss Lalor, that in this, perhaps, he followed the designs of God. Among some old books belonging to the Poor Clares—then at Georgetown—was found the complete text of the Rules and Constitutions of the Visitation, although the nuns were wholly unaware that they ever possessed the volume.

Bishop Neale, however, failed in his endeavors to

obtain the aid of some Visitation Nuns from Europe in order to form his American novices to their Rule. Many Catholics also blamed the project of establishing a new religious community in the United States, fearing to excite sectarian fanaticism —then, and for many years after, a great bugbear. But the clouds of difficulty and opposition vanished by degrees.

On the departure of the Poor Clares for Europe in 1805, Bishop Neale purchased their convent. He immediately installed in it the "Pious Ladies"—the name by which the future Visitation Nuns were then known—and by a deed of June 9th, 1808, transferred the property to Alice Lalor, Maria McDermott, and Mary Neale.

When the little community was erected by the Holy See into a convent of the Visitation, Miss Lalor became the first Superioress, under the name of Mother Teresa Lalor. In 1817, Dr. Neale died, Archbishop of Baltimore, and was buried in the convent chapel which his zeal and his affection had reared *ad majorem Dei gloriam.*

Mother Teresa Lalor more than once beheld her spiritual daughters in such distress that human prudence commanded them to disperse. But she was a brave lady, and her confidence in God was unshaken. She continued to receive postulants, relying on that Providence which feeds the birds of the air, to maintain her institute. Among those who

entered in those dark days, was Mrs. V. H. Barber, the wife of the famous convert minister. In later times, Miss Virginia Scott, daughter of the distinguished American General, became a nun at Georgetown.

The venerable foundress lived to see five houses of her Order established, and went to receive the reward of the blessed in the fall of 1846, at the advanced age of eighty years. Her bright name shall pass down to future generations as one of the great educators and saintly women of the nineteenth century.

STEPHEN THEODORE BADIN,

THE FIRST PRIEST ORDAINED IN THE UNITED STATES.

Died A. D. 1853.

AMONG the good and gifted men that the French Revolution cast upon our shores was Stephen Theodore Badin. He was born at Orleans, France, on the 17th of July, 1768. He received a finished classical education at the College Montagu, Paris; and pursued his theological studies in the seminary of his native city. The Bishop of Orleans, however, had taken the odious constitutional oath. Young Badin decided not to receive ordination at

the hands of such a man, and as the rumble of the terrible Revolution became every day more distinct, he sailed for the United States, arriving at Philadelphia in March, 1792. Bishop Carroll received him with great kindness.

Father Badin was raised to the sacred dignity of the priesthood on the 25th of May, 1793—being the first priest ordained in this Republic. Prince Gallitzin, as we have already learned, was the second

The Catholics of Kentucky had no priest. Bishop Carroll hinted to Father Badin his intention of sending him to that distant mission. It is not surprising to learn, however, that the inexperienced young priest, with a slight knowledge of English, exhibited some reluctance about plunging into the wilderness. The Bishop listened to his reasons It was proposed to commend the matter to God by making a Novena. After nine days they met again.

"Well," said Bishop Carroll, "I have prayed, and I am still of the same mind."

"I have also prayed," replied Father Badin, smiling, "and I am likewise of the same mind. Of what use, then, has been our prayer for nine days?"

Bishop Carroll smiled, too, and after a pause, said, with great sweetness and dignity: "I lay no command; but I think it is the will of God that you should go." Father Badin, without a moment's hesitation, answered with great earnestness—"I will go, then."

It seems there were no large trunks to be packed, and the energetic young missionary was soon ready for the journey. He was assigned, as companion, a more aged clergyman, Father Barrières, who was made Vicar-General. Leaving Baltimore with staves in their hands, on the 6th of September, 1793, the two priests, on foot, pushed along the muddy roads to Pittsburg, where they embarked in a flat-boat with a company of emigrants for Kentucky. Their passage was full of adventure. On landing at Maysville, they again started on foot for Lexington, a distance of sixty-five miles. This journey could not be accomplished in one day. Night came on. It was passed in an open mill, lodging on the mill-bags without the slightest covering, during a cold period towards the close of November. On reaching their destination, the priests commenced their labors. Father Badin said his first Mass, in that region, at the house of Denis MacCarthy, an Irish Catholic. After four months, however, he found himself alone, as his colleague was glad to leave Kentucky.

Nothing daunted, the youthful apostle fixed his residence near the little chapel, and began his career of toil. Referring to this temple of worship in the wilderness, Dr. Spalding says it "was a temporary hut, covered with clapboards, and was unprovided with glass in the windows. A slab of wood, roughly hewed, served for an altar. Such was the first Catholic church in Kentucky."

No pen can picture the hardships, anxieties, and privations which fell to the lot of Father Badin in the vast field committed to his care. During all seasons—and often at night—he had to travel through unbroken forests, cross flooded rivers, expose his life to the tomahawk of the Indian, and contend single-handed with the ignorance, prejudices, and bitter hostility of sectarians. He was alone for nearly three years; and at one period he was twenty-one months without an opportunity of going to confession.

He found about three hundred Catholic families scattered all over the State: and during his missionary career in Kentucky he must have rode on horseback at least one hundred thousand miles. He often rode from fifty to eighty miles on a sick-call. "After one of these long rides," writes Dr. Spalding, "he found the sick man sitting on a stool, eating hard-boiled eggs to cure the pleurisy!"

The ignorant bigotry of the times called, once in a while, for religious controversy; and skill and learning never failed Father Badin on such occasions. Some of his flock were also excellent controversialists. One of these was Judge Twyman, who, while attending the court in Mason County, happened to be taking his dinner at a hotel, where religious discussion was brought to the front. Catholics were loudly abused and laughed at as a lot of fools. "They adore images, and worship the

Virgin," remarked one of the wiseacres. The Judge listened in silence. When the conversation had ceased, he arose, and said, with great slowness and deliberation: "Look at me! Do you think I am a fool? I am a Catholic. I was brought up a Protestant, but embraced the Catholic Religion after a long and careful examination." This little speech created quite a sensation, and not a word more was said against Catholics.

A minister once remarked to a lady member of Father Badin's flock, that he was surprised to see a person of her good sense a follower of the Pope, who was certainly Antichrist, and the beast of the Revelations." The lady continued her knitting until he was through; and, then raising her eyes, she quietly asked the infallible Bibleman: "Do you know grammar, sir?" He said, "Yes." "Well," resumed the lady, "is Antichrist singular or plural?" "Singular," he answered, feeling rather uncomfortable. "Are two hundred and fifty-six popes singular or plural?" she said. He was obliged to say, "Plural." "Therefore, the Pope is *not* Antichrist," she remarked with emphasis; and the preacher took his way in sadness from that house.

After some years, two fellow-laborers came to the indefatigable Father Badin's assistance. One of them, Rev. Mr. Salmon, died from the effects of an unhappy accident—a fall from his horse. "The accident,"

writes Father Badin, "happened about noon, at a little distance from a residence. A servant, who found him half dead in the woods, went to solicit aid, which was denied him by an impious and cruel farmer, simply because the unfortunate man was a priest. It was only towards night that a good Catholic of the neighborhood was informed of the fact."

One by one, other priests came, and at length, in 1808, Bardstown, Ky., became an episcopal see: and three years later, Bishop Flaget was welcomed to Father Badin's sixteen-feet-square log cabin. The growth of the Church was remarkable in "the dark and bloody ground."

Father Badin paid a visit to his native land, and after his return, continued his missionary labors in Kentucky, Illinois, and Ohio. A vigorous constitution and active habits enabled him to get through an immense amount of work. To preach and sing Mass was his delight. His mind was highly cultivated. Roaming the woods of Kentucky did not make him forget his Homer and Virgil. He was an excellent Latin scholar, and his Latin poem in praise of Perry's victory over the English on Lake Erie was much admired. His *Principles of Catholics*, printed at Bardstown in 1807, was the first Catholic work published in the West. This apostolic man died at Cincinnati on the 15th of April, 1853, at the advanced age of eighty-five years. And thus rested

from his labors, after nearly sixty years' toil in the holy ministry, the first priest ordained in the United States, and the last Catholic Pioneer for whom I can find a place in my little volume.

A. M. D. G.

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